THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 194, No. 9. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illu[illegible]ly
Founded A[illegible] D[illegible]anklin

AUGUST 27, 1921

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

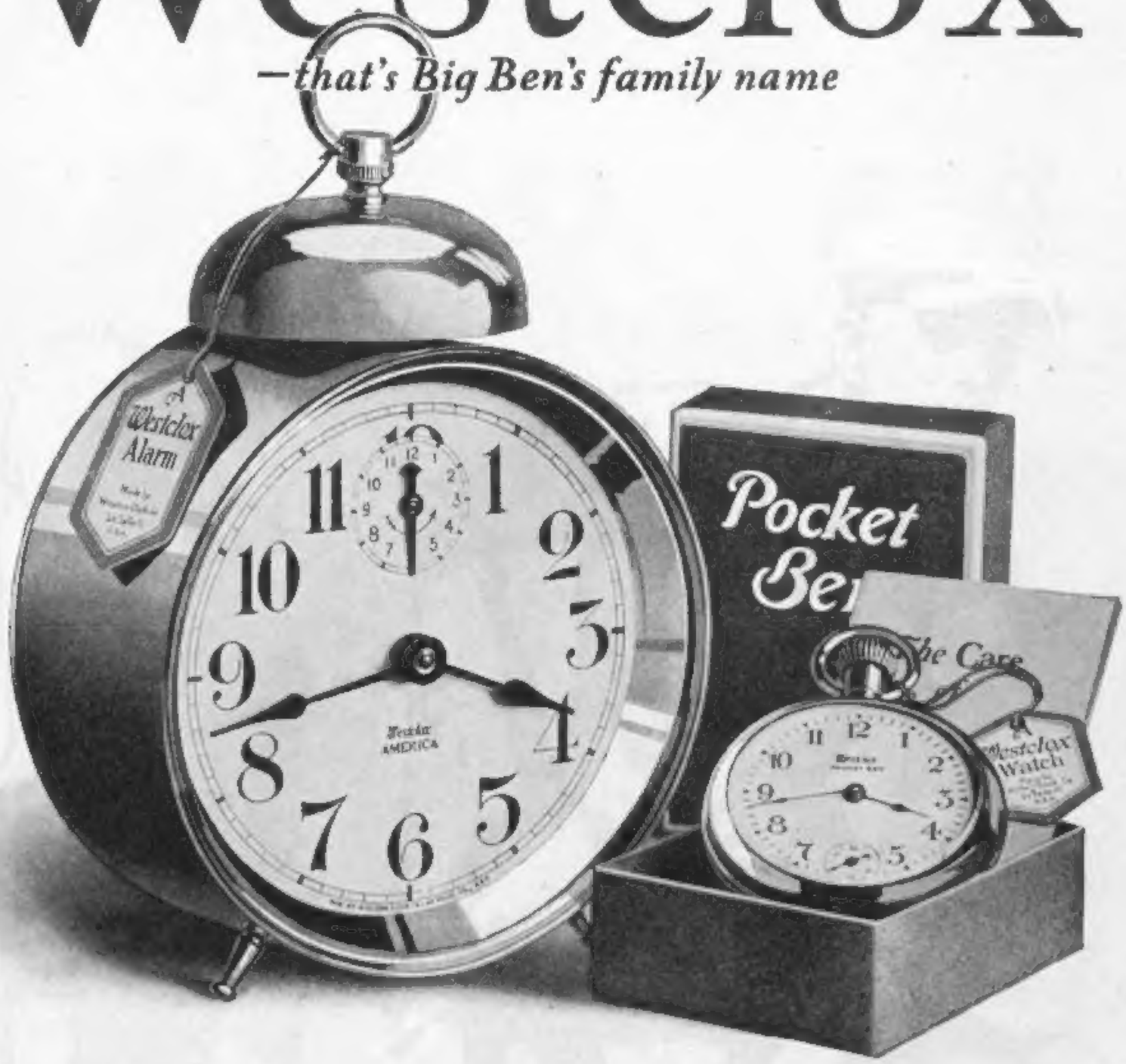
Beginning
FACE TO FACE – By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

Painted by Walter Whitehead for Cream of Wheat Co. *Copyright by Cream of Wheat Co.*

"ENCORE"

Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name



Let Westclox ring you up

FOR a few extra minutes on the school playground—for a game of tag before the first bell—for a perfect report in the "times tardy" column—Westclox.

For a leisurely trip to the office, factory or store—for a few minutes to yourself before the business of the day begins—for that luxurious feeling of ample time—Westclox.

Every member of the Westclox family has a reputation for punctuality. Each one of the clocks keeps dependable time during the day, and will ring you up on the dot in the morning any time you say.

America is the oldest member of the family. Pocket Ben is a handy timekeeper for the pocket. His smooth running movement is protected by a double back that stiffens the case and wards off jolts and jars. A serviceable watch at $2.00. In Canada, $2.50.

Every timepiece bearing the trade-mark, Westclox, on the dial represents the best work and thought of a community of clock-makers who have spent a generation developing one type of movement.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o'Lantern

Factorys: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Stylish suits at low cost

YOU can't find "low cost" in a "price mark" It's in long wear In our clothes you get the quality that lasts; guaranteed *Money back if you aren't satisfied*

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Copyright, 1921, Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1921, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 27, 1921 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 9

FACE TO FACE

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

JAMES J. JONES, being a bank president, came down to breakfast at the usual hour. To him the enslaving routine of living, rendered frictionless by invariableness, naturally represented the highest peak of civilization. Savages have no train schedules or office hours; hence the word—from the Latin, *silvaticus:* a poet who prefers the woods to a New York bank.

Financiers, farmers and fakers, by reason of their calling, would rather die of cancer than admit that all facts are fashioned of India rubber. The great love Mr. Jones had for his motherless son he therefore considered an unfortunate weakness; and the adventurous spirit of that son, a calamity. Matter-of-fact people always miscall the few real facts of their lives.

Withal, Mr. Jones had likable defects and a near-sense of humor. Fifty-five facts, of an average of three hundred and sixty-five days each, had bounced lightly from his shoulders. He was very proud of the increase in deposits during his presidency; of the absence of a blood pressure; of the courtesy of his clerks; of the altitudinous quotations for his bank's shares; and of his equable temper, which was jolted only when James Junior presumed on the exploded theory that an only son should always have his way—and did.

For the First Time the Stupendous Folly of His Act, the Criminal Aspect of His Imbecile Gamble, Struck Junior With Full Force

President Jones of course never lost his temper in the bank. There was no need; the junior Jones never went there, not even to ask for money. To Junior the bank consisted of a menagerielike series of cages for captive animals. The unprotesting bookkeepers made him see red, and the customers' faces drove him to seek the fresh air of the country, at about eighty miles an hour.

"Good morning, Bob," said Mr. Jones pleasantly to his butler—a smooth-shaven, steady-eyed, square-shouldered young man, who limped noticeably when he moved from place to place.

"Good morning, sir."

The butler instinctively raised his right hand towards his forehead. He caught himself halfway in the military salute, and grinned sheepishly.

Mr. Jones looked at the blue sky in the south through the open window. Sunlight and warmth and spring streamed into the room.

"Shall I close it, sir?" inquired Bob the butler.

"Heavens, no! Such weather is a blessing. We need all we can get of it, what?"

"Yes, sir. No wind, good light and dry. Just what they wanted, sir."

Mr. Jones did not take the trouble to hear, having the well-trained deafness of all bank presidents. He picked up one of the newspapers neatly piled beside his plate, propped it up against a glittering carafe, and with a spoon in his right hand stabbed blindly at the grapefruit.

Bob the butler took advantage of his employer's absorption to approach the window on tiptoe and gaze toward the wonderful sky that sometimes picks out New York to do business in. He looked eager, expectant. This would have been a capital crime in the butler if his employer—a bank president too!—had not called him by the diminutive of his Christian name.

The butler then committed a second crime by openly consulting his wrist watch. He looked at the sky once more, and then tiptoed his way back to stand behind his employer.

Mr. Jones stabbed and missed. He nearly upset a glass of water. It made him look up. He became aware of the empty place at his right.

Being an eminently just man he looked at his watch before he asked, "Bob, where's Junior?"

"Oh, he's not due until ten o'clock, sir," answered the butler exoneratingly.

"Not due until ten o'clock?" echoed Mr. Jones Senior.

The spring was in the air and hearts willy-nilly filled with forgiveness toward everybody and everything, including only sons. It was a minute before he succeeded in frowning.

"Yes, sir!" A mother's pride rang in the butler's voice. "The major figured that most people would have waked up by then."

"So they would! So they would!" agreed Mr. Jones in tones not quite so springlike, returning to his paper.

The butler said nothing, but looked once or twice towards the window. Mr. Jones, who was reading about the strike, did not catch him at it. He spoke from sheer force of habit, scarcely aware that he was making sounds.

"Go up and tell him to come down. Those miners ask too much! Six hours a day!"

"He made his arrangements for exactly ten o'clock, sir. There wasn't a soul in front of the house when I looked, five minutes ago, sir." The voice was respectful, but

Junior Admitted to Himself That if So Much as a Grain of Dust Escaped His Wife's Eye it Deserved the Nobel Prize for Successful Camouflage

in the butler's steady eyes was the conviction that further speech was not needed.

"What do you mean—in front of the house?" Mr. Jones ceased to read and looked at his butler for information.

"I suppose you'll stay, sir?" The butler in turn looked at his employer for confirmation.

"How do you mean—stay?" The spring by this time had fled from Mr. Jones' larynx.

"Well, sir, the major thought that unless you had something very important at the office you'd wait for him, sir."

"Why should I wait, if he doesn't come down at a Christian hour?"

"The movie people thought ten o'clock was as early as the light would allow. They preferred eleven, but the major said he would be too hungry."

"Is he going to have himself movied in the act of eating his breakfast?" asked the inveterate believer in facts, who considered banking civilized and often argued that politeness pays.

Bob the butler grinned appreciatively. "They'd give anything for a picture of that, sir! You have no idea how the people eat up anything with the major in it. The ladies go crazy. The major's given me the movie graft on this stunt, sir; but if you will stand for showing him taking his breakfast with you I think I could get double what I soaked 'em. They've asked me lots of times to speak to you about it, sir. They have one of you, going into the bank, as the father of the major ——"

"What are you talking about, Robert?"

"It's on the front page in all of 'em this morning, excepting the Staats-Zeitung. I didn't bring it in, sir. I told the news dealer he knew what he could do with it."

Robert's other name happened to be Reilly. He and the major had been in France together, in the hospital. And Junior's father had done as requested—butler!

But Mr. Jones had turned to the first page of the papers, and read that Major Jones, the famous American ace, whose father was a capitalist in The Times, a banker according to The Herald, and a Wall Street broker in The World, would arrive in New York from Washington and alight at ten o'clock that morning at his own house in East Seventy-third Street near Central Park. He would change places with his assistant and from driver become passenger and alight. The landing stage on the roof was rather small for any but an unusually skillful aviator; but Major Jones kindly pointed out how much slighter the risk was than landing in a vineyard near Lausanne, Switzerland, or in a marble quarry near South Dorset, Vermont.

Mr. Jones turned up a purple face to the butler and asked, "How long has this been going on?" It was a fact of which he was ignorant.

"Oh, it only took the carpenters three days, sir," the butler answered proudly. "The major jollied the men, sir. The contractor said nobody else had ever got so much work out of his poor patients. It was all I could do to shoo them carpenters off the roof yesterday, sir. They wanted to stay there all night, waiting for him. And they didn't ask for overtime."

"H'm!"

"I heard them tell the major it was all right." Bob the butler frowned at the doubting grunt.

"Well, I suppose he'll break his neck trying to land on a twenty-five-by-eighty platform." That had naturally become a fact.

"Not by a da—not the major, sir," said Bob confidently. "Will you have the eggs now, sir?"

"Better bring me a ticket to heaven, if the cook's got one."

"Very good, sir." And Bob went after the regular two eggs, three minutes.

Mr. Jones finished his breakfast and rose to his feet. He stood by the table, a look of indecision on his face. The banker was about to become a father.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the major said to keep you from the roof, fearing accidents. But I made arrangements with Katy—the people next door, sir—if you wish to see the landing ——"

"I don't!" said Mr. Jones shortly. "I work for a living." That is the millionaire's stock notion of wit.

"I don't want to hurry you, sir, but you won't be able to get out of the block in a few minutes. They've begun, sir."

It was the mob's tribute, and Bob considered it just. He could not blame the proletariat.

Mr. Jones walked through the front room, looked into the street, saw a few scores of busy New Yorkers gazing upward with open mouths. He swore, not too softly.

"I shall not wait here!" he cried angrily.

He meant, in the residence of the president of the Park Avenue Bank. But he continued to pace up and down the room with his hands behind his back. From time to time he snapped his fingers. Presently he stopped by the window, saw that the crowd had become a solid mass filling the street from house line to house line, and swore again. He walked into the dining room and caught the butler in the very act of looking out of the window towards the south.

The butler, without ceasing to look, said, "He'll circle around the Statue of Liberty, sir, and over the Battery, until he figures that he can make the house at ten o'clock precisely. His watch and the camera men's are synchronized. Is there a big crowd out there, sir?"

The only question-asking butler in the world was one who was called Bob by his employer, by his employer's son and by the maid next door.

"Yes, confound them!" answered Mr. Jones. "Most of them probably expect him to break his neck."

"He won't," said Bob easily.

"No; but they expect it, don't they?" asked Mr. Jones truculently. The banker had long since committed suicide. That is what only sons are for, even when the fathers are not bankers.

Bob shook his head dubiously. He did not think much of civilian crowds. "You'd better be going to the Whitneys' house, sir. It's a little early, but if he's ahead of schedule he'll probably do a few stunts right above us when he sees the crowd. He never disappoints them, he don't."

The doorbell rang. Father Jones started electrically, and a look of fear came into his eyes.

"It's only the movie men or a kid reporter, sir," said Bob tranquilizingly. "It's a quarter to ten, sir."

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" said Father Jones feverishly. "Hang him, I say!" He glared at Bob. The butler, hearing the command, spoke.

"God bless him, sir!" he said, and smiled.

"I'll see that this stops now, and for good!" asserted Banker Jones. "I'm fed up. I'll—I'll—I'll ——"

"Excuse me, sir," said Bob, "I'll have to go. The cameras are upstairs, but I've got to let the two men in. I've taken out a few boards in the fence, sir, and if you'll go by the back way Mrs. Whitney has told the maids to take you right up to the roof. Katy, one of the maids, said that Miss Gertrude didn't sleep all night. She's been up there since four A.M. They took her breakfast up to her at six."

"Go on! Go on! Attend to your private movie business, and send for the undertaker. Damn it!"

It was the banker who swore and the father who resumed his caged-animal pacing to and fro. A little more and he would begin talking to himself.

The crowd in front of the house suddenly raised a cheer. Mr. Jones stopped short. Then the crowd catcalled and booed. False alarm! Mr. James J. Jones flushed violently. Knowing mobs, he proceeded to hear their premature "Ah-h-h!" at the fatal collapse of the plane. That is what only sons do to their foolish fathers.

"Confound them!" he said, thinking of the bloodthirsty crowd, and started for the roof.

But he stopped short. A moment later he went back to the front room, sank into a big armchair, plugged his ears with his fingers and closed his eyes tightly.

Ten years elapsed. Suddenly he jumped to his feet. No fingers could keep out the sudden terrific clatter, followed by a crashing sound as of ripping boards. The blood went from his face to his toes and back again in one-fifth of a second.

He ran upstairs towards the roof. On the top floor he rested, because he was winded and because the tranquilizing sound of tremendous cheering came to his ears. The hum of the Liberty motor grew fainter.

The skylight was open. A short ladder was nailed against the wall under it. He grasped one of the uprights with his hands but lacked the strength to raise his right foot as high as the first rung. A pair of shoes, topped by leggings, came down the ladder and dropped from the fifth rung to the floor.

"Hello, dad!" Mr. Jones heard a cheerful voice ask, "Fine morning, what?"

"I must say," said Banker Jones in a cutting tone, "that this is a devil of a way to show up at a man's house!" It was not the first time that he had made that remark. But bankers seldom lose anything by repeating themselves.

"I'd rather show up here than at any other man's house in the world. Come on, dad; you must be hungry."

"I've had my breakfast," said Mr. Jones with much dignity.

"I have not!" said young Mr. Jones, licking his chops; and taking his father's arm in his, went downstairs. Together they walked into the dining room.

A grapefruit was on the major's plate; also several utterly unnecessary cut-glass bowls and decanters and a glittering line of silver covers to keep the frost from the food. The reason for the display became apparent when Mr. Jones perceived two camera men nonchalantly turning the cranks of their cameras.

He stopped short, glared at the impassive grinders and said, "Damnation!"

"Hold the pose, bo!" exhorted one of the camera men—the gum-chewing one—aiming his weapon straight at Mr. Jones' open mouth.

"Get out!" said Jones. The camera man nodded gratefully.

"Eat something!" the second camera man yelled at Mr. Jones' hero son.

Junior, accustomed to being shot, sat down and masticated ostentatiously.

"Hey, Bob, what are you waiting for?" yelled the restless-jawed camera man.

The butler thereupon appeared at the door of the pantry with a dish containing two pieces of toast the size of special-delivery stamps, which he took to his master's side with the leisurely solemnity of a court functionary announcing the demise of the king's faithful consort. He knew the operation would appear on the screen. It would clinch a pleasing understanding with next-door Katy. She'd be the proud thing! But he'd be nice about it!

The camera men ceased to grind. The taciturn one said "I thank you!" and for the first time proved that he did with tobacco, with fewer motions, what his colleague vehemently accomplished with gum. Both of them left, taking their uninjured cameras out of Mr. Jones' choleric gaze.

"This thing has got to stop!" shouted the banker.

"Bring on the ham and eggs, Robert," said the major. Then turning to his namesake: "Dad, please remember that a gentleman can't talk back to his father when he is eating eggs fried on one side."

"I don't understand why you think that you are a privileged character. The sport of war is over and the serious business of life should begin for you now."

"Huh?" grunted Junior. "Sport?"

"Sure thing. You only went into the air service because you thought it was sport. Before that it was your insensate recklessness ——"

"Oh, no. I figured it out scientifically," protested Junior. "I knew that if I won out I'd be all hunky, and if I didn't I wouldn't linger minus a leg or an arm or grieve you to death with my shell-shocked eyes. The death rate showed that the loss was two out of five the first week, five out of eight the first ten days. Only three were supposed to survive out of each hundred at the end of two months. I didn't know who the other fellows would be, but I figured on James J. Junior being Number One. Smile, dad. You remind me of a musical comedy."

"I don't know from whom you inherit this damnfoolishness. I never was that kind of an ass."

"You never were," assented Junior cheerfully. "I got it from mother."

"Cut out all disrespect to her, if you please," said Jones sternly.

"I wasn't disrespectful, dad," said Junior calmly. "I meant it. Why, I begged a letter from Aunt Hannah that she got from mother when she was at school. I put it with the other things I wanted you to have if the Germans got me. Mother's dream was to be a man—a soldier of fortune, going from country to country, seeing all kinds of people, living every kind of life it was possible to live; but particularly taking chances."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"All right, dad," said Junior quietly. It suddenly struck him that it would be cruel to let his father realize how little he had known the mother of his only son.

Bob the butler brought in three beautifully fried eggs, ham to match, and a dozen warm rolls. It was his way of proving loyalty, and the cook was a willing ally.

Old Jones was considerate enough to allow his son to finish his breakfast in peace. He was preparing a speech while Junior ate, but just as the young man finished Bob the butler said: "Major, they told me to tell you they were waiting."

"Who?" asked old Jones.

"The reporters, sir."

"*C'est la guerre!*" said Junior with a Gallic shrug of his shoulders, and rose from his seat.

"I want to talk to you!" yelled old Jones.

"I'll be back in a minute, dad. Some of them are from the afternoon papers and they've got to get their stuff in early. Bob, if they want to use the telephone let them do so."

Jones *père* glared at Bob and was about to forbid him to permit the use of the telephone when the butler told him admiringly: "That's his way, sir; always thinking of somebody else. No wonder they'd do anything for him. If the movie graft lasts two years they can keep their oil stocks."

James J. Jones the banker sat in his chair, slapping his thigh more or less peevishly with his chubby hand. Junior came in.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "they've all gone away happy, and when you consider that they would have made three times as much on the story if the landing had ended fatally you've got to acknowledge that these reporters are not only gentlemen but Christians. One of them is from the Socialist sheet, but I stick by both my words."

"Look here, Junior," said Mr. Jones seriously. "I want to talk to you."

Young Jones looked at his father, saw the seriousness and sighed, "Well, dad, the sooner you get it off your chest the quicker I'll breathe again."

"You've got to quit larking and begin living," said Jones.

"You mean yawning," corrected Junior.

"I usually say what I mean." Old Jones was speaking slowly in order to be both impressive and impartial. "I again tell you that with you everything is a lark. Life, duty ——"

The enumeration did not include the other varieties of lark because Junior politely cut in: "Allow me. The trouble is that you consider everything a job. Business, sleep, hunger—everything. I find that you carefully spend your daylight hours in not living. To me, life is a dream, and duty a pleasure. My life I offered to my country; my duty was to go to France. I did."

Mr. Jones, righteously indignant, said loudly and quickly: "You went to France to have a good time. The war was a lark! No change! You continued to annoy your father in the newspapers. Before you volunteered, it was getting pinched for speeding or recovering from injuries in the hospital. The name of J. J. Jones had the front-page habit. It got itself reported dead once, captured twice and missing six times."

"Five, dad! Only five!" protested Junior. "And if it had not been for that you would not be the proud possessor of a son who is himself the proud possessor of insignia ——"

"A million medals would not repay the wear and tear on my nervous system."

"What did you cable congratulations for if you did not want me to accumulate the junk?" asked Junior indignantly. "Did you think I would risk life and limb for mere vanity or through—ah—insensate recklessness?"

"I hoped you would realize that it was the doing of your duty and not the winning of medals that mattered!" rebuked Mr. Jones.

"The medals look pretty good in their proper place," said Junior gravely, inflating his chest.

"Bosh! Everybody gets them. They don't mean any more than prizes for pickles. People expect them of you. They don't give an infinitesimal damn if you have them. But they give a damn big one if you haven't."

"Does all this mean that you want me to try business again?"

Junior looked tearful. It was to avert that calamity that after the armistice Junior went to Poland as a volunteer aviator. But even that refuge was closed to him now.

"Look here, son, I'm not an unreasonable crab. I don't need you in my business. If I did I'd be in the poorhouse. I don't ask you to begin as office boy or any of those things. But I do want you to stop dropping from aëroplanes and to stay on terra firma for keeps. You cost me too much in newspaper clippings and nervous vitality. I want you to look around and see what business you'd like to go into. In the meantime you can begin by settling down. There's only one way to do it."

Old Jones looked at his son. Perhaps he expected to see interest rather than acquiescence, for he was preparing to continue his speech when Junior said politely: "Death on the field of honor, I suppose."

"No; marriage!" said Mr. Jones shortly. Junior grinned broadly.

"Marriage!" repeated Mr. Jones angrily.

"Don't say it so vindictively, dad," remonstrated Junior. Mr. Jones' anger rose. All bank presidents find laughing more difficult to forgive than frowning.

Junior went on mollifyingly: "Dad, I give you my word that I fully intend to marry some day. It is a step that no young man should take hastily! I am sure I shall be able to determine, about July, 1928 ——"

"Stop, you ass!"

"Do you mean that you do not wish me to make a judicious choice?" The young man was grieved; you could see it.

"You could not make a judicious choice in a million years. And, anyhow, it is not necessary."

Mr. Jones spoke with such decision that Junior looked at him in surprise and asked, "Why not?"

"I have made it for you."

"Regular novel, eh?"

(Continued on Page 28)

He Was in Time to See His Veiled Wife Step Out of the Scuttle Opening to the Roof

ELIMINATING THE AMERICAN

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, speaking one day at a luncheon given by the Rotary Club in Manila, touched a higher note of Americanism than is often heard when he said: "I like to think that the time has come when with Americans in foreign lands it will be as it was with Saint Paul when the mob in Jerusalem laid hands upon him and the centurion said: 'Take heed what thou doest: for this man is a Roman!' Knowledge that a man is an American should insure him justice wherever he may be, and that policy we are going to have."

This expression of sentiment, which could not fail to lift American hearts, came at the close of a discussion of American foreign trade, in the course of which the general said:

"It is fine to be here and to see you all again, you Americans who have gone overseas and lived up to the best traditions of your country. You established our institutions here and you have always been a tremendous influence for good in these islands. I believe that in future you will have more and better support from your Government than you have ever had before. The war is over; the struggle which is to follow has just begun. It is a struggle for commerce. In America we are looking upon such problems in a new light. A new Administration has been inaugurated, which will support and defend our overseas Americans with a definite foreign-commerce policy, just as our competitors protect their nationals in foreign trade."

This must have given the American business men who were present a new and unwonted feeling of confidence. It must have caused some of them to believe that the faith which has sustained them through the years was about to be justified and that some of the inequalities, uncertainties and handicaps of all kinds that have blocked for so long the paths they tread were about to be removed.

I can imagine most of them, however, when such momentary elation had subsided within them, saying to themselves, "Well, it sounds all right, but I think I won't make any rash moves on the strength of it."

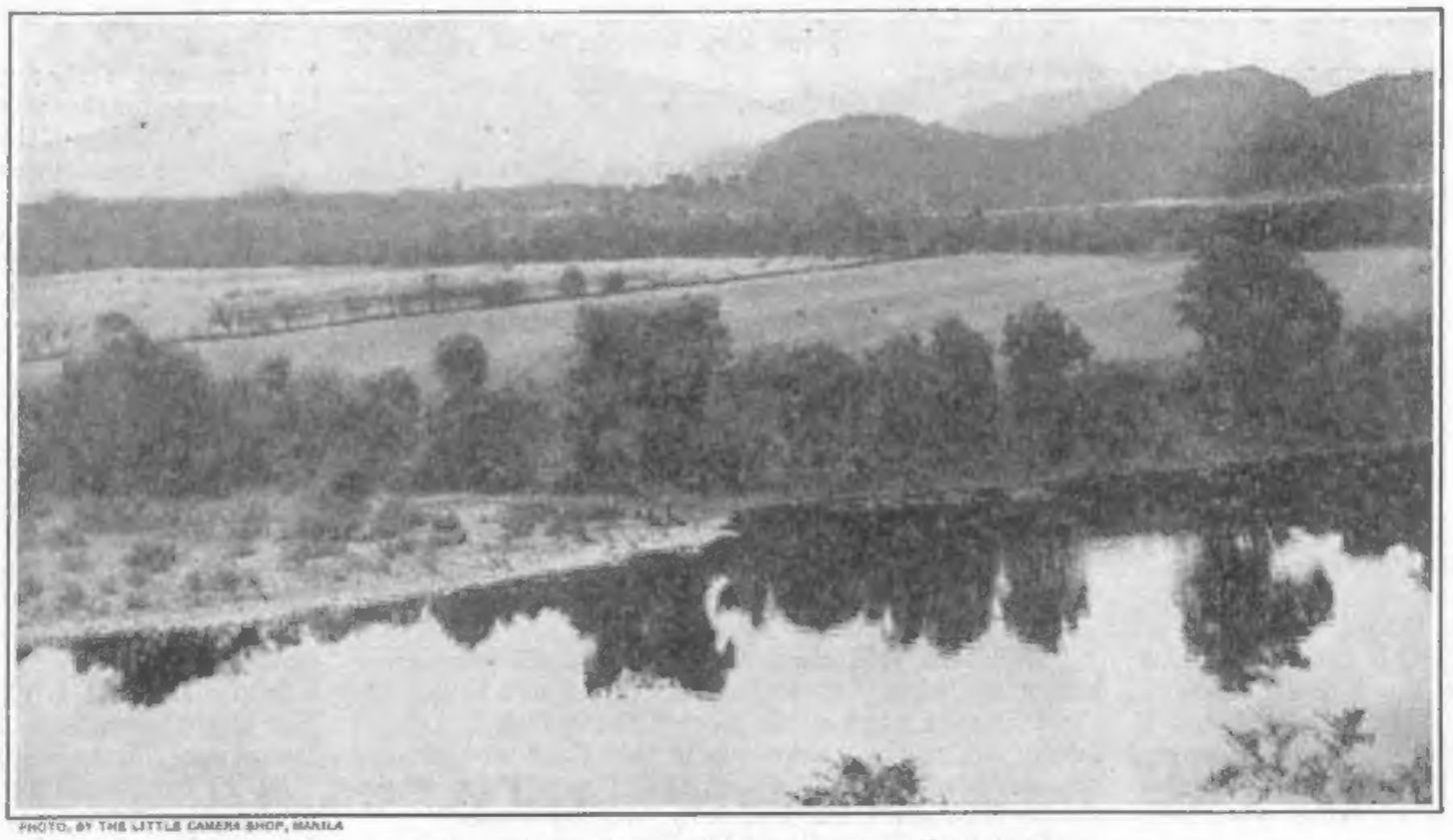


PHOTO. BY THE LITTLE CAMERA SHOP, MANILA

A Glimpse of Philippine Countryside, Called "The Richest Undeveloped Region on Earth"

A Hampering Conscience

FAILURE on the part of the American Government to support and defend, or even mildly to encourage, American business in the Philippine Islands during the period of American sovereignty has been the chief retarding factor in the development even of a Philippines for the Filipinos. If the representatives of the American people in Congress assembled had ever given a thought to the local American side of the Philippine problem, or had ever regarded the opinion of Americans whose personal interests are closely bound up with the interests of the Filipino people as being anything but prejudiced, self-serving and in conflict with the principles upon a pronouncement of which our sovereignty was instituted, there would be a different situation in the islands to-day to be met and dealt with by this new Administration.

The truth is we are hampered in our contacts with an entirely material world by the possession of a wholly unregulated national conscience. It is constantly interfering with such national judgment as we may have, with disastrous results where our national interests are concerned. It begets sentimentality in situations that would be better met by mere honest sentiment tempered by cool calculation and prudent discrimination. It leads us into impossible commitments. And that is the main difficulty. Whenever we encounter what seems to be an opportunity to impress the world with our high moral character we get right out and collect our halo in advance. We indulge in a lot of loose talk, and first thing you know we find ourselves at a lot of loose ends. We are always having to investigate the horrible consequences of our noble deeds. It gets to be monotonous. If we were just sufficiently conservative in our righteousness not to pledge ourselves ahead of time to the mistakes we make we might avoid making some of them. There is nothing whatever to be said for our foresight, but we might at least give our hindsight a chance. We might be ever so altruistic without being fatally so if we were able to keep in mind always that the only definite alternative to the fulfillment of a pledge is its repudiation. That would be by way of regulating the national conscience and it would begin to forbid our making promises until our ability to keep them was plainly manifest.

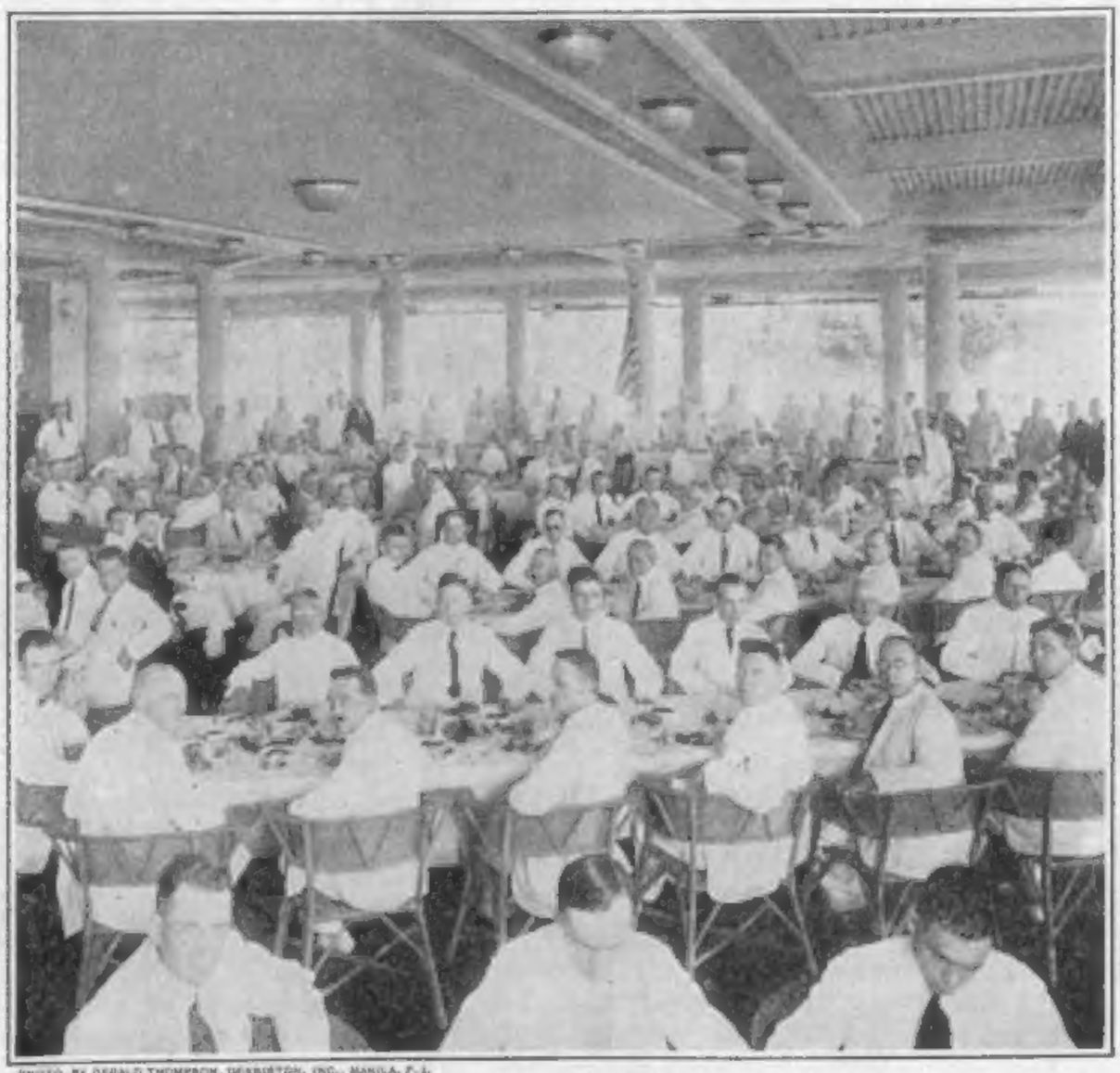


PHOTO. BY GERALD THOMPSON, DERRISTON, INC., MANILA, P. I.

American Business Men of the Rotary Club of Manila

All of which sounds like an approach to the troublesome question as to when if ever and how—in the name of all that is impossible!—we are to redeem the pledge to which we have undeniably committed ourselves, to relinquish our sovereignty in the Philippine archipelago and establish therein the free and independent republic that we have permitted the Philippine people to believe in and to anticipate throughout the entire period of our association with them.

But I have not come to that question yet. It is just that it is the question in the background of everything connected in any way with the Philippines; that it is impossible to think Philippines without thinking of the American relationship to them and of what that relationship, through twenty years of bungling and conscientious tinkering, has come to be. We are all having a delightful time nowadays contemplating with righteous indignation the consequences of the policy that was pursued in the Philippines by Mr. Francis Burton Harrison. But a little honest reflection will serve to reveal to us that we are not so much incensed against Mr. Harrison for what he did as for the way he did it. And that eliminates him. He did not originate the policy he carried out. It originated when the Philippine question was kicked into the American political ring to be used as a political football, not in the interest of the Philippine people but to serve American partisan political purposes. It originated in fear on the part of the leaders of the Republican Party that the Democratic Party had beaten them to a high moral stand on an important issue.

The Treaty of Paris

IN 1918 the country rebuked Mr. Wilson in no uncertain manner for making a partisan appeal on an issue for the successful and right resolvement of which the whole people was pouring out its blood and its treasure, but in 1900 our national solidarity was not what it was in 1918, and our international vision was not so broad nor so comprehensive as it is now. It was to be expected perhaps, in 1900, that the Republicans would be afraid the Democrats were so morally right in their stand on the Philippine question that the only way to meet it was to adopt it; which they did; with differences, to be sure, but with the same fatal defects of ignorance and sentimentality. The main differences were due to the fact that the Republicans had the responsibility, and responsibility is likely to have a modifying effect on even the noblest of principles.

It is true, of course, that Mr. Bryan probably could have brought about the rejection of the Treaty of Paris by the United States Senate. He was the absolute and unchallenged leader of his party and was then at the zenith of his power and popularity. He could have brought the whole matter to a head then and there. There was at the time a Philippine Republic in actual if somewhat hazy and restricted existence, under the leadership of Emilio Aguinaldo, and could not Mr. Bryan have insisted that one of the articles of our peace with Spain should provide for the relinquishment by Spain of her sovereignty in the archipelago, the withdrawal of the American Army, and the recognition by both parties of this Philippine Republic? That was what the Filipinos—the few who had a sufficiently intelligent view of the situation to have

Main Building of Philippine General Hospital With Nurses' Training School and Dormitory at Right

expectations of any kind—expected, and Mr. Bryan would have had the strong support of a considerable body of sincerely convinced American anti-imperialists, and the still stronger support represented in the then complete indifference of the people.

The very probable consequences to the Filipinos would have been something that makes those of us who are really interested in them shudder now to think of, but at least we would have been safely back in our own shell and our sacred principles would have been upheld. Incidentally we would have been $20,000,000 to the good.

Article 3 of the Treaty of Paris, which was ratified by the United States Senate on February 6, 1899, says merely that: "Spain cedes to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands." Then it goes on to define the geographical limits of the ceded territory and concludes with the statement: "The United States will pay to Spain the sum of $20,000,000 within three months after the ratification of the present treaty." That is all; a simple, straightforward transference of territory in as few words as possible and with no conditions whatever except, in a later paragraph, some provisions with regard to prisoners of war and American protection of the private interests of Spanish citizens long established in the islands.

If from an American viewpoint the acquisition of that territory was iniquitous in 1900 it was iniquitous in 1899. If in 1900 it was at variance with the basic principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and imposed American sovereignty upon a people against that people's will, the same thing was true of it in 1899. The trouble with Mr. Bryan was that, although his personal popularity was extraordinary and his leadership of his party unquestioned, the country had repudiated all his theories and he was badly in need of a fresh issue with which to go before the people in the presidential campaign that was in immediate prospect. And it was thus that we came into possession of our great Philippine problem as the kind of problem into which it has developed.

Playing Politics

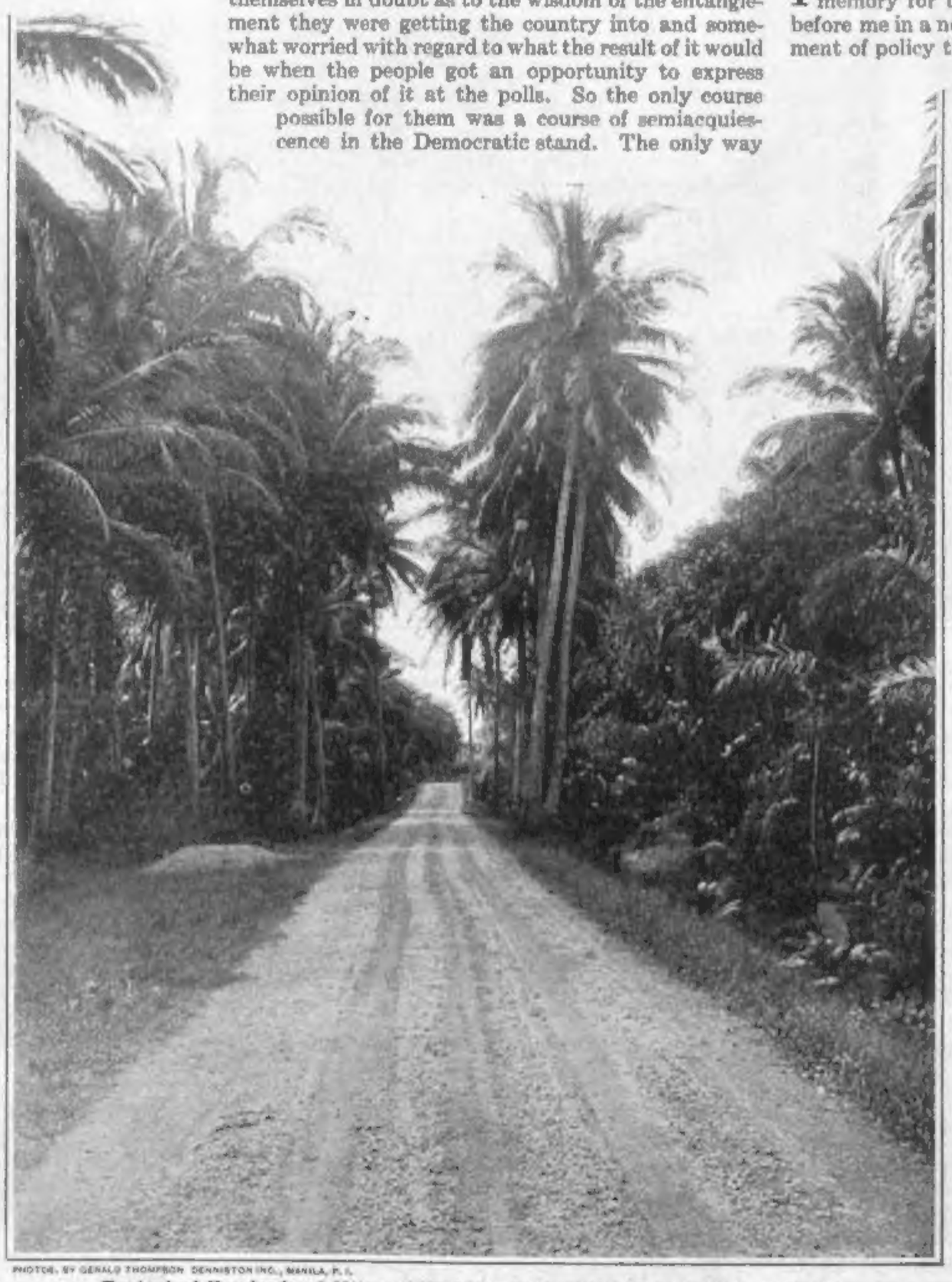
IN CONNECTION with such a seemingly unnatural addition to the American domain a problem to be solved was inevitable. Nobody can deny that the extension of American dominion over this far-away archipelago that has been rightly described as "the richest undeveloped region on earth" was an imperialistic move—or accident—in the great game of American progress, but it seems to have been in our line of destiny, and nobody can doubt that as regards the Philippine people it lay in their line of fortune. A problem was inevitable, but it should have become the kind of problem in the consideration of which our men in Congress forget that they are either Republicans or Democrats and remember only that they are Americans.

Not until after the Treaty of Paris was safely signed, ratified, sealed and delivered did Mr. Bryan begin to sob over it and to weave spellbinding periods of oratory about it as being a document subversive of all that is most sacred in American principles and a commitment inimical to our national existence. The Philippine policy as it was adopted by him and written into the Democratic platform of 1900—to be, with variations, quadrennially readopted thereafter—was to the effect that: The Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization; they cannot be subjects without imperiling our own form of government, and as we are not willing to surrender our civilization nor to convert the republic into an empire we favor the immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to give the Filipinos, first, a stable form of government; second, independence; and third, protection from outside interference.

Which in its whereases is about as merely stump-speakerish as anything ever got to be, while, in view of subsequent events, the obligation it assumes in its therefore is a pretty tall order, to say the least!

But, as I have said, the Republican Party had the immediate responsibility, and its leaders evidently were themselves in doubt as to the wisdom of the entanglement they were getting the country into and somewhat worried with regard to what the result of it would be when the people got an opportunity to express their opinion of it at the polls. So the only course possible for them was a course of semiacquiescence in the Democratic stand. The only way to render the Democratic policy politically valueless was to adopt it and reëxpress it in a tone and on a plane so loftily moral that the people would forget about the national peril and the subversion of the foundational principles of the Declaration of Independence in order to enjoy a beautiful feeling of worthiness to assume a sacred trust and to discharge a noble and self-sacrificing obligation.

They expressed it, all of them, many times in many ways; there was enough said about the cause of civilization and the welfare of humanity to fill a library; but it was voiced specifically by President McKinley in a declaration that it was not the purpose of the American people to regard the Philippine Islands as spoils of victory; that the American people should not so regard them, but should rather look upon their acquisition as a grave responsibility undertaken wholly in the interest of their undeveloped peoples.



PHOTOS. BY GERALD THOMPSON DENNISTON INC., MANILA, P. I.

Typical of Hundreds of Miles of Highway Built Under American Jurisdiction

Mr. McKinley's Pronouncement

I HAVE no reference books by me, so I must rely on my memory for the sense of this declaration, but I have before me in a notebook President McKinley's pronouncement of policy that is most frequently quoted.

"The Philippines are not ours to exploit," he says, "but to develop, to civilize, to educate, to train in the science of self-government."

If he could have said that fortunately or unfortunately the Philippine archipelago was ours to govern and that we would proceed to govern it to the best of our ability and to the best interests of its peoples until such time as might seem propitious for considering its ultimate and permanent status, it would have saved us a good many complications and would have made the actual conduct of government considerably less difficult for the governors. And I do not believe it would have made William Jennings Bryan President of the United States either.

It just occurs to me to wonder if it is generally known to those who are interested in this subject that President McKinley said in a speech to the 10th Pennsylvania Regiment in August, 1899: "The Philippines are ours as much as Louisiana by purchase, or Texas or Alaska."

That has always been the difficulty; nobody has ever been quite certain what our status is in our relationship to them, and the American cry in the islands to-day is: "Fix it! Settle it! No matter what your decision may be, make it! And for heaven's sake let it be definite and permanent!"

Shortly after the capture of the insurgent capital, during the Filipino insurrection, General Otis, in command of the American Army, issued a proclamation which should have served for a considerable period to guide us in our dealings with the Philippine people. He begins by saying: "The supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced throughout every part of the archipelago. Those who resist can accomplish nothing but their own ruin." Then, with a broad liberality which could not be surpassed, he goes on to

(Continued on Page 54)

EARLY AMERICANA

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

NOTHING broke in on the tranquil seclusion of the garden but the floating sunbeams and the songs of the mocking birds. The high formal privet hedge shut out the yellow sand-and-clay road and all that passed over it. It seemed to be a barrier for the impalpable as well as for the actual; within, the cross currents of troubled existence, the disturbing sense of illimitable space, space just then loud with calamity, had no being. The garden, a long rectangle against the wide white face of the house, was divided again into small rectangles and plots by paths and low square-cut hedges and borders. There were many flowers, flowers laid like bright old-fashioned ribbons or spread like shawls of lavender and rose and gold silks; the cool depth of the flagged porch was banked with them, blazing sheafs cut and placed in terra-cotta bowls, pots of growing flowers, clear blue and silver-white and crimson, so that the reflected light there was kaleidoscopic with splintering, swordlike colors. But the tone of the garden, the close, was predominantly green. Filtered through the green leaves, held by the hedges, low and high, the air assumed a transparent and leafy shade intensified by the dispersed amber sunlight. The mocking birds with their experimental liquid melodies were not now alone; for the brown thrushes had arrived and were singing; and others, gay, scarlet, in feather but songless, were flashing through the serenity so absolute that it might have been shut in glass.

Standing just off the porch, his shoes yellow with the dust of the road, Rudd Selborne listened subconsciously for some harsher reassuring sound, a satisfying noise, in reality; but none was audible. Then he wished that his father would appear so that they might finish as quickly as possible what must be a difficult, probably even an ill-tempered scene. This latter possibility Rudd, better realizing Charles Selborne, recalled; his father might with every reason be bitter; there would be no lack of force, of decision, in what he would say; but its expression would be even.

Rudd wondered with a sense of angry impotence at the tremendous, the ridiculous difference between his father and himself. It was blamed hard on both of them. At one time his oddness—the word was the family's rather than his—was attributed to stubborn youth; but that wouldn't do any longer, now that he had passed his twenty-sixth birthday. No, his vagrancy—another outside phrase; his Aunt Sana's—could not be counted a mere dislike of school, of authority. There he paused, frowning. He was slender, well put together; but in appearance Rudd lost the advantage of that because of a pronounced stoop which gave him an air of listlessness, a lax indifference. And this was further marked by an expression of sleepiness that dwelt habitually in his lowered face and half-shut eyes. It was this, perhaps, which gave his rare quick upward glances their surprising blueness, the conveyed impression of an instant penetration, a disconcerting understanding. He threw his head up now, his mouth hard and eyes cold, and gazed over the clipped verdure, the planned vistas ending in white marbles and a fountain dripping with faint music into its carved basin. But whatever conclusion he might have reached was dissipated by the decided, unmistakable walk of his father across the flagging.

"Well, Rudd, so you are back," he said at once, as directly as possible; and he extended a firm, beautifully kept hand. This left Rudd Selborne at a disadvantage; his

"If He's In I'd Like to See the Doctor."
Rudd Selborne Explained

father's manner was like the insulation of a wire—it inclosed utterly what currents, what fire might be within. "You have been a long time away this trip; close on two years," the elder continued, sitting in a woven-reed chair with glazed-chintz cushions. "Where were you?"

"Mostly in Oregon," Rudd replied, still standing. Then adding the explanatory word "Apples," he sat on the porch's edge, his carelessly dressed figure conspicuous against the banked and gorgeous flowers. "I played around the Texas oil wells first, and got south as far as Aransas Pass, and then turned west. It's curious," he said reflectively, as though to himself; "I am always drifting to the West."

A prolonged silence followed this, through which Charles Selborne's hands were lightly folded on his immaculate striped-flannel knees. He had thick gray hair and a long tanned face across which his eyebrows and a brushed mustache lay in heavy parallel lines.

"I am wondering," he finally spoke, "what exactly to say to you, how to begin; it is, at last, very important."

Then, for the moment deserting that necessity, he told Rudd that his sister and her husband were there. Rudd nodded.

"What is he really like?" he asked.

"I like Saxby very well indeed," the other replied; "I am very glad to have Greta married in England, and to him. It helps to close up the bonds between us. The whole connection is good, and, besides that, it is so pleasant and convenient to have Chinahouse and the other places to stay in. But this is far from our affair, yours and mine. We had better return to that before the others come back and interrupt us. What I want to be, since I've pretty much lost all my patience, is fair; fair but final. This over, I shall have little or nothing left to say on the subject, perhaps, in a certain case, to you.

"I've tried my damnedest, Rudd, but I can't, I simply can't understand you. If you were a fool or actually wild, that would be one thing. I could deal with that; it is not, unfortunately, unheard of in the family. But all that I can dimly make out, where you are concerned, is that you have a taste for common—yes, vulgar things. No, don't interrupt me. Your chance to talk, to explain yourself, will come later. You must listen to me now. If, as I said, you were only stupid ——" Charles Selborne's voice bore a perceptible trace of regret that this comprehensible state were not true. "Yet at school all the masters agreed that you had a capital head—if and when you chose to use it. However, look back at your record there. Practically you finished, got hold of nothing; you were even—this seems strangest of all—indifferent to the games, to sport."

"The games all struck me as being so set and silly," Rudd put in.

"While the Selbornes are one of the great sporting traditions of the country! However, we'll let that go; I dare say it's unimportant compared to the rest. This is what, principally, I am forced to say to you"—the clasped hands had an appearance of tightening, a higher color showed through the tan of Charles Selborne's face—"the past, the present, cannot be the future. You must change! I am not threatening you, Rudd. I don't believe in threats. I shan't even speak of cutting you off. However you may feel, I have no taste to think of you as a pauper. Money, a great deal of money, will always be yours. But you can't continue roving as you have in the past six or seven years. It is too humiliating for us here; you are becoming too cheap a figure. Exploration, yes; or game, big and small; rubber in South America; rubies in Burma. But just to wander in common capacities in the least interesting parts of the United States—no!

"What is it in you? Can you tell me? Can you explain yourself? For now is the moment. I have determined to come to an understanding with you. I won't put up with this—never knowing where you are or what to say for you—any longer.

"Either you are a gentleman, a Selborne, or you are not. From now on I can see this much—you will be dignified or, where your world matters, damned."

II

RUDD SELBORNE'S gaze remained fixed on his worn shoes, so sharply different from the russet and white buckskin of his father's.

"What brought me here," he explained, "was that I read in a paper of Aunt Sana's death; you'd miss her, I knew."

His father nodded. "It isn't what brings you back that puzzles me, but what takes you away."

Rudd's glance was swift but not furtive. A frown gathered above his eyes, and in his difficulty he ran his fingers through his slightly curling light hair.

"I can tell you only in a roundabout way," he proceeded, and then he made a gesture, at once repressed and violent, toward the garden. "It's all so finished here," he almost cried; "there isn't a twig on the paths, not a piece of grass out of place. It doesn't give you anything! The games at school and the shooting you spoke of—they are the same. There isn't any chance in them, they are all laid out, tied up in rules.

"And when you do make a goal or kill an animal, what is it, after all? You don't really take a chance; you risk nothing. I didn't, you'll remember, like the war any better. I saw enough of it to know, and there was something the matter with it—the same emptiness, at bottom. It never seemed quite real to me."

"There, at least, you are no more than idiotic."

"I didn't expect you'd agree with me; I was only trying to tell you. The life here with Greta and her husband and, in a way, you, while I can see that others might find it splendid, is like the garden—all hedges and clippers and regulations. I like to see things coming on, new things, or—real, like the pit of a steel mill, or hundreds of acres of young fruit. And I like to be with and talk to the people around them. Then there's the West itself; that's as strong as anything."

He stopped with the baffled feeling of having explained nothing, made nothing clear.

"What I can't overlook," his father insisted, "is your indifference to responsibility, to name and power. You have the two latter, and the first should be inbred in you. There was never a time in the history of our country, of the world, when responsibility such as ours was more badly needed. Men of property, gentlemen, must show a solid strong front to the hysterical mass. We have to lead, not only by power but by example. That annoys me further; on your mother's side, through Kentucky, and on mine, Rhode Island, you go back to the very beginnings of your land. You are as American in the best sense, at least by birth, as it is possible to be. Yet you act like any inconsequential immigrant. Haven't you any sense of nationality, of duty? Hasn't the dignity of a career, in the diplomatic service or even politics, occurred to you? Must you ignore every opportunity?"

"It sounds pretty bad, doesn't it?" Rudd agreed. "And I can't explain it any more without making it sound worse. But you might as well have it and get it out of the way. I haven't the slightest feeling about diplomacy and those other things; and, while I realize I'm American enough, somehow I can't connect that with what I run into here. I mean the Kentucky border. The idea of one seems to be so different from the idea of the other. It's like paying to see Buffalo Bill and being taken into an English comedy, if you get what I mean."

"It sounds to me," Charles Selborne said, "as though you had no patriotism."

"I haven't," Rudd quickly replied; "not any that you would recognize. If it weren't for what I—I owe to you, I'd never come back into this again. I feel right now, talking to you, a sort of dislike for all the places and people here and at Newport or wherever they are. No, perhaps it isn't that—they can do what they like so long as they don't expect me to do it too."

His voice grew rebellious, even sullen, and his head was bent so low that only the crown of his light hair was visible.

"You are rapidly destroying whatever opinion I once had of your intelligence," the elder asserted crisply. "I am inclined to have less and less patience with you. When I began this talk it was with the idea that a great deal could still safely be left to you. I was wrong and see that it can't. Well, here it is—you must stay with your family and traditions. I will not have you disappearing again and again, and after a year or more turning up in such ridiculous clothes. I don't care what you do, so that it is recognizable—sail yachts, breed hunters, collect butterflies. But after this I am through with your tramping; it is, you know, precisely that—you are a tramp. A Selborne a tramp!"

Rudd rose, his expression still stubborn, noncommittal. "I'll do what I can," he said at last; "I won't promise anything. It's queer you won't see that all I'm after is independence. That's it, really; that's it back of all the rest. I am not independent here, where everything is thought out for me. I have to do things whether I like them or not, feel like doing them or don't. And you all have to do them in the same way too. Why, everybody even talks alike, the same slang in the same accent, and if you're different you get the blank stare. As for the girls — —"

He paused, and Charles Selborne shot from under his heavy eyebrows a swift speculative glance at his son.

"My own opinion is," he declared, "that the girls are superior to the men. Certainly they seem to have more vitality and initiative. Several here this winter are very charming and easy to look at—Margrete Hastings particularly; and a great many admire Ann Waite, but I must say she is too erratic to charm me. The height of ambition for some of these young girls is to look as though they came from the exterior boulevards of Paris."

Rudd Selborne was potently not interested in that; he had grown restless at so much talk; and at the sound of wheels on the drive he nodded, paused a moment, and then went into the house. A footman met him in the hall, prepared to show Rudd where his bag had been put; where, in his father's house, he was to sleep. The room was extremely pleasant; the mahogany furniture, old and soft in color, took an added grace from the high white paneling against which it was set; long casement windows open to the garden, the fading sunlight and the mocking birds, admitted, as well, a warm and languorous and scented air. Some of his clothes, the servant informed him, had been brought down from the North; he would find them in the closet. When the door closed upon the man, in a canary-colored waistcoat, Rudd took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and sat gazing moodily at his bag, a cheap affair of imitation leather, purchased in Portland.

Already, at home, if it could be called that, hardly more than an hour, he felt constricted, irritable. It was in the atmosphere about him—the quality against which instinctively he rebelled. Here he might just as well have been one of those cut flowers stuck into a pot on the porch. In a way his father was right; it was a damned shame that with so much ready to be enjoyed he couldn't enjoy it. All that money! Perhaps because he had always taken money for granted he paid little attention to it; in his existence it had slight, if any, value. He didn't require expensive things; cheap clothes, casual food, bare surroundings satisfied him as fully as the most elaborate. The truth was, he realized,

How He Hated Her and Himself; Curiously the Pain in His Hand and the Music Within Mingled and Became One Twisted, Unbearable Sensation

that he never thought of them. His bag, for example, sodden and torn and smeared, its painted pretense dispelled, seemed just as good to him as pigskin heavy with straps and gilded catches. He was hungry, and the thought of waiting until half past eight for dinner, of changing for it, annoyed him excessively.

III

THERE were at dinner Charles Selborne—his wife had been dead for twelve years—Greta, his daughter, and her husband Saxby; another young Englishman named Powderson; a Miss Torrance, past middle age and ugly, but keenly alive, in contact with life; Margrete Hastings; Mrs. Badger Kane, who, although in chiffons, still contrived to look as though she were on the hunting field; and Rudd. He sat between Margrete, whom, by birth, he had known all his life and hardly seen, and Miss Torrance. The latter talked to him with her unremitting vigor, principally about her earlier exploits in driving; while Margrete said practically nothing. His father had been right, Rudd reflected; she was as pretty a girl as he recalled, with delicate rose cheeks, an arresting nose, and—as much as could be seen under broad bands of brocade—pale bright-gold hair. He made two efforts to talk to her, restricted by a total lack of any common interest; and while he was speaking she gazed with a smile directly into his face; but when he stopped all animation, attention, faded from her face as though it had been wiped away with a sponge. Once she asked him for a cigarette, but when she saw the democratic half crushed paper pack he offered her she declined, and turned to Powderson, on her right. Rudd caught phrases of the Englishman's conversation:

"Rather; splendid I call it here. . . . No, not long; fact I only came out December, and then left New York straight on to teach the boys at Mr. Blabon's. Jolly little fellows they are, too; though I must say I don't like their football as well as Rugger. . . . Illinois—what is that? Oh, I know! It's a city. No; one of your states. But if it is east or west, north or south ——"

"My dear," Miss Torrance went on, "the two of us were left in the ring, Carrie and me. The judges couldn't decide which of us was the better. Then they told us to get out of the traps and in again; and there is a way of holding the reins, of shifting them from one hand to the other. Carrie didn't do it; and so, you see, I took first."

Rudd nodded.

Margrete was saying to Powderson, "But it's too utterly easy to toddle. I'll show you."

"It's nice to see you, old infant," Greta called across the table to Rudd. "I must say you're looking fit enough. I told Ann Waite you were about to be here, and she asked a hundred questions. Your career—or, rather, the lack of it—interests her strangely. If you are not canny she will have it over you like a tent. These young things are horribly up and doing. Yes, Miss Torrance," she replied to a question, "we were in Ireland all summer, hunting with a pack of otter hounds. There was an English pack over at the same time, and we were great rivals. We did them in, finally. It was ripping, splashing through the streams all day and staying at the little lost inns at night."

"What is this Ann Waite like? I don't seem to remember her." Rudd made a third attempt with Margrete Hastings.

"You wouldn't. She appeared from the nursery only the day before yesterday. About a scanty seventeen, as scanty as her skirts. But if you think she's not a ball of fire —— Hair banged of course; cigarettes naturally; I'm not sure but she has one of those little English brier pipes. Been in France a lot. Dresses like a ragpicker in the most expensive materials. Drives from the men's tees. Father a total loss and mother now married to a mild Italian. Anything more?"

"No," Rudd returned; "I've got her complete."

The dinner, he thought, dragged interminably; and he was relieved when the women left the table. Powderson moved to the chair by him.

"I've heard a good little bit about you," he said in a friendly, interested manner; "you have been around. You were lucky, too, about the war; I had rotten eyes, and missed the best."

"I wish I had," Rudd replied, and then he flushed faintly at his father's expression of annoyance. "What I meant was," he addressed Powderson, once more wearily taking up his burden of explanation, "that I didn't understand it; it was mostly, for me, in the dark. Some wars I'd give all that I was to be in, like the one Italy shot into Austria; almost any war to make you free."

"Of course," Powderson warmly agreed; "the English, you know, are the freest race on earth. We have always fought for freedom."

"I suppose that's where we got it," Rudd went on, agreeably enough.

She Was the Earth, Holding Him Steady, Making Possible the Reach Toward the Sky

The butler was passing the liqueurs, white crème de menthe with a dash of brandy; a second man followed with the boxes of cigars, the silver tray of cigarettes and flickering spirit lamp. Powderson sat tranquilly at ease, his feet, in correct pumps, extended before him. He had an engaging highly colored face, rather small eyes and a readily smiling mouth. Rudd didn't care what he had; he wasn't interested in anything around him, and his habitual restlessness increased. He disliked nothing, he wanted to change nothing here; only he passionately wished for something far, far different for himself. What? A new land, a young land, space, activity, liberty—the West. He had been already, at twenty-six, where? What? A winter on a sugar *estancia* in the province of Camagüey; and in Florida—that he hadn't liked, it was the South; in Northern Oregon; a summer in the wheat fields of Michigan; another summer helping to sail a pleasure boat at Mackinac Island; that time in the Texas oil regions; in a steel mill outside Harrisburg; the anthracite coal lands; on an asparagus farm in North Carolina.

He had worked hard, labored; he could work where his interest was held, while it persisted; but sooner or later, in one month or six, the irresistible desire to move on would overtake him and drive him forward. Suddenly he remembered with intense envy his Kentucky forebears; their life was his ideal. They weren't simply idle explorers, hunters, sportsmen; they were conquering a continent, finding a land, a home of their own. They fought not silly games, killed not quail in the safety of game preserves, but went up against danger, against a wild that was in every sense a trackless wild. They, too, had turned away from the old, the settled, the bound; from butlers and Bohemian glass and rigorous customs. They wouldn't be coerced; and taking with them only their courage and endurance, their indomitable blood, they had left the money, position, ineffectual honors behind.

The Rhode Island lot, as well—his father's family—had been good birds, with troubles, Indiana, of their own. Their rebellion and removal to the West had been largely a spiritual affair. They had been determined to think what they wanted to think, with no suggestions or prohibitions from anyone. Rudd studied his father curiously; erect, his gray hair exactly brushed, his pearls impressive in the fine linen of his dinner shirt. It was queer that all he had been recalling had resulted in just that. He was a very handsome, a very distinguished-looking man with qualities which he, Rudd, would never begin to possess. Well, he didn't want them. He preferred his own.

"Perhaps we had better go in," Charles Selborne proposed, and they rose and moved toward the drawing-room.

Powderson found Margrete Hastings at once, and with suppressed laughter they began to toddle in a corner, while she whistled. Miss Torrance was already seated at a bridge table, and a game formed without delay.

"I'll take an extra on Alicia Kane," Saxby called back from the porch. "How much is it?"

Rudd walked past him into the garden. The night was profoundly dark and there was no sound but the drip of the fountain. For how long, he wondered, could he stand this? If he went away again, his father had said, it must be, where the bonds of birth were concerned, final. What ought he to do? It might be that love, if it could be managed—marriage—would kill his deep restlessness.

IV

BUT if any connection had formed subconsciously between that idea and the thought, for example, of Ann Waite, it was dispelled at once when Rudd saw her on the first tee of the Camelata Golf Club. She was too absurdly juvenile, and too thin. That was his immediate impression. There was a tournament for men and women in progress, and the tee, the benches on the left, the rustic chairs under the pines, were filled. The women, in silk or knitted fabrics of the utmost simplicity, gray and green and soft browns, with their faces muffled, hidden to the eyes in swathing veils, were striking against the smooth course cut through the blue haze of the evergreens; and their dogmatic voices, the terms of a sport, vigorous trivialities contrasted with and made incongruous the appearance of the veiled East.

However, there was little withheld by the garb of the girl gazing with a mocking, shifting light into his face. He had said, with an indifference but poorly concealed, that he hadn't met her before; and she had—in a voice as glancing and unsettled as her eyes—blamed heaven. Imperceptibly his conception of her juvenility decreased; yet no liking for her made a corresponding gain.

She tentatively mentioned golf. He had played, well enough; he didn't like it.

Had he been here before? No.

His father's place, Banksia, was very beautiful. Well enough, he repeated his phrase.

"I don't believe you like it—any of it, or any of us," Ann Waite declared.

"Well enough," he said for the third time.

"That isn't even a polite lie," she replied. "Since you don't—why not?"

He couldn't go into that again, he reflected; he was absolutely worn with explaining his peculiar attitude toward this life. She reminded him that it was his world; and that, she concluded, gave him the right to regard and criticize it as he chose.

"I think I'll take you buggy riding," she asserted after a pause. "You can't object to that. This, you know, is a very early spring; all the flowers in the woods are out together, the jasmine and dogwood and azaleas. I'll come for you about four this afternoon. I promised to play some round-robin tennis; but I won't; I want to explore you."

"I suppose it will be no use to say that I hate ambling through a patch of trees?"

"None," she told him firmly. "I saw Margrete and she made me frightfully curious about you. There was something, she said, she didn't know what. I doubted it at first; but I see there is; and I must find it out."

"Don't be silly!" He turned away as soon as possible, rather annoyed than not.

He saw her a little later, driving; and the sudden force, the whole sweeping vigor of her body surprised him. She wasn't thin exactly, he corrected this hasty impression, but slender. But what difference did all that make to him?

Her hands, however, driving a bright bay mare with a banged tail and a vicious disposition, moved him to an acknowledgment if not precisely admiration. She did things—slight, unimportant things—quite well. The road was no more than a sand track dipping and turning through a woods, more than a patch, bright with gay screens and planes of blossoms. The truth was that he felt fairly contented. The mare became more reasonable, settled into a short steady trot, and Ann Waite and he lounged in the buggy.

"The life here is rather pallid," she admitted.

"What did you expect?"

"I thought perhaps you might tell me. But of course what we all want is a thrill. Yet it's no better at Palm Beach; you just work harder there, that's all. The result ——" She made a disdainful gesture. "We've tried good thrills and bad thrills, and none of them have a bit of kick. Did Margrete tell you that I was seven or seventeen? Anyhow, I'm not too old, there is a long hole before me, but I can't think of anything new or exciting to come. I've been considering love as a possibility."

"So have I," he admitted.

"It seems to me a lot like swimming," she went on; "it's no good if the pool's too small, you just get muddy. Deep and wide is the idea." She gazed at him with a fresh speculative interest.

"You'll get nowhere if you're considering me," he informed her. "I wouldn't love you on a bet; it would be too damned uncomfortable."

"We might both do worse," she asserted calmly; "we're not fussers. And when the novelty wore off, when the thrill was gone, I'd kill myself. I shouldn't stay around like a painted ship on a painted ocean."

"Not a chance," he repeated vigorously. "That isn't my idea of marriage at all. You'd be like a mosquito; and I want peace."

"You're rather hellish complimentary," she observed. "But it is the fetching way to be with me. I've seen a lot of older men in my short term, and I'm sick of their line. Take a ride with me, little girl; see the nice box of candy—that and the freshness of my charm."

"The charm of your freshness," he suggested.

"Do you like me any better?" she asked.

"I don't like you at all," he explained; "but you are real enough, now; you are yourself, if you see what

(Continued on Page 90)

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

WHEN the office boy suddenly appeared before Elmer Peterson's desk and said "The boss wants to see you," Elmer drew a deep breath and told himself, "It's come!" All through the afternoon the signs had not been wanting.

In the private office, with its far-flung view over the Hudson, the directors had been holding a meeting. The auditor had made his report; the head bookkeeper had been called in; the mahogany door, opening and shutting, had shown glimpses of old Major Murchison, with his silvery goatee, sitting at the head of the table, grimly smoking one of his everlasting cigars; Apgar Hopkins at his right hand, a lean-faced Yankee who had started life as a farmer's boy, but had learned to milk the cow of commerce of its golden flow; Landfear Schermerhorn, stout but dapper, and looking as ever as though he had just stepped out of a fashion plate; Hutchison, Stubbs, Phillbanks—they were all there, figures of fate or fortune, as the case might be, and keepers of the portal that led to Olympian heights.

As the clock above the safe in the outer office had ticked away the minutes Elmer had tried to imagine the procession of events around the directors' table. Some of this had been easy enough. When the auditor went in, followed by the bookkeeper, it required no gift of clairvoyance to guess what was going on in the other room.

"And now I guess they're passing a resolution of regret at Mr. Keppler's death," thought Elmer. "And now they're probably discussing who's to be the next secretary."

At that a wistful look came into his eyes, and then he frowned to himself, as much as he was able. Some years before, for a reason which you will presently know, he had taken a mail-order course in Every Man His Own Master—The Secret of Success. Lesson Five had been devoted to Concentration and Telepathy, and though Elmer had long ago learned not to expect too much of it, the lesson returned to his mind that afternoon, and he grasped at it as the drowning man is said to grasp at straws.

"Elmer J. Peterson, secretary of the company," he repeated to himself over and over, trying to shut out every other thought, working the phrase around in his mind as boys roll pieces of putty between their palms, as though he would materialize the idea, give it shape and strength and hardness and send it through the mahogany door to bounce upon the directors' heads and make them see the light.

But the clock ticked on and still no summons came. Four o'clock—half past four. The girls began to go home, nodding a smile or calling out a cheerful "Good-night, Mr. Peterson" as they passed his desk. They all liked him, even though they called him Old Walrus behind his back and laughed at the air of dignity with which he had tried to impress them.

"I think you'd better wait, Miss Baum, till the meeting's over," he said to one of the stenographers, "and you, too, Joe," he said to the office boy. The next moment, trying to soften the youth's disappointment, he added with a touch of apology in his voice, "I don't think they'll be long now."

To hide his nervousness he busied himself around the office, making sure the telephone board was in order, looking into the supply room, straightening one of the shelves there, and going back to his concentration whenever he thought about it, as though it were the last line of a half-remembered chorus—"Elmer J. Peterson, secretary of the company. Elmer J. Peterson, secretary of the company." He had hardly returned to his desk when Joe suddenly appeared before him and over his shoulder Elmer noticed that the mahogany door was still swinging as though it were some tremulous shuttle of fortune, weaving "Now, now, now!"

"The boss wants to see you," said the boy.

"It's come!" thought Elmer.

Yes, at last the summons had come; and with it what a jumble of dimly seen hopes and opportunities! Not for nothing had he worked twenty-five years for Murchison, Strong & Co., starting in as soon as he was through high school, working up through office boy, typewriter, bookkeeper, cashier, and finally to office manager—and that a place which was only a stepping-stone to higher things. When he had first worked for the firm they only had two small offices on Nassau Street and a capital of less than ten thousand dollars, while to-day they had the whole top floor of one of Wall Street's proudest buildings, and any item of less than a million dollars on their balance sheet looked out of place and scarcely worth perusal. As office manager Elmer received three thousand a year, which is another way of saying $57.70 a week—a salary which had once seemed a fortune—but Mr. Keppler, the late secretary, had drawn ten thousand a year and two per cent of the firm's net profits, which may sound small to ears without perception, but really amounted to more than twice his salary.

"Thank God, I put my other suit on this morning!" thought Elmer as he started to answer the summons. He passed his hand over his ferocious mustache—that adornment which had earned him the name of Old Walrus—and swallowed hard as though in an attempt to cow his Adam's apple.

"Gentlemen," he rehearsed to himself, "I assure you that—that I shall do my best to merit this appreciation, this—this unexpected appreciation."

He pushed the door open and entered. Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, Jason entering the Field of Stones—neither of them had a thing on Elmer J. Peterson as he stepped across the threshold and knew that one of the most important moments of his life had arrived.

II

MR. MURCHISON was looking at a legal document. "A contract!" thought Elmer, and his heart leaped within him. It wasn't altogether elation that moved him. Part of it was an almost fierce desire to show his loyalty, to serve, to prove himself worthy. "The best that's in me," he thought to himself, and a detail rising to his mind, "I shall have to get some cards engraved." A number of sheets of paper had been crumpled and thrown on the floor. Almost unconsciously he picked them up and dropped them in a wastebasket.

If you had been there you might have thought that it was the movement entailed by this action which called Mr. Murchison's attention to the presence of his office manager.

"Huh!" said he, which was his favorite remark, and hardly looking up from the paper which he was reading he added, "You needn't keep the office open. We shall be here some time yet."

"Yes, sir," said Elmer, and seeing then in a sickly flash of consternation that the attention of the senior member of the firm had already been withdrawn from him he added, "You—you won't want me again this afternoon—for anything?"

"No. Leave the outer door open. Huh! Good night."

"Good night, sir," said Elmer.

And a moment later the mahogany door was swinging behind him, more like a shuttle of fate this time than anything to do with fortune, a shuttle of fate that seemed to be weaving "No, no, no!"

"Still, I might have known it," thought Elmer as he made his way toward the terminal a few minutes later. "Ever since I can remember life has gone with me—just like that."

Whether or not from some association of ideas, he paused to reflect whether his wife had given him any errands to do.

"Thank God, I didn't tell her!" he thought, nervously smoothing his ferocious mustache. "Me, who was going to surprise her and show her that my way was the best! Oh, well, we'll all be dead some day; and anyhow I might have known it—the way things always happen to me."

But for all his philosophy, if you had seen him the day before and again that afternoon you might have seen that his disappointment had taken something out of him; that same something which sometimes seems to leave a billiard player toward the end of a game when the score is all against him and the balls won't break as they should. When Elmer had experienced those other disappointments which were included in his "just like that" the game had still been young, and at any time a reasonable run of luck would have more than made up for his mischances. But after a man's mustache starts to grow grizzled and he has to rub his knees with liniment every night in damp weather to keep them from aching ——

And yet, to be just to Elmer, it must be said that he didn't grow tragic. Perhaps his other disappointments had made this one easier to bear. On the way out to Pellview he read, or seemed to read, his evening paper as though nothing much was the matter with him, although if you had been watching him you might have noticed that occasionally he turned and looked out of the window with that sad look

As the Neighbors Passed By Most of Them Stopped to Chat With Elmer for a Minute or Two

which seems to have been reserved for wild animals in captivity -and the human race in freedom.

"If it wasn't for Willa!" he thought.

For the next few miles of his journey he thought much about Willa, a beautiful young lady who had come into his life since his marriage. Indeed he was still thinking of her when, as the train drew near his station, he caught glimpses of the golfers on the links of the country club and fleeting views of the gardens at the backs of the mansions on Pellview Heights. It had been one of his dreams that some day he, too, would join the country club and introduce the beautiful young lady aforesaid to the fashionable ones assembled there; this to happen just after his purchase of one of those Georgian mansions on the Heights, with a minstrel gallery overlooking the dining room for the fiddlers three to fiddle in, and a balcony over the front door where the lord of the manor could step out now and then and tip his hat to the people.

In the meantime the Petersons lived in a cottage in one of the lower tiers of the town—Elmer, his wife and the beautiful young lady—and if you had been there when Elmer hung his hat on the hall rack that night you might have guessed one of the things which he had in his mind when he so sadly acknowledged to himself that life had always served him—just like that.

"You're awfully late!" said Mrs. Peterson.

"Yes, dear," said Elmer in his best apologetic voice. "I hope I haven't kept dinner waiting."

"Been ready half an hour!" said she. "What's the matter? Why were you late?"

A masterful woman—there is no other term which describes her so well. She was taller than Elmer, wider, too, and thicker—bigger in every way. Her features were of that cast which is generally styled strong, somewhat similar to those of the goddess on an old-fashioned fifty-cent piece; and if voices could be described as though they were liquids, it might be said that Mrs. Peterson's voice had a slight taste of barytone in it, and just a dash of bass. She was, in short, one of those formidable women who fight for their rights, and as the result of the constant state of warfare which such a program necessitates you might have seen, if you had been blessed with the gift of seeing invisible things, that on her head was the gold-embroidered cap of a general, while Elmer wore nothing more striking than the cap of a common buck private, with a very gentle accent on the "buck."

"There was a directors' meeting," he explained, and looking around as though something important were missing from the scene, he added, "Where's Willa?"

"Oh, she!" said Mrs. Peterson irritably. "She's around somewhere."

She started dishing up the dinner, and Elmer frowned to himself, although he was careful not to let his wife see him at it. He was walking through the rooms mutely seeking for further information when from the floor above he thought he heard a sound which froze him in his tracks for a moment and brought a look that wasn't far from anger to his eye. Then almost as quickly as the words can be written he was up the stairs and in a room at the end of the hall.

No, his ears had not deceived him. On the bed with her face buried in the pillows was his beautiful young lady sobbing away as though her heart would break.

III

"THERE, there!" said Elmer, kneeling by the bed and gently stroking the mourner's hair. "There, there, my little queen!"

Sympathy brought a fresh gush of grief, but toward the end of it the girl on the bed, her face still hidden in the pillows, groped around for her father's hand and pressed it against her cheek. At this two tears stood for a moment in Elmer's own eyes and then splashed down upon his ferocious mustache.

"What is it, honey?" he whispered, afraid to trust his voice to louder speech. "Come now, tell your daddy all about it."

"I want to die," she brokenly told him.

"And leave me?"

She pressed his hand against her cheek again.

"Is it—is it your mother?" he asked at last.

"N-no. It's—it's Benny. He's been calling now for nearly a year, but his mother has never called to see mom. And to-day they met on the street—Mrs. Merrill and mom—and Mrs. Merrill didn't notice mom, and mom says—and mom says that Benny can't call here any more!"

Elmer sighed, recognizing at once one of those situations where the male of the species is helpless. The Merrills lived on the top of the Heights, in the biggest, reddest, brickiest mansion there, and Mrs. Merrill was the leader of Pellview's high society, one of the old school of high steppers who generally hold their noses in the smelling position when trotters of unknown pedigree try to race with them. Not only that, but Mr. Merrill was the head of a New York banking firm, was the founder of the Pellview Country Club,

"Now What Do You Say About Your Merrills?" Demanded Mrs. Peterson. "Didn't I Always Tell You So?"

and two years before this story opens he had good naturedly agreed to run for mayor of Pellview, an honor conferred in recognition of his services for the town and in anticipation of a generous check for party funds.

So, as you can see, the Merrills were some people, and Elmer had felt vaguely disturbed ever since Master Benny Merrill, aged twenty-four, had met a certain beautiful young lady one rainy day without an umbrella at the station and had brought her home, and had called again—and again—and on the third call had discovered that he was head over heels in love with one whom at first he had only meant to protect from a passing shower.

"There, there!" said Elmer, patting his daughter's shoulder. "Don't cry any more, there's a little queen. If they don't want us, I'm sure we don't want them."

She sat up at last and began to arrange her hair.

"We all have our troubles, you know," he continued in a lower voice as his wife's step was heard downstairs. "We have to do the best we can—that's all."

From the hall below arose the commanding tones of Mrs. Peterson.

"Are you two coming down for dinner?" she demanded. "Or shall I clear the things away?"

"Coming! Coming!" they answered in dutiful chorus.

Folks nearly always look at each other when they say the same word at the same moment, and so father and daughter now looked at each other. It was a glance that began in sympathy and ended with a troubled smile, such a glance as Christian martyrs might have given each other when they heard the lions roar.

IV

AT THE dinner table Mrs. Peterson was the chief conversationalist, as she always was, being fond of her gift of oratory and having ears that were only attuned to the sound of her own voice. So while the other two ate, muted from long habit, Mrs. Peterson discussed the news of the day.

So-and-So ought to be shot. Such-and-such people were fools. Hanging was too good for this one. That one ought to be made to suffer for the trouble he had caused. When Elmer tried to soften one of her views she waved her arms and raised her voice and talked him down in no time. Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Caudle and the Queen of the Amazons combined—that was Elmer's wife in action; that was the woman who had promised to honor and obey him.

Only once were the Merrills mentioned.

"We're going to discuss candidates for mayor at the women's club to-morrow afternoon," she said. "I understand that Franklyn Merrill is going to run again, but I'm sure the people have had enough of him—silly, stuck-up fools, with their English gardeners and Japanese butlers and French maids. Some people make me sick!"

Elmer gently touched Willa's foot beneath the table with a pressure that seemed to say, "Pay no attention," and she answered him with a little tap that said, "Don't worry. I feel better now."

While the dinner things were being cleared away Elmer hurried outside, partly as a slave might go upon being relieved from bondage, and partly to take advantage of the few remaining minutes of twilight to mow the lawn in front of the house.

It was a small lawn, no part of it far from the sidewalk, and as the neighbors passed by most of them stopped to chat with Elmer for a minute or two, so that the whir of his mower was broken by frequent periods of silence.

"If your father would only talk less and work more," said Mrs. Peterson to Willa in the kitchen, "it wouldn't take him so long to mow the lawn."

"But he can't very well walk away when anybody stops to talk to him," said Willa, and smiling to herself at the thought of a thing so foreign to her father's nature, she proudly added, "Everybody likes dad."

It was probably then that the idea first struck Mrs. Peterson.

For one thing, she started to speak, but didn't speak—which was unusual for her. And for another thing, she washed the next few dishes without her customary clatter, as though she didn't care whether she tamed them or not. Again, a few minutes later, when she went out on the veranda, she sat quietly in her rocker, watching Elmer wave his hand or exchange a few words with the passersby—and that, too, was unusual for Mrs. Peterson, who liked to be around with a rake when her husband was mowing and rake the grass up into a pompadour where he had just cut its hair and make him go over it again, and call his attention to a clump of dandelions which needed spudding, or to a weed that disgraced the gravel path that led to the diminutive garage in the rear.

All the rest of the evening, too, Mrs. Peterson was quiet, as Warwick, the king maker, was probably quiet when musing over his next occupant of the throne; but just before they went to bed she suddenly nodded her head and tightened her lips and turned a commanding eye upon her husband.

"Elmer," she said, "I think I told you that we are going to discuss candidates for mayor at the women's club to-morrow afternoon."

"Yes, dear?"

"Yes. I had a good mind to run myself once—and would, too, if I hadn't made so many enemies fighting for my rights. And besides, it would be just the same as being mayor myself," she thoughtfully added, "and, oh, but wouldn't it put those Merrills in their places!"

"What would?" he asked, with a puzzling glance which included Willa.

"Elmer," she said after a moment's pause, "do you know what I am going to do to-morrow afternoon?"

"No," he said. "What?"

"I'm going to propose your name for mayor of Pellview!"

"You're going to what?" he cried.

"Please don't shout at me. I'm not deaf. You heard what I said. I'm going to propose your name for mayor of Pellview!"

Poor Elmer! Still staring at his wife, he looked as though the whole world had suddenly started rocking under his feet, one of those deep-sea motions which so upset the weak. Mayor of Pellview! Why not President of the United States and be done with it? Every married man probably wonders at times whether it's he or his wife who can hear the cuckoos sing.

V

WHEN Elmer went home the next afternoon he expected to find Mrs. Peterson in a temper, and if you had been following him you might have noticed that as he approached the house he seemed to walk more gently than usual, and that his head settled into his collar, as a turtle's head might draw back into its shell when a premonition warned it that danger was near.

"Of course they laughed at her," he thought, "and the worst of it is, they'll tell their husbands, and some of the men may think it was my own idea. Still," he added more thoughtfuly than before, "most everybody knows her—but she certainly will be mad!"

To his surprise, however, Mrs. Peterson greeted him with a smile that had more than a touch of triumph in it,

and when Elmer noticed that she was wearing her tortoise-rimmed spectacles and was reading a book entitled Principles of Government his heart sank to a new low level, and he could only feebly blow the air through his ferocious mustache.

"Well," she said, "I suggested your name, and it was favorably received—very favorably received."

Elmer said nothing, but he felt something as the convicted prisoner probably feels when the judge puts on his little black cap and takes a drink of water.

"Mrs. Barman had some very good ideas," continued his wife. "She's been studying politics a lot since she acted as clerk last fall at the Republican primary. It was one of her ideas that you are to be Elmer Peterson, the People's Choice."

The People's Choice sat down heavily in the nearest chair, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"For issues we have two," continued Mrs. Peterson, a vertical line appearing above the nose piece of her spectacles. "Our first issue will be for an open beach. The country club has taken up nearly all the available shore property and we are in favor of condemning a strip of it along the beach and putting in a public road and a place where mothers can take their children and stay all day."

"But what will the country club say?" objected Elmer.

"That's for your Mr. Merrill to think over!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterson scornfully. "Mrs. Barman had some very good ideas. Pellview is going to put in a sewerage system next year, and Mrs. Barman says that if the country club fights against the open beach we can condemn a part of their land for a sewer farm and see how they like that! Anyhow," she triumphantly concluded, "that's our first issue—the open beach!"

"But, Great Scott, I can't run!" suddenly burst out The People's Choice. "Me run for mayor! Everybody would think I was crazy!"

"The second issue," continued Mrs. Peterson as though she had not heard him, "is to be the high-school site. There's been a lot of talk already about the new high school and where it's going to be built and all that. The women's club decided this afternoon that it ought to be in the very best part of the town—right up on the Heights. That was my idea, that and a motto—Nothing too Good for the Public Schools. There's a splendid site for sale right near the Merrills, and I'm in favor of that."

"But, Great Scott, Constance!" protested Elmer, reduced to mopping his forehead again. "You know very well that I can't run. It's a joke, a crazy joke—the whole thing is, and you know it as well as I do!"

"Do I?" asked Mrs. Peterson. "Well, whether I know it or not, the women's club has indorsed you, and petitions are already being signed to get your name before the primary. That's how much of a joke it is, if you want to know!"

"Yes, yes, I know; that part of it's all right; but a man has to be born to be a politician. It's a knack, a gift. He has to be a good mixer—or he hasn't a chance on earth!"

"That may have been all very true once upon a time; but you mustn't forget that women vote now, and women don't want good mixers. A woman knows only too well what a good mixer means. I suppose Mrs. Taussig's husband is a good mixer, and there isn't a woman in town who doesn't know all about him."

"And besides," said Elmer, growing more and more desperate every minute. "I've got no pull, no standing. Now take Mr. Merrill, for instance: There isn't a politician in town who wouldn't work for him, and be glad to."

"Yes, and there isn't a woman in town, except a few who live on the Heights, who isn't waiting for a chance to get even with Mrs. Merrill with her stuck-up nose, going around to honest stores and calling raspberries 'rarsberries,' showing off her clothes and having her name in the New York papers every time her cat sneezes. Thinking themselves better than other people too! Mrs. Barman says she has heard awful stories about the way the Merrill girls carry on at the country club—drink and smoke and hiccup, and laugh when they hiccup, and wave their feet and shout 'Hurray!' I know if I had two girls like that I'd stay home and look after them instead of going round saying 'rarsberries' and sticking my nose up in the air every time I met somebody who was my superior!"

Suddenly interrupting herself, Mrs. Peterson ran upstairs and came down a minute later bearing a cardboard box. The moment Elmer's eyes fell on that box he knew he hadn't even begun to suffer yet. Mrs. Peterson wasn't suffering though. With every evidence of satisfaction, she unfastened the lid and drew forth the silk hat which had been her husband's wedding crown, a silk hat of the shape which gentlemen wore when Ward McAllister was the arbiter of New York society and pug dogs were in flower.

"What—what's that for?" asked Elmer, drawing back.

Mrs. Peterson briskly followed him, and as briskly pressed the hat down over her husband's head, as though she were snuffing a candle.

"There!" she said. "I knew it would fit you yet! I knew I hadn't been saving it all these years for nothing!"

"But what's it for?" asked Elmer again, a hoarse note now in his voice.

"What's it for? Why, you're a public man now, as good as any of them, and you're going to church in that next Sunday!"

"I am not!"

"Aren't you?" she asked with a still small voice that had something deadly about it.

"No!"

"Your frock coat too," she continued, more to herself than to him. "I must get that out to-morrow and see if the moths have been in it."

"Frock coat!" he gasped. "For heaven's sake, Constance!"

"Yes," she said with the same quiet deadliness as before. "It'll come in handy when you make your speeches."

"Yes!" said he. "When I do!"

"Yes," said she. "The women's club meets at Mrs. Pierson's next week, and you've been invited to speak on Pellview's pressing problems. Didn't I tell you?"

Elmer made a gesture that had something frightful about it. One more blow and he felt that his reason would begin to reel, that his mind would start toddling and never be able to come to rest again.

"I've got to adjust the lawn mower," said he almost below his breath, and taking off his wedding crown with such a look that it's a wonder the silk nap didn't stand on end and tremble, he hurried out of there.

VI

FOR a number of reasons, trivial enough in themselves but important in the net result, Elmer's candidacy began to develop strength. For one thing, Mrs. Peterson hadn't been far wrong in guessing how some of the women of Pellview regarded Mrs. Merrill's social prominence; and for another thing, Elmer's political début had that humorous note to it which sometimes appeals to the voters more than the grand manner.

"Heard about Elmer Peterson?" one citizen asked another.

"No. What about him? Wife been beating him up?"

"Nothing like it! He's gone into politics and is bucking against Franklyn Merrill for the nomination for mayor."

"The little son of a gun! Is that straight?"

"Sure, it's straight! Ask anybody! My wife signed his petition yesterday. Ought to be a bit of fun in this campaign now if there isn't anything else. Say, can you imagine Old Walrus getting up to make a speech?"

As a matter of fact, he was practicing his second speech at that very moment. Willa had gone to visit her Aunt Madge for a few days, partly perhaps to try to forget her Benny, and partly perhaps to try to escape the threatened campaign. So Mrs. Peterson had Elmer all to herself. His remarks before the women's club on Pellview's pressing problems—remarks which he had read from his wife's manuscript—had been well received, although he couldn't help noticing that here and there a smile accompanied the applause.

"They take me for a joke," he had told himself as he lay awake that night, his ears burning at the thought. "Yes, and when you come right down to it, I guess that's all I am—a joke—and all I ever will be. Darned if I'll go on with it. To-morrow morning I'll put my foot down hard."

It wasn't the first time, though, that he had made plans for independence under the shelter of darkness, only to find them ooze into nothingness at the sight of his wife's commanding figure in the morning; and when daylight came he found that Mrs. Peterson had plans that were stronger than his.

"I want you to come home early to-morrow afternoon," she said as Elmer was getting up to light the fire.

"What for?" he asked. "I don't like to get off. It sets such a bad example for the others."

"Yes, yes, I know; but this is different. A committee is going to call to inform you that your name will appear on the primary ticket, and of course you'll have to make a speech. I'm going to have the reporters present this time, and I've got to think of something good and strong to get your name in all the papers."

With a sigh that almost came natural to him—he had practiced it so often—Elmer gave up his plans for independence and went downstairs to light the fire, little dreaming of the fire which fate was presently going to light under him; and at the office that morning, determined to get the worst of it over as soon as he could, he asked Major Murchison if he could get off early the following afternoon.

"Huh! What's the matter?" asked the senior partner, looking grimly forbidding behind his everlasting cigar, but not bothering to turn his head. "Funeral?"

"No, sir," said Elmer. "The—er—the fact is I'm running for mayor of Pellview—at least for the nomination—and I have to receive a committee to-morrow afternoon and—er—make a speech."

Old Major Murchison slowly turned in his chair and looked at his office manager as though he had suddenly sprouted horns, wings and a tail.

"Running for mayor, you say?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir—at least for the nomination. Of course," he hastily added, "it's nothing that will interfere with my duties here. Franklyn Merrill, the present mayor, comes down to business every day."

"What?" exclaimed the major, taking the cigar out of his mouth. "You mean to say you're running against Franklyn Merrill?"

"Yes, sir—that is, I think we are both out for the nomination."

"Huh!" He put his cigar back and gave it a ride from one corner of his mouth to the other.

(Continued on Page 65)

Mrs. Peterson Was a Masterful Woman. She Was Taller Than Elmer, Wider, Too, and Thicker—Bigger in Every Way

SHOAL WATERS

By
Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"It's an Argument," Conceded the Engineer, Gazing at the Automatic Pistol Presented for His Consideration. "I'm Convinced"

AN ENCHANTMENT of stillness lay over forest and water. Undulations, suave, even, endless, perturbed the broad surfaces, deepening the jade green to clouded purples where the curves rose smoothly. The river was breathing uncertainly, as a woman breathes after a storm of anger. But the passion of the day was over. The wind had lifted, though vagrant whirls still troubled the giant magnolias on the foreshore. Gleams of the radiant Florida sky shone through the filmy tangle of gray overhead. A sighing hush was upon the world.

Like a bad little, mad little water elf fleeing the spell, there darted from an opening in the high woodland, dim and secret enough to be the entry to a forbidden fairyland guarded by the genii of mighty trees, a tiny motorboat sputtering evil and gaseous language as it fled. Its occupant kept his attention focused on the task of steering through the maze of floating vegetation. His thin face, too long and heavy boned for beauty, was richly bronzed, and his eyes had the clear intentness of one who lives much in the open. He was serviceably dressed, decidedly oily about the hands and clothing, and, by his expression, not too well pleased with the general scheme of creation.

No sooner was it clear of the creek than the engine gave one loud disgustful snort and joined the general silence. While the engineer toiled violently at the flywheel the prow swung about so that when he lifted his head for breath he found himself facing a twenty-foot boat of the sharpie type drifting sluggishly down upon him. It was surrounded by a mass of green-and-brownish vegetation and looked to be abandoned. This, he reflected gratefully, was as good as made to order for an illustration to his forthcoming government report, The Water Hyacinth in its Relation to Navigation and Lumbering in the St. Johns River.

The camera shutter clicked. At the sound there protruded from within the sailboat a youthful and astonished face, the most conspicuous feature of which was a pair of huge goggles. The owner of the face rose into view, disclosing a small, well-knit figure swathed in a modish polo coat which did not conceal the smartly cut khaki breeches underneath. The overlong and fluffy hair beneath the obviously expensive panama and the general effect of languid and jaunty self-confidence expressed in a leisurely stretch and yawn failed to impress the observer favorably.

"Hello, son," said he pleasantly.

"Got anything to eat aboard?" inquired the derelict. The voice completed the impression of a certain unadmirable type of Young America, being high, throaty, with a roughness suggesting inordinate devotion to cigarettes.

"No," said the engineer.

"I suppose not. Well, how much for a tow?"

"I'm not a towboat."

"What are you—a wandering photographer?"

"I'm a man with a pressing engagement for dinner upriver."

"So am I," sighed the other. "Look here, Mister Cameraman, you wouldn't go and leave a fellow stuck for life in these darn weeds, would you?"

"How did you get in?"

"Fell asleep waiting for the wind, and when I came to they had me trapped."

"Fall asleep again, then, and when you wake up maybe you'll be at Mandarin—if you get a good long night's sleep."

"Ah, have a heart!" the unfortunate adjured him. "I'm hungry."

"Well, what the devil are you doing this far from the hotel, anyway?"

"What do you mean—'this far from the hotel'? What's the prevailing idea?" There was a decided hint of offense in the hoarse, confident tones.

"You're a tourist, aren't you?"

"I'm a sport and a yachtsman," came the counter-statement, delivered with a wavering grin. "I've got a bet with Sid Carden that I'd sail this flat-bottomed peanut shuck from Jacksonville to Hibernia, all on my own."

"You keep choice company. Carden is about the most footless little waster going."

"He's my friend, and you're a liar! Furthermore, I don't like you and I wouldn't let you help me out now if you begged to."

"Why, it's a child!" commented the amused engineer. "You're too fragile a little flower to spend a night in the open. I think I'd better come aboard and souse your head to teach you manners before towing you out."

"Think again. Take a look at this while thinking."

"It's an argument," conceded the engineer, gazing respectfully at the automatic pistol presented for his consideration. "I'm convinced; you don't yearn for any closer companionship. All right. What next?"

"Souse your own head," muttered the sailor resentfully. "I didn't specially like your looks the first time I saw you, and they don't improve with time."

"Have I had the thrilling and unique experience of seeing you before?"

"Maybe not. But I've seen you, Mr. Jeffrey Sargent."

"Hello, and likewise hell!" ejaculated the surprised engineer. "When and where?"

"Last month. At the Ortega Country Club dance. You were doing the stricken pine outside while Alva Meade toddled with the livelier swains."

"Alva —— See here, you young cub ——"

"Whenever she passed your window," broke in the youngster enjoyably, "you had an eye on her like a fresh-caught fish."

"What the devil business is it of yours!" exploded the outraged Sargent, for he had been putting in a painful and fruitless fortnight striving to forget that Miss Meade was inhabiting the same earth with himself.

"I've seen 'em before when Allie gets her hooks into 'em. They wriggle," commented the sailor.

"I suppose you were one of the livelier swains you mentioned."

"Who? Me? Waste time on Sis, with the room full of sunkissed Florida peaches?"

"Sis?" repeated young Mr. Sargent. "You're not her brother!"

"That's me. Dicky of the Meade tribe. Regarded by the unprejudiced as the pick of the stock. I leave it to your judgment," said the sailor with trustful candor, presenting to his vis-à-vis a face which, despite its impudently boyish expression and futile assumption of man-of-the-world insouciance, stirred the heart of Jeffrey Sargent by its likeness to the willful loveliness of Alva Meade. "When do we move, commodore?"

But the commodore, lost in reverie, made no reply.

"Got it bad," observed the sailor pityingly. "Aren't you going to blow your whistle and proceed somewhere where people eat, admiral?"

In response to this touching appeal its object hacked at the clogging mass of water growth until a canal was opened up, through which he propelled his craft.

"Get aboard," he said.

The marooned sailor looked at him doubtfully.

"What's the matter?" demanded Sargent impatiently. "Can't you jump three feet?"

"Certainly. But—see here! Are you a kindly, Christian, forgiving soul, and all that sorta thing? No head sousing, eh?"

"Oh, get in!" growled Sargent.

"All right! But what about my long, low, rakish, pirate craft? She cost the dad five hundred and he won't be pleased if I come home and say I've mislaid her."

"That's easily fixed." With his boathook reversed Sargent poled the whole area of weed inclosing the two boats inshore until it touched the hyacinth fringe. "Get out!" he directed.

"It's muddy," objected the youth.

"Of course it's muddy."

"You do it," suggested the other urbanely. "You're mussed up already."

Sargent's voice took on a tone of weary but dangerous patience. "Get out."

"I suppose you're taking it out on me for Sis," retorted the youngster pettishly. "That's a sporting proposition, I guess not!" Nevertheless he cautiously stepped into the shallow water. "What'll I do now?"

"Twine the floating roots of your island into the hyacinth that's rooted in the mud. Twist 'em in good and firm. Look out for snakes. The festive moccasin likes to take his siesta in the edge of the growth. There; that's enough. She'll stay there forever. Climb aboard. We're off."

The sun had dropped below the black horizon of the forest when Sargent swung the bow of his boat in toward the Hibernia dock.

"Sis will be much obliged to you for bringing the scion of the family safe home," observed his passenger.

"She needn't be," returned the engineer disparagingly. "And you're not to say anything about it. Understand?"

"Sore, like that," mused the pride of the Meades. "Maybe you don't consider that you're doing the family such a much of a favor. Now that I think of it, I didn't hear you giving three cheers for me at any stage of the proceedings."

"You don't have to be deaf not to hear that," was the uncompromising reply.

"You seem to think that they picked me off an ash heap," said the other, aggrieved, adding wistfully: "You know, even if you are a queer guy, I kinda like you, and I don't see why you have to treat me like a deformed stepchild."

A not unamiable grin was the response to this. "I don't suppose you're such a complete young rotter as you seem, if one understood your kind."

"Thanks! I'll bet I could be as serious a bird as you if—if—well, if I had anything to be serious about. Say, what are you after, mousing around in this splutterboat?"

"Piaropus crassipes."

"Which?"

"Your late captor, the water hyacinth. I am a botanist."

"Whew! You didn't let on to Sis, did you? She thinks scientists are all long-haired ginks with eyeglasses and a line of talk from the Carnegie Library."

"I'm not aware of having bored Miss Meade with my professional interests," said the engineer stiffly.

"Wise owl! Well, I'm for you, cap. If I could put in a good word ——"

"Off the grass, youngster! I play a lone hand, when the game's worth playing."

"I guess you know a few things that aren't in the botanies," opined the passenger after a thoughtful examination of his rescuer. He eased the boat alongside the pier, stepped out and inquired, "What about my sharpie?"

"Hire a boat and go after it."

"There aren't any boats here. Aren't you going back that way again? Couldn't you stop for me on your way?" The husky, boyish voice was almost humble now.

"Oh, all right," assented the botanist indulgently. "I'll send you word when I'm going."

"And you don't want me to tell Sis that I even saw you?" asked the sprightly Dicky, from the dock.

"No," said Jeffrey Sargent with decision.

II

IN THE broad hallway of the Inn at Green Cove Springs sat Mr. Jeffrey Sargent intently regarding his own nose. As noses go, it was an honest and worthy feature, but artistically considered nothing about it warranted the passionate concentration of its owner. So at least thought Miss Alva Meade, serene and delightful in motor coat and swathing veil, as she stopped to join in his contemplation. Perforce he arose.

"How do you do, Mr. Sargent?" said the newcomer. "Have you noticed the banner at the entrance to town?"

"No; I don't believe I have."

"It reads 'Welcome to Green Cove Springs.' A pleasing sentiment, don't you think?"

"Very."

"Why not imitate it, then? You don't look pleased. Aren't you pleased, Mr. Sargent?"

"Desperately," he answered on a note of strict neutrality.

"I am," stated the girl. "You were awfully nice to Dicky."

"So he told you after all, did he?" said the young man disgustedly. "Well, I couldn't exactly leave him there to be eaten by the cows, you know."

"'Even if he is your brother,'" added Miss Meade, as one supplying the conclusion to an unfinished sentence. "I'm afraid you're not in a nice humor with me."

"It's possible," he agreed.

"And after wantonly cutting a dance with me too."

Young Mr. Sargent muttered something unintelligible.

"The first dance, spoken for a week ahead," continued the girl. "You know, it rather hurts one's pride. What does it mean when you snort that way, Mr. Sargent?"

"If you didn't want to see me," queried the young man gloomfully, "why let me come down thirty miles of river for no other purpose than ——"

"Let you? It's a free and navigable river," she pointed out. "Besides, I did want to see you. I wanted that waltz; and just because you preferred to sit out and talk, when we'd already exchanged ideas on every subject in the world, coming down on the boat ——"

"I don't suppose we talked three hours, all told." Young Mr. Sargent's expression was distinctly aggrieved.

"Didn't we? Funny how well one gets to seem to know people on shipboard, isn't it?"

Young Mr. Sargent was understood to snort again.

"And then finds strange and disappointing revelations of faithlessness, such as cutting dances ——"

"You know I couldn't go on the floor in the rig I had on."

"Then why come in such costume?" she asked reasonably.

"My suitcase fell overboard as I was landing," he growled. "I tried to explain to you, but ——"

"Did you? Poor dear! I remember, now, I wasn't in the mood for explanation. I seldom am. The music was in my toes. However, Sid Carden made an excellent substitute. What did you say, Mr. Sargent?"

"Nothing," he replied, which was not strictly true.

"Oh! Anyway, I do want to thank you for being so good to Dicky."

Mr. Sargent smothered another remark.

"That sounds like what you said just now when you said you didn't say anything. Only, why damn poor Dicky?"

"He needn't have given me away."

"He didn't. He just told me that he'd been snatched from a hyacinth bed by a tall, overbearing man with an unpleasant expression; so of course I knew it must be you. You know, Mr. Sargent, I think you were good for Dicky's little soul."

Mr. Sargent observed that he could think of several things that would be good for Dicky's little soul.

"He says you bossed him brutally. I believe he rather liked it, as a new experience. Dicky has never been around with men much. Real men, I mean. He's not such a bad little lot, Dicky, in some ways." Her eyes deepened with her voice. "Only, he doesn't understand life, and I think he'd like to. Like to get some meaning out of it, you know. He's groping. All of us do, I suppose. But you don't grope. Do you?"

She leaned toward him, thoughtful and brooding.

"When you look like that," said Jeffrey Sargent, "I—I it's like hearing distant music."

"That's the sort of thing that you said on shipboard. Twice."

"And thought a thousand times. And you didn't like it."

"I said I didn't like it. What could the poor girl say!" she returned lightly.

She rose. "Perhaps I'll see you at the pier when you come for Dicky. He said you were going to take him out again. Good-by, and thank you."

After her departure young Mr. Sargent lapsed into a profound reverie. He emerged therefrom with a wrathful objurgation. Alva Meade had not so much as suggested his coming over to Hibernia to see her.

"Girls!" said he in bitter self-communion. "I'd rather deal with water hyacinth any day!"

When the hot and misty red of the new-risen sun rayed out across the river from behind the solid forest the little white motorboat of Jeffrey Sargent chugged briskly up alongside the Hibernia pier. Only one figure was awaiting it, a droopy and somnolent Dicky, who fell into a fit of coughing as he rose to direct the advancing prow.

"Sis sent her best," he remarked, jumping into the stern seat, "and said that sleep was better for the complexion than sunrise; otherwise she'd have been down."

"I didn't expect her," said Jeffrey gruffly.

"That's the method with Sis," approved the young hopeful. "Never expect anything and you won't be disappointed—maybe." He cocked a critical head in the direction of the navigator. "Do you usually go white collared and snappy shirted on these early A.M. trips, young feller me lad?" he croaked jauntily.

The other fixed him with a chilly eye. "How old are you?" he demanded.

"Voting next fall, thanking you for your kind interest."

"Well, I'm twenty-nine," stated the grim and aged Mr. Sargent, "and you can keep your young-feller talk for people that don't object to it. I do."

"Some age, I'll say!" said the cub. "Sis likes 'em younger. Their bones crunch easier," he added reflectively.

Whether the quasi-senile Mr. Sargent heard this or not it was impossible to determine, since the engine just then began to fuss violently; but he banged a grease cup into place with unnecessary vehemence.

"Say," remarked his passenger presently, "just what is your little game around here, anyway?"

"Water hyacinth, as I told you."

"Growing 'em?"

"Keeping them from growing."

"That's a gay and useful occupation for an able-bodied man."

"It's useful enough, if you've got the brains to see it."

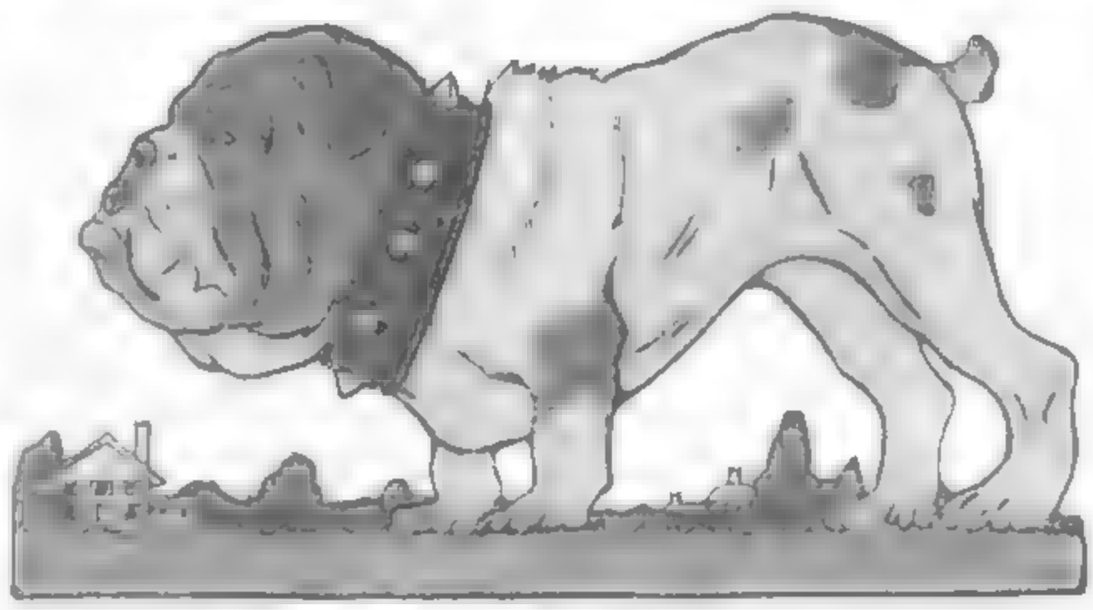
"I haven't," confessed the artless youth. "But I yearn to have. Tell me."

"You look just the sort," observed Jeffrey Sargent with a sardonic eye, "to cherish a subdued but scientific interest in Piaropus crassipes."

(Continued on Page 48)

"You've Changed Color Five Distinct Times in Telling It," Observed Miss Deering. "I Haven't. Did You Ask Him to Ten?"

BEWARE OF THE DOG!



By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

"Behind the dog it is 'dog'; before the dog it is 'Mister Dog'!" —*Zulu proverb*

CAVE CANEM!" These two familiar Latin words might be freely translated "If you own a dog—look out!" for the dog owner takes quite as much of a chance as the one he imposes upon the public, the chief difference being that while the public may be bitten he may have to pay for the bite.

To read, mark and properly digest the reported cases in the books respecting animals—largely dog law—would take years; to attempt to harmonize them, a lifetime. Dogs, although almost human, are wayward animals, and judicial opinion concerning them is equally wayward. Considering the number of dogs and cats in the world and their widely varying personal idiosyncrasies it is surprising that their owners do not become involved in litigation more often, particularly if it be realized how subtle are the tests by virtue of which the owners' liabilities—those represented in a dog fight, for instance—are determined in the courts. There is a lot of law on dog fights—some good and some bad, depending on whether you win or lose your case. Your dog may win the fight, but alas, his victory may cost you money! There is no chance to seek counsel while the battle is raging.. It is better to take time by the forelock than to drag your victorious animal out of the mêlée by the tail.

When Is a Dog Not a Dog?

LET us suppose, then, that you are the proud owner of a gallant and stocky bull, who so far as you know is always happy and bright, amiable and loving to all the world of dogs. Shall we call him Cæsar? You are standing on your front lawn with your pet when an innocent canine stranger makes his appearance. Instantly Cæsar, contrary to all the rules of hospitality and in violation of your preconceived notion of his disposition, flings himself upon the visitor and in the ensuing conflict damages him severely. Under these circumstances the courts have held that you are not liable to the owner of the injured dog in damages, for the reason that you did not know that Cæsar was vicious—if indeed he proved himself so to be in the encounter—and also that as the stranger was uninvited you had the right to use what seemed to be reasonable means to drive him off—to wit, Cæsar. But—and mark this well!—had you known Cæsar to be a ferocious beast whose high resolve and consuming passion were to devour alive all dogs who crossed his path, and the same thing had happened—that is, a visitor had trotted upon your lawn and Cæsar had instantly chewed him up—you might in some jurisdictions have had to pay for Cæsar's dinner. In fact, knowledge of a dog's propensities on the part of his owner is usually the crux of any dog case, although the law upon the general subject is involved and you can usually find authorities on both sides.

Thus you can slightly vary the facts of Cæsar's case and try to see where you would get off. Suppose, for instance, the strange dog were also a bloodthirsty beast who insolently swaggered upon Cæsar's lawn and challenged him to combat. "Dog eat dog!" Or contrariwise, suppose, being a gentle dog but yet a trespasser, he nevertheless killed Cæsar, who, equally gentle, had gently sought to persuade him to depart? It easily gets to be like a picture puzzle. Perhaps it would be better to return to these complications after we have examined into the more fundamental principles governing the law of dogs.

To start with: What is a dog? This may seem a simple-minded sort of inquiry, yet a vast amount of evidence might be taken and much scientific learning displayed before it could be finally settled. Animals are held to be "all irrational beings endowed with the power of voluntary motion." This might appear to some not only to include many men but to exclude many dogs. However, assuming that dogs are animals within this definition, what constitutes a dog a dog? Or, conversely, when is a dog not a dog? When he is a wolf, perhaps? But what is the difference between a dog and a wolf? Is a dog a domestic animal? And what is a wild dog? These questions are not frivolous, but are of importance. For example, whether or not the missing link were a man or an animal would raise a vital issue if that strange person were assassinated, for murder is not murder unless the victim be a human being. So whether a dog is or is not a wild animal may easily determine whether or not a man shall go to jail. Thus the highest court of the state of Maine has held that one cannot be convicted for killing a dog under a statute penalizing the killing or wounding of domestic animals, on the ground that dogs are not recognized as such. [State vs. Harriman, 75 Me. 562.]

Originally, indeed, the common law was loath to regard dogs as property at all. The ancient cases covering property rights in animals are among the most interesting in the history of English jurisprudence; and it seems that the common law recognized only "the mastiff, hound, spaniel and tumbler."

Blackstone says: "Larceny cannot be committed of such animals in which there is no property either absolute or qualified; . . . but of all valuable domestic animals, as horses and other beasts of draught, and of all animals *domitæ naturæ*, which serve for food, as neat or other cattle, swine, poultry, and the like, and of their fruit and produce, taken from them while living, as milk or wool, larceny may be committed; and also of the flesh of such as are either *domitæ* or *feræ naturæ* when killed. As to those animals which do not serve for food, and which therefore the law holds to have no intrinsic value, as dogs of all sorts, and other creatures kept for whim and pleasure, though a man may have a base property therein and maintain a civil action for the loss of them, yet they are not of such estimation as that the crime of stealing them amounts to larceny."

Wardens of the Royal Barn

THE reason for the disinclination of English judges to regard dogs as subjects of larceny lay in the fact that all felonies were punishable in England by hanging, and larceny was a felony. Even a hanging judge, though he might hang a man for stealing a sheep, could not bring himself to hang him for stealing a dog. Thus it was said: "The taking . . . of any creatures whatsoever which are *domitæ naturæ* and fit for food, as ducks, hens, geese . . . may be felony"; but subjects of larceny "ought not to be things of a base nature, as dogs, cats, bears, foxes, monkeys, ferrets, and the like, which however they may be valued by the owner, shall never be so highly regarded by the law, that for their sakes a man shall die." [1 Hawk. P. C., Ch. 33.]

Nevertheless "Among our elder ancestors, the Ancient Britons, cats were looked upon as creatures of intrinsic value, and the killing or stealing of one was a grievous crime," and one fortunate cat which held royal office was thus protected by the law: "If any one shall kill or bear away by theft the cat which is Warden of the Royal Barn, it shall be hung up by the tip of its tail, its head touching the floor, and over it shall be poured out grains of wheat until the last hairs of its tail shall be covered up by the grain"; this being the measure of damages to be paid by the thief. According to the Dimetian Code, "Whoever shall sell a cat is to answer for her not to go caterwauling every moon; and that she

(Continued on Page 40)

All Self-Respecting Dogs are Entitled to Resent the Levity Which the Mere Mention of the Canine Breed Seems to Arouse in the Judicial Breast

MANSLAUGHTER

XI

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

LYDIA, with the wisdom that comes specially to the courageous, knew that her trial had gone against her as she left the stand. Miss Bennett was hopeful as they drove home. Bobby actually congratulated her on the clearness and weight of what she had said.

Albee, whose own investigation had closed brilliantly the day before, came that evening to say good-by to her. He was called back to his native state on business and was leaving on a midnight train.

Since the accident Lydia had been seeing Albee every day—had used him and consulted him, and yet had almost forgotten his existence. Now as she waited for his appearance it came to her with a shock of surprise that she had once come very near to engaging herself to him; that in parting like this for a few weeks he might make the assumption that she intended to be his wife. She thought she could make her trial a good excuse for refusing to consider such a proposal. That would get rid of him without hurting his feelings. She thought of the phrase, "A woman situated as I am cannot enter into an engagement." The mere idea of such a marriage was now intensely repugnant to her. How could she have contemplated it?

"Arrogant, Inflexible, Using All Her Gifts—Her Brains and Her Incredible Beauty—Just to Advance Her Own Selfish Ends!"

He entered, leonine yet neat in his double-breasted blue serge with a pearl in his black tie. He took her hand and beamed down upon her as if many things were in his heart that he would not trouble her with at this crisis by uttering.

"Ah, my dear," he said, "I wish I might be here to-morrow to see your triumph, but I'll be back in a month or so, and then—meantime I leave you in good hands. Wiley is capital. His summing up to-morrow will be a masterpiece. And remember, if by any chance—juries are chancy, you know—they do bring in an adverse verdict, on appeal you're safe as a church." He raised a cold, rigid little hand to his lips.

With her perfect clear-sightedness she saw he was deserting her and was glad to get him out of her way. She had not even an impulse to punish him for going.

The next morning it was raining torrents. It seemed as if the globe itself were spinning in rain rather than ether. Rain beat on the streets of New York so that the asphalt ran from curb to curb in black brooks; rain swept across the open spaces of the country, and as they ran through the storm water spouted in long streams from the wheels of the car. In the court room rain ran down the windows on each side of the American flag in liquid patterns. The court room itself had a different air. The electric lights were on, the air smelled of mud and rubber coats, and Judge Homans, who suffered from rheumatism, was stiff and grim.

A blow awaited Lydia at the outset. She had not understood that the defense summed up first—that the prosecution had the last word with the jury. What might not "that man" do with the jury by means of his hypnotic sincerity? She dreaded Wiley's summing up, too, fearing it would be oratorical—all the more because he kept disclaiming any such intention.

"The day has gone by for eloquence," he kept saying. "One doesn't attempt nowadays to be a Daniel Webster or a Rufus Choate. But of course it is necessary to touch the hearts of the jury."

She thought that O'Bannon's appeal would be to their heads, and yet Wiley might be right. People were such geese they might prefer Wiley's method to O'Bannon's.

As soon as court opened Wiley began his summing up, and even his client approved of his simple, leisurely manner. He was very clear and effective with the merely legal points. The crime of manslaughter in the first degree—a crime for which a sentence of twenty years might be imposed—had not been proved. Nor was there credible evidence of criminal negligence, without which a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree could not be found. As he reviewed the facts he contrived to present a picture of Lydia's youthfulness, her motherlessness, of Thorne's early beginnings as a workingman, of his death leaving Lydia an orphan. He made her beauty and wealth seem a disadvantage—a terrible temptation to an ambitious young prosecutor with an eye to newspaper headlines. He made it appear as if juries always convicted young ladies of social position, but that this particular jury by a triumph of fair-mindedness was going to be able to overcome this prejudice. One juror who had wept over Alma Wooley now shed an impartial tear for Lydia.

"Gentlemen of the jury," Wiley ended, "I ask you to consider this case on the facts and the facts alone—not to be led away by the emotional appeals of an ambitious and learned young prosecutor who has the ruthlessness that so often goes with young ambition; not to convict an innocent girl whose only crime seems to be that she is the custodian of wealth that her father, an American workingman, won from the conditions of American industry. If you consider the evidence alone you will find that no crime has been committed. I ask you, gentlemen, for a verdict of not guilty."

Lydia, with her eyes slanted down to the red carpet at a spot a few feet from O'Bannon's chair, saw that Miss Bennett turned joyfully to Eleanor, that Bobby was trying to catch her eye for a congratulatory nod; but she did not move a muscle until O'Bannon rose and crossed over to the jury. Her eyes followed him. Then she remembered to turn and give her own counsel a mechanical smile—a smile such as a nurse gives a clever child who has just built a fort on the beach which the next wave is certain to sweep away.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said O'Bannon—and he bit off his words sharply; indeed, he and Wiley seemed to have changed rôles; he who had been so cool through the trial now showed feeling, a sort of quiet passion—"this is not a personal contest between the distinguished counsel for the defense and myself. Neither my youth nor my ambition nor my alleged ruthlessness is in question.

"The only question is, Does the evidence show beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant committed the crime for which she has been indicted?"

Then without an extra phrase, almost without an adjective, he went on quickly piling up the evidence against her until it reached its climax in the proof of the shortness of time that had elapsed between her leaving Eleanor's and the accident.

"A particularly serious responsibility rests upon you, gentlemen, in this case. The counsel for the defense seems to assume that the rich fare less well in our courts of law than the poor. That has not been my experience. I should be glad as a believer in democracy if I could believe that justice is more available to the poor than to the rich, but I cannot. Last month in this very court a boy, younger than the defendant, who earned his living as a driver of a delivery wagon, was sentenced to three years in prison for a lesser crime, and on evidence not one-tenth as convincing as the evidence now before you. A great many of us felt sorry for that boy, too, but we felt that essential justice was done. If through sentiment or pity essential justice cannot be done in this case, if sex or wealth or conspicuous position is a guaranty of immunity, a blow will be dealt to the respect for law in this country for which you gentlemen must take the responsibility. If you find by the evidence that the defendant has committed the crime for which she is indicted I ask you to face that fact with courage and honesty, and to bring in a verdict of guilty."

There was a gentle stir in the court. The attendant announced that anyone who wished to leave the court must do so immediately. No one would be allowed to move while the judge was charging. No one moved. The doors were closed, the attendants leaning against them.

Wiley bent over and whispered: "That sort of class appeal doesn't succeed nowadays. Give yourself no concern."

Concern was the last emotion Lydia felt, or rather she felt no emotion at all. Her interest had suddenly collapsed, the game was over. She was aware that the air of the court room was close and that she felt inexpressibly tired, especially in her wrists.

The judge wheeled toward the jury and drew in his chin until it seemed to rest upon his spinal column.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "we have now reached that stage in this trial when it is my duty to present the matter for your deliberation. You know that the law makes a distinction between the duty of the court and

the duty of the jury. You are the judge and the only judge of the facts, but you must accept the law from the court. You must not consider whether or not you approve of the law; whether you could or could not make a better law."

Lydia suppressed a yawn.

"The tiresome old man," she thought. "He actually seems to enjoy saying all that."

His Honor went on defining a reasonable doubt:

"It is not a whim or a speculation or a surmise. It is a doubt founded on reason—on a reason which may be stated."

Lydia thought, "Imagine drawing a salary for telling people that a reasonable doubt is a doubt founded on reason." She had not imagined that she would be bored at any moment of her own trial, but she was—bored beyond belief.

"I must call your attention to Section 30 of the Penal Law, which says that whenever a crime is distinguished into degrees the jury, if they convict, must find the degree of the crime of which the prisoner is guilty. Manslaughter is a crime distinguished into degrees—namely, the first and the second degree."

Lydia thought that if by this time the jury did not know the distinction between the two they must be half-witted, but His Honor went on to define them:

"In the first degree, when committed without design to effect death by a person committing or attempting to commit a misdemeanor."

She thought that she knew that phrase now, as when she was a child she had known some of the rules of Latin grammar—verbs conjugated with *ad, ante, con, de, in, inter*—what did they do? How funny that she couldn't remember. Her eyes had again fixed themselves on that spot on the carpet so near O'Bannon's feet that she was aware of any movement on his part, and yet she was not looking at him. A fly came limply crawling into her vision, and her eyes followed it as it lit on O'Bannon's boot. She glanced up to where his hand was resting on his knee, and then wrenched her eyes away—back to the floor again.

"If you find that the defendant is not guilty of manslaughter in the first degree you must then consider whether or not she is guilty of manslaughter in the second degree—that is, whether she occasioned the death of Drummond by an act of culpable negligence. Culpable negligence has been defined by Recorder Smyth in the case of—in the case of the People against Budenseik as the omission to do something which a reasonable and prudent man would do, or the doing of something which such a man would not do under the circumstances of each particular case. Or, what is the same thing ——"

How incredibly tiresome! She glanced at the jury. They were actually listening, drinking in the judge's words. All of a sudden she knew by his tone that he was coming to an end.

"If you find that a killing has taken place, but that it is not manslaughter in either degree, then it is your duty to acquit. If on the other hand you find the defendant guilty in either degree you must not consider the penalty which may be imposed. That is the province of the court; yours is to consider the facts. Such, gentlemen, is the law. The evidence is before you. You are at liberty to believe or to disbelieve the testimony of any witness in part or as a whole, according to your common sense. Weigh the testimony, giving each fact its due proportion; and then, according to your best judgment, render your verdict."

His Honor was silent. There were a few requests to charge from both sides, and the jury filed solemnly out. Almost without a pause the next case was called, the attendant's voice ringing out as before—"The case of the People against ——"

Lydia felt disinclined to move, as if even her bones were made of some soft dissoluble material. Then she saw that she had no choice. The next prisoner was waiting for her place—an unshaven, hollow-eyed Italian, with a stout, gray-clad lawyer, who looked like Caruso, at his side. As she left the court she could hear the clerk calling the new jury:

"William Roberts."

"Seat Number One."

Judge Homans flattered himself particularly on the celerity with which his court moved.

XII

SEVERAL of the New York papers the next morning carried editorials commending the verdict. Lydia, sitting up in bed with a breakfast tray on her knee, read them coolly through.

"The safety of the highways"—"the irresponsibility of the younger generation, particularly among those of great wealth"—"pity must not degenerate into sentimentality"—"the equal administration of our laws ——"

So the public was pleased with the verdict, was it? It little knew. She herself was filled with bitterness. The moment of the delivery of the verdict had been terrible to her.

She had not minded the hours of waiting. She had felt deadened, without special interest in what the jury decided. But this had changed the moment word came that the jury had reached a verdict. There was a terrible interval while the familiar roll of their names was called for the last time. Then she was told to stand up and face them, or rather to face the foreman, Isaac Herrick, a bearded man with a lined brown face. He looked almost tremulously grave.

Lydia set her jaw, looking at him and thinking, "What business have you interfering in my fate?" But he was not the figure she was most aware of. It was the district attorney, whose excitement she knew was as great as her own.

"How say you?" said a voice. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty of manslaughter in the second degree," answered the foreman.

Lydia knew every eye in the court room turned on her. She had heard of defendants who fainted on hearing an adverse verdict—keeled over like dead people. But one does not faint from anger, and anger was Lydia's emotion—anger that "that man" had actually obtained the verdict he wanted. Her breath came fast and her nostrils dilated. How sickening that she had nothing to do but stand there and let him triumph! No subsequent reversal would take away this moment from him.

The jury was thanked and dismissed. Wiley was busy putting in pleas that would enable her to remain at liberty during the appeal of her case. She stood alone, still now as a statue. She was thinking that some day the world should know by what methods that verdict had been obtained.

She had behaved well during her trial; had lived a life of retirement, seeing no one but Wiley and her immediate friends. But there was no further reason for playing a part. On the contrary she felt it would relieve her spirit to show the world—and O'Bannon—that she was not beaten yet. She did not intend to look upon herself as a criminal because he had induced a jury to convict her.

She bought herself some new clothes and went out every night, dancing till dawn and sleeping till noon. She began a new flirtation, this time with a good-looking, insolent young English actor, Ludovic Blythe, hardly twenty-one, with that strange combination of wickedness and naïveté that some English boys possess. Her friends disapproved of him heartily.

At his suggestion she engaged a passage for England for early July. Wiley warned her that it was unlikely that the decision in her case would be handed down as soon as that, and if it were not she could not leave the country.

"There's no harm in engaging a cabin, is there?" she answered.

Her plan was to take in the end of the London season, with a few house parties in the English country, to spend September in Venice, two weeks in Paris buying clothes, and to come home in October.

"To your country home?" Miss Bennett asked.

"Of course. Where else?" answered Lydia. "Do you think I shall allow myself to be driven out of my own home?"

But July came without the decision, and Lydia was obliged to cancel her passage. She was annoyed.

"Those lazy old judges," she said, "have actually adjourned for two months, and now I can't get off until September." Her tone indicated that she was doing a good deal for the law of her country, changing her plans like this.

O'Bannon, she heard, was taking a holiday too—going to Wyoming for a month. She thought that she would like to see something of the West, but instead she took a house at Newport for August—a fevered month. Blythe came to spend Sunday with her and stayed two weeks, fell in love with May Swayne, attempted to use his position as a guest of Lydia's to make himself appear a more desirable suitor in the eyes of the Swayne family—a solid old-fashioned fortune—and was turned out by Lydia after a scene of unusual violence.

A feud followed in which many people took—and changed—sides. Lydia fought gayly, briskly in the open. Her object was not Blythe's death, but his social extinction, and her method was not cold steel but ridicule. The war was won when May was made to see him as an impossible figure, comic, on the make—as perhaps he was, but no more so than when Lydia herself had received him. After this, though he lingered on a few days at a hotel, his ultimate disappearance was certain. Lydia and May remained friends throughout—as much friends as they had ever been. Since the day of their first meeting the two women had never permitted any man to be a friend of both of them.

Albee came and spent a brief twenty-four hours with her between a midnight train and a Sunday boat. He was in the midst of a campaign for the United States senatorship from his own state—certain of election. Lydia was kind and patient with him, but frankly bored.

"There's more stuff in Bobby," she confided to Benny, "who doesn't expect you to tremble at his nod. I hate fake strong men. I always feel tempted to call their bluff. It's a hard rôle they want to play. If they don't break you, you despise them. If they do—why, you're broken, no good to anyone."

She asked Eleanor to come and spend August with her, but Eleanor refused, saying, what was true enough, that she couldn't bear Newport. She could bear even less constant association with Lydia at this moment. Lydia's one preoccupation when they were together was to destroy Eleanor's friendship for O'Bannon. Often in old times Eleanor had laughed at the steady persistence that Lydia put into this sort of campaign of hate, but she could not laugh now, for as a matter of fact her friendship with O'Bannon was already destroyed. She hardly saw him, and if she did there was a veil between them. He was kind, he was open with her, he was everything except interested.

Eleanor loved O'Bannon, but with so intellectual a process that she was not far wrong in considering it was a friendship. She would have married him if he had asked her, but she would have done so principally to insure herself of his company. If anyone could have guaranteed that they would continue all their lives to live within a few yards of each other she would have been content—content even with the knowledge that every now and then some other less reasonable woman would come and sweep him away from her. She knew he was of a temperament susceptible to terrible gusts of emotion, but she considered that that was her hold upon him—she was so safe.

The remoteness that came to their relation now indicated another woman, and yet she knew his everyday life well enough to know that he was seeing no one except herself and Alma Wooley; and though there was some gossip about his attention to the girl, Eleanor felt she understood the reason for it. Alma made him feel emotionally what he knew rationally—that his prosecution of Lydia had been merely an act of justice. Alma thought him the greatest of men and was tremulously grateful to him for establishing her dead lover as a hero—a man killed in the performance of his duty. To her imagination Lydia was an unbelievable horror, like a wicked princess in a fairy tale. Eleanor wondered if she did not seem somewhat the same to O'Bannon. He never mentioned her name when she, Eleanor, spoke of her. It was like dropping a stone into a bottomless well. She listened and listened, and nothing came back from O'Bannon's abysmal silence. He spoke of her only once, and that was when he came to say good-by to Eleanor the day he started for Wyoming. He was eager to get away—into those mountains, to sleep under the stars and forget everything and everybody in the East.

"Mercy," Eleanor thought, "how ruthless men are! I wouldn't let any friend of mine see I was glad to leave him, even if I were."

"It's a rotten job—mine," he said. "I'm always sending people to prison who are either so abnormal they don't seem human or else so human they seem just like myself."

Presently Eleanor mentioned that Lydia had asked her to go to Newport for a month. O'Bannon turned on her sharply: "And are you going?"

She said no, but it did not save her from his contempt.

"I don't see how you can be a friend of that woman's, Eleanor," he said.

"Lydia has the most attaching qualities when you know her, Dan."

"Attaching!" he broke out with a suppressed irritation she had never seen—a strange hate of her, Eleanor, for saying such a thing. "Arrogant, inflexible, using all her gifts—her brains and her incredible beauty—just to advance her own selfish ends!"

An impulse based partly on pure loyalty but partly on the idea that she could improve her position by showing her friend was not quite a monster made her answer, "You wouldn't believe, Dan, how if she really cares for you she can be tender, almost clinging."

"Don't let's talk of her!" exclaimed O'Bannon, and it was on this note that they parted.

He wrote to her only once, though his letters to his mother were always at her disposal. She saw a great deal of the old lady, who developed a mild pleurisy as soon as her son's back was turned and didn't want Dan told of it. Eleanor spent most of that hot August taking care of her.

"I want him to have an uninterrupted holiday," said Mrs. O'Bannon firmly. "He hasn't been well. He doesn't sleep as he ought to, and he's cross, and you know it's not like Dan to be cross."

On the last day of August he was back, lean and sunburned, announcing himself to be in excellent condition. His first question was about the Thorne case.

"Are you anxious about it?" said his mother.

"Not a bit. They can't reverse us," he answered.

After Labor Day, Lydia moved back to her country home and she was there when the decision in her case was handed down. The verdict of the lower court was sustained. It was a great blow to her—perhaps the first real blow she had ever received. She had so firmly made up her mind that the former verdict had been the result of the undue influence of the district attorney that she had thought it impossible that the higher court would uphold it. Another triumph for "that man!" The idea of punishment was horrible to her—to be fined as a criminal. She still did not conceive it a possibility that she could be sent to prison.

"I can think of lots of ways in which I'd rather spend a thousand dollars," was her only comment.

But day and night she thought of the scene in court when she must present herself for sentence. In secret her courage failed her. It would be the visible symbol of O'Bannon's triumph over her. Yet her will threw itself in vain against the necessity. Nothing but death could save her. It would be short anyhow. She knew how it would be. She and Wiley would appear in the midst of some other wretch's trial. There would be whisperings about the judge's desk, and O'Bannon would be there—not looking at her, but triumphing in his black heart, and the judge would say "A thousand-dollar fine," or—no, nothing so succinct. He would find it an opportunity to talk about her and her case first. And then she would pay the money and leave the court, a convicted criminal.

And then the second stage would begin. It would be her turn. She would give her life to getting even with O'Bannon. She who had always needed a purpose—a string on which to thread her life—had found it in hate. Most people found it in love, but for her part she enjoyed hate. It was exciting and active and, oh, what a climax it promised! Yes, like the adventuress in the melodrama, she would go to him herself and say: "I've waited ten years to ruin you, and now I've done it. Have you been wondering all these years what was against you—what held you back and poisoned everything you touched? It was I!"

Other people, she knew, thought such things and never put them in action. But she had no reason to distrust the power of her own will, and never had she willed anything as she willed this. She began to arrange it. There were three ways in which you could hurt a man through his love, through his ambitions and through his finances. A crooked politician like O'Bannon might suffer most by being ruined politically. She must always keep some hold on Albee for that. Money probably wouldn't greatly matter to O'Bannon. But love! He was an emotional creature. Women, she felt sure, played a tremendous rôle in his life. And he was attractive to them—accustomed to success probably. Oh, to think that she had been for a few seconds acquiescent in his arms! And yet that meant that she had power over him. She knew she had power. Should that be her method—to make him think that she had seen him not as an enemy but as a hero, a crusader, a master, that she was an adoring victim? Oh, how easily she could make love to him, and how successfully! She could imagine going down on her knees to him, only she must have the climax ready so that at the same second she would destroy both his love and career. She must wait, and it would be hard to wait; but she must wait until she and Albee had dug a deep pit. Then she would call him to her and he would have to come.

It was by thinking these thoughts that she managed to come into court calm and cold as steel.

"What have you now to say why the judgment of the court should not be pronounced upon you?"

The judge beckoned her and Wiley to his desk. O'Bannon was already there, standing so close that her arm would have touched his if she had not shrunk away. She trembled with hate. It was horrible to be so near him. She heard his own breath unsteadily drawn. Across the space that parted them waves of some tangible emotion leaped to and fro

She looked up at him and found that he, with clenched hands and drawn brows, was looking at her. So they remained.

"Your Honor," said Wiley in his smooth tones, "I would like to ask that a fine rather than a prison sentence be imposed on this prisoner, not only on account of her youth and previous good record, but because to a woman of her sheltered upbringing a prison sentence is a more severe punishment than the law contemplated."

"I entirely disagree with you, counselor," said the judge in a loud, ringing tone. "The feature that makes the court so reluctant ordinarily to impose prison sentences is the subsequent difficulty in earning a living. That consideration is entirely absent in the present case. On the other hand, to impose a fine would be palpably ridiculous, constituting for this defendant no punishment whatsoever. I sentence this prisoner"—the judge paused and drew in his chin—"to not less than three nor more than seven years in state's prison."

She heard Wiley passionately pleading with Judge Homans. A blue-coated figure was now standing beside her. It was still incredible.

"This is your doing," she heard her own voice saying very softly to O'Bannon.

To her surprise she saw that emotion, what emotion she did not know, made it impossible for him to answer. His eyes stared at her out of a face whiter than her own. It was his emotion that communicated her own situation to her. His hand on the desk was shaking. She knew he could not have done what she proceeded to do. She turned and walked with the policeman to the iron-latticed passageway that led to jail.

As the door clanged behind her O'Bannon turned and walked out of court, and getting into his car drove away westward.

At two in the morning Eleanor was waked by a telephone from Mrs. O'Bannon Dan had not come home. She was afraid something had happened to him. A man in his position had many enemies. Did Eleanor think that some friend or lover of that Thorne girl ——

Oh, no, Eleanor was sure not!

The next morning—for a small town holds few secrets—she knew that O'Bannon had returned at six o'clock, drunk.

"Oh, dear heaven," thought Eleanor, "must he retravel that road?"

She Began a New Flirtation, This Time With a Good-Looking, Insolent Young English Actor, Ludovic Blythe

XIII

LYDIA and her guard arrived at the prison early in the evening. She had been traveling all through the hot, bright September day. For the first hour she had been only aware of the proximity of the guard, of the crowded car, the mingled smell of oranges and coal smoke, the newspaper on the floor, trodden by every foot, containing probably an account of her departure for her long imprisonment. Then, her eyes wandering to the river, she suddenly remembered that it would be years before she saw mountains and flowing water again. Perhaps she would never see them again.

During the previous winter she had gone with Benny and Mrs. Galton to visit a prison in a neighboring state—a man's prison. It was considered an unfortunate example. Scenes from that visit came back to her in a series of pictures. A giant negro highwayman weaving at an immense loom with a heavy, hopeless regularity. Black, airless punishment cells—"never used nowadays," the warden had said lightly, and had been corrected by a low murmur from the keeper; two of them were in use at the moment. The tiers of ordinary cells, not so very much better, with their barred loopholes. And the smells—the terrible prison smells. At their best, disinfectants and stale soap; at worst—Lydia never knew that it was possible to remember a smell as she now remembered that one. But most of all she remembered the chalky pallor of some of the prisoners, some obviously tubercular. She doubted coolly if many people were strong enough to go through years of that sort of thing. So she would look at the river as if she might never see it again.

They were already in the Highlands, and the hills on the eastern side—her side of the river—were throwing a morning shadow on the water, while across the stream the white marble buildings at West Point shone in the sunlight. Storm King with its abrupt bulk interposed itself between the two sections of new road—the road which Lydia had so much desired to see finished. She and Bobby had had a plan to motor along it to the Emmonses' some day—Newburgh. There was a hotel there where she had stopped

(Continued on Page 73)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2 00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3 00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4 00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 27, 1921

Hand-Picked Immigrants

THE somewhat narrow scope of the bill introduced in the House by Mr. Johnson, of Washington, requiring aliens who desire to come to America to secure passports from their own government and to have those passports visaed in their own country by United States consular officers seems to be an indication that Congress will attack the problems of permanent immigration laws piecemeal rather than attempt the passage of a single elaborate and comprehensive measure embodying all the restrictions and regulations that present conditions and those of the near future obviously necessitate. This seems to be a well-considered mode of procedure; and if each legislative step is taken in the spirit of "Stop, Look, Listen," there should be no reason why any of them need be retraced.

Under Mr. Johnson's bill, as originally drafted, experienced immigrant inspectors, both laymen and physicians, would be drafted into the service as vice consuls and assigned to various foreign ports and centers of emigration. It would be their duty to make a personal investigation of each and every applicant for the consular visa and to report thereon to their chiefs of station. Consuls would be forbidden to visa any alien's passport until such report had been made; and they would be required to deny the applications of all persons who in their opinion belonged to those classes that are excluded by statute. In order that no irremediable injustice might result the measure provides that any alien to whom a visa is refused shall have the right to have his appeal considered at Washington.

The provisions of this bill are squarely in line with the oft-repeated recommendations of many experienced diplomatic and consular officers who have had years of opportunity to study emigration in its regions of origin and who view with grave concern the loose, happy-go-lucky methods of admitting aliens, good and bad, that prevailed until the exigencies of war temporarily put up the bars.

Personal investigation of the record of every applicant for a visa would no doubt involve considerable labor, but not nearly so much as might be supposed. Every foreign country that has long had compulsory military service has kept the most minute record of the life of every male citizen from the very day of his birth, and it is no more difficult for properly accredited officials to get access to these files than it is for an American business man to get a commercial rating on a merchant in a near-by city. Moreover, it would be to the interest of every applicant to assist by every means in his power in the collection of evidence that would operate in his favor. Some red tape would be inseparable from the execution of such a painstaking system; but under present world conditions the immigration service is the one branch of the Government in which a little more red tape is likely to do more good than harm. No one need fear that the barriers of formality and regulation will materially check the flood of immigration that will pour into the country when the Dillingham restrictive act becomes inoperative next year. In the meantime it is obvious that the place in which to investigate a man's character, reputation and antecedents is his own home town, and not a port of destination three thousand miles away. Our outer turnstiles should be set up not at Ellis Island but in the seaports and inland centers of Europe and Asia.

During the next year immigration matters will be very much to the fore. Dozens of bills will be introduced in both houses of Congress. Newspaper readers may find it rather tedious work to keep up with them, but they should remember that their indifference will have no counterpart across the water. Within forty-eight hours of the introduction of any restrictive immigration measure it will be the leading topic of conversation and discussion in every slum burrow and village square in Western and Southern Europe.

The enemies of immigration reform never sleep. They are on the job all day and every day. Unhappily, they derive aid and comfort from many a good and patriotic citizen who long ago ceased to believe in Santa Claus but who still clings to his youthful faith in the Great American Myth of the magical melting pot, which, according to old legend, could convert the dross of Europe into the fine gold of sturdy American citizenship.

The Dillingham restrictive law, which will automatically expire next June, is a rough-and-ready measure, far from perfect, but highly serviceable in meeting the emergency for which it was drawn. In a few months the real fight for immigration reform will begin. If it is to be won there must be no slackers among those who have at heart the basic interests of America. Racial bodies and industrial groups, highly organized and well offirered, must be met and routed. If their strength be underestimated the battle will be lost before it is begun.

American Stuff for the Movies

AMERICAN motion-picture theaters recently have been showing films of foreign origin dealing with men and events in the history of England and of one or more European countries. These films, it is charged, are really pieces of propaganda, designed to expose the immorality of the nation's leaders they purport to represent. However that may be, they would seem to have been a fair commercial success, and pictorially they have been well worth seeing. Perhaps in their success there is a useful suggestion for the American motion-picture maker.

In the long run a business, generally speaking, is no better than its product, and novelties, at best, have a big sale only for the comparatively brief period in which they remain novelties. It is through the novelty stage, as it were, that the moving-picture business in this country would appear to have been passing, and it is from the novelty stage that it must shortly emerge or else more or less rapidly lose a considerable part of the vogue it has been enjoying. The flimsy web of sentimentality and the preposterous string of personal adventure which since the beginning have been thrown upon the screen as the major part of the daily entertainment are wearing out as attractions—the inevitable result of their own extravagance. The substitution of pictures portraying some of the picturesque figures and more striking and significant episodes in American history should certainly be a welcome relief from the artificialities thus far considered as measuring the public taste, and not improbably pictures of this kind would prove to be profitable enterprises. Incidentally, if properly handled these pictures should be an effective agency in the interest of Americanization. To the man not technically informed but who enjoys the diversion of a good picture the names of Daniel Boone, Israel Putnam, Marion the Swamp Fox, Paul Revere, Ethan Allen, Nathan Hale—to mention only a few of the conspicuous figures of our early days—certainly suggest the daring deeds of fine spirits which are suitable for reflection on the screen; and Washington, Franklin and Alexander Hamilton not less definitely offer themselves as heroes for treatment in moving pictures which would amply supply the interest aroused by the clash of high purpose and intellect against opposing will and circumstance.

The Race is Not to the Swift

THE stranger who visits New York rarely sees anything except Manhattan Island, brilliant, dazzling, congested, the place of hotels, theaters, apartments and tenements. Across the river there is another section, likewise with millions of people, but less congested because there are no natural obstacles to prevent the growth of Brooklyn far out into Long Island. There are many cities of homes in this country, but New York is not commonly thought of in that connection. Indeed it would be placed last on the list in most people's thoughts. But the Long Island portion of New York is full of small homes. Thus the process which is going on there, though no different in kind from that in many other parts of the country, is perhaps more striking because of its metropolitan setting.

Reference is had to the American process of satisfying the land hunger of the dispossessed peoples of the earth. The land is passing—at least great portions of it—to those whom the descendants of Pilgrim Fathers would hardly acknowledge as Americans. Certainly they are but lately come. An infrequent visitor to the Long Island section of New York City recently went to the offices of a company which deals in mortgages, inspects and grants titles to real estate and is a party in other ways to the purchase of homes and real estate in general. He found himself surrounded by many people, a strange, shabby, foreign looking multitude.

There were peoples of every kind, and each person there meant that someone had a few thousand dollars, enough at leat to provide the equity of landownership. An officer of the company showed the visitor his daily list of transactions, sheet upon sheet, with hundreds upon hundreds of separate individual real-estate operations, each involving at least a few thousand saved dollars, and next to practically every transaction was written a distinctly foreign name. The officer expatiated upon the absorption of real estate and other property by Jews as shown so vividly in his daily sheets.

"I know a Jew who started as a peddler with practically no capital, unless his equally poor brothers and brothers-in-law be considered such. He came here recently for a loan. 'I am worth only $300,000,' he said, 'but my brothers and brothers-in-law and I together are worth $1,000,000, and you needn't worry, Mr. X. If I can't pay the loan my family will.' And of course they would.

"The Jews are succeeding, not because they are so much smarter or brighter than the older Americans, or because they are more honest as business men, but solely because they are willing to save. I believe that most of the more recently arrived peoples are distinctly inferior in most ways to the older American stock; but the outstanding trait of the older American, as I see it in my business here, is his unwillingness to acquire money by saving and his insistence upon getting it by making a hit or a killing. Meanwhile these other peoples are steadily saving and as a result steadily supplanting the older native."

The immigration problem does not consist solely in keeping out further hordes of undesirables, or even in assimilating what we have. It consists in some degree at least in the older natives learning from those who have more lately come a little of their persistence in thrift.

The older American kids himself by saying that he cannot save without lowering his living standards. The truth is that in far too many cases he does not save because he will not be bothered with petty things. It is not that the few dollars a week saved will reduce his living standards; it is that he expects shortly to make a fortune and therefore sees no point in bothering with small savings. He is always waiting for something big to turn up instead of bit by bit turning it up himself.

How Hard Should We Work?

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D.

THERE are times when everything we do is easy, and we accomplish an incredible amount without becoming tired. We are full of energy, nothing troubles us, and we are happy in the consciousness of work well done. Again, there are days when nothing goes right, and difficulties which ordinarily would be insignificant seem almost insurmountable. At such times we look forward with longing to the time when we shall not have to work at all, when we shall have laid aside enough money so that we can loaf to our hearts' content. Nothing to do, no responsibilities, life will be very much like heaven as the old Sunday-school songs describe it. But as long as things are going well that kind of life, of beatific banality, either here or hereafter, has little attraction for us.

Whether we wish to or not, most of us have to work. Some of us do too little, and a few, a very few, do too much. How can we know how hard we should work? It is not a simple matter, for which a standard can be set, because people have different capabilities and different powers of endurance. To one person a certain task may be easy while to another it would be the hardest kind of labor. In fact, both to work and to labor have, each, two different meanings. The dictionary says:

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY ROHN

Half a Dozen Unnecessary Telephone Calls Break Into Your Morning. Still You Struggle On, Because You are Getting Farther and Farther Behind Your Schedule

Work, v. To make effort to attain anything; to be occupied in business or labor; to strain or labor.

Labor, v. To work; to take pains; to be oppressed; to move slowly.

Both work and labor may be pleasant or unpleasant, healthful or harmful, depending upon various factors: upon our interest in what we are doing and the pleasure we get out of it. Also upon whether we are accomplishing anything; because interest and pleasure are enhanced by achievement. And finally upon the presence or absence of other distractions which tend to pull us away from our task, to cause us to strain and labor.

An instance of such a distraction is occurring at the very moment of writing this article. It is a gala day outside. The city is dressed with flags and bunting. Bands are playing and the crowds are cheering. Down on the street a great parade is going by, soldier and civilian organizations, nearly everybody is either marching or on the side lines as a spectator. Distraction everywhere. Writing at this time is not only to work but it is to labor, to move slowly, to be oppressed.

The Chemistry of Fatigue

ANY kind of work, physical or mental, pleasant or unpleasant, causes fatigue; and to be tired afterward is perfectly normal, even to be very tired if the languor and lassitude disappear after an interval of rest or a change of occupation. It is only when the uncomfortable sensations persist from day to day, when one awakens tired and goes to work spiritless in spite of a night's sleep, that one may be said to have something wrong with him.

Overwork usually means one of two things—either too long continued effort or effort misdirected. Hard work of itself never injured anyone when taken in proper doses. The fatigue which comes with it can be overcome and one's natural buoyancy restored. Physical work and mental work are analogous in their processes and in their effects upon the body. Both are forms of physical activity, one expressing itself in the movements of muscles and the other having its principal seat in the brain. Thoughts are just as much a form of energy as are muscular contractions. In the production of both, tissues are consumed and waste products formed. It is the accumulation of these ashes and gases of combustion which causes all the symptoms of fatigue. That it is very largely a matter of chemistry has been proved many times. Scientists have introduced a small quantity of the blood of an exhausted animal into the circulation of one that was perfectly fresh, and have reproduced the languor and exhaustion in the fresh animal.

The two most important chemical compounds formed are carbon dioxide, a gas that remains in the tissues until carried off by the red blood corpuscles to be eliminated, and lactic acid. Tired muscle contains an excess of lactic acid. Injecting a dilution of this acid into a healthy muscle will weaken its contractions, and a larger amount will stop them altogether. The presumption is that it has a similar inhibiting action upon the brain. Not until the excretory organs have removed the excess of these waste products is the normal condition restored.

If one is constantly tired, not lazy or indolent but actually tired, it is because his production of these poisons exceeds his power to get rid of them. But one may become fatigued if he overuses certain muscles only, while other groups are passive; and also if he uses certain brain centers alone while the others remain idle. For this reason rest may be brought about by changing the direction of one's energy. Brain workers often achieve it merely by directing their thoughts into other channels, by taking up another kind of mental activity; and athletes avoid fatigue by changing the form of exercise. The man in training works a while with the wall machine, punches the bag a few minutes, uses the parallel bars, wrestles, and finally walks or runs a mile or two in the open air. For the same reason mechanics play games during lunch hour. All morning they have been using certain muscles and at noon these are rested while those which have been dormant are active. The best way to rest by change of occupation is to make the change complete. If the brain is tired, physical exercise is the best antidote. It quickens the movement of the blood stream, increases the capacity of the lungs, stimulates the activity of the sweat glands and kidneys and, what is of equal importance, it directs the mind toward a pleasurable occupation.

The pleasure we get out of a job has a great deal to do with its effect upon us. Interesting work is not nearly so tiring as that which is uninteresting. This is largely because it is easier to fix one's attention upon the former and almost impossible to keep the mind upon anything disagreeable.

No matter how simple a task may be, a certain amount of brain work is required for its performance. There is no purely physical effort which does not necessitate the use of more than one muscle. Usually many groups of muscles are brought into play and their coordinate movements are effected through the brain centers. The more complicated the movements the harder it is to learn the coordination necessary to perform them properly. Learning to play the piano is an instance of this difficulty. It cannot be accomplished until long and laborious practice has finally made well-worn paths between the various nerve centers in the brain. Later the movements become almost automatic, but for a long time each separate act is accomplished only by fixing attention upon it. And attention cannot be held long without fatigue, especially if there is no pleasure in the thing itself. It is almost impossible to learn anything very complicated if one gets no pleasure out of it or can see no reason for learning it.

Interest as a Stimulus

ONE who has no interest in what he is doing very quickly becomes tired. It is a well-known fact that prisoners have an exceedingly limited capacity for work on this account, and if they are forced beyond their very meager limitations they soon begin to show signs of exhaustion.

A boy will play hard all day at the most strenuous games, but if he is put to sawing wood his powers of endurance are soon dissipated unless he has an incentive, a reward of some kind to which to look forward when his work is done. If he knows that he will get money with which to buy a ball or bat, or to add to his fund for a football outfit, the knowledge will add tremendously to his vitality. If he realizes that he can go swimming or play with the fellows after he is through, his celerity and eagerness to work will be almost alarming.

We are inclined to be somewhat cynical regarding this characteristic of the young, but we grown-ups have it as well. The difference lies merely in the fact that the ends we desire to achieve are usually more remote. In our case they are power, recognition, wealth and the ultimate chance to do what we please, while children look but a few hours ahead.

One thing that lessens interest is monotony, having to do the same thing day after day in exactly the same way. Whether they are mechanical or mental, such occupations eventually produce torpor, stagnation, lack of ambition

(Continued on Page 85)

THE $25,000 JAW

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

"How Did You Do It?" She Said Softly. "Oh, I Don't Know. Guess I Just Tried to Live Up to My Jaw"

"RATHER thirsty this morning, eh, Mr. Addicks?" inquired Cowdin, the chief purchasing agent. The "Mister" was said with a long, hissing "s" and was distinctly not meant as a title of respect.

Cowdin, as he spoke, rested his two square hairy hands on Croly Addicks' desk, and this enabled him to lean forward and thrust his well-razored knob of blue-black jaw within a few inches of Croly Addicks' face.

"Too bad, Mr. Addicks, too bad," said Cowdin in a high, sharp voice. "Do you realize, Mr. Addicks, that every time you go up to the water cooler you waste fifteen seconds of the firm's time? I might use a stronger word than 'waste,' but I'll spare your delicate feelings. Do you think you can control your thirst until you take your lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria, or shall I have your desk piped with ice water, Mr. Addicks?"

Croly Addicks drew his convex face as far away as he could from the concave features of the chief purchasing agent and muttered, "Had kippered herring for breakfast."

A couple of the stenographers tittered. Croly's ears reddened and his hands played nervously with his blue-and white polka-dot necktie. Cowdin eyed him for a contemptuous half second, then rotated on his rubber heel and prowled back to his big desk in the corner of the room.

Croly Addicks, inwardly full of red revolution, outwardly merely flustered and intimidated, rustled among the piles of invoices and forms on his desk, and tried desperately to concentrate on his task as assistant to the assistant purchasing agent of the Pierian Piano Company, a vast far-flung enterprise that boasted, with only slight exaggeration, "We bring melody to a million homes." He hated Cowdin at all times, and particularly when he called him "Mr. Addicks." That "Mister" hurt worse than a slap on a sunburned shoulder. What made the hate almost beyond bearing was the realization on Croly's part that it was impotent.

"Gawsh," murmured the blond stenographer from the corner of her mouth, after the manner of convicts, "Old Grizzly's pickin' on the chinless wonder again. I don't see how Croly stands it. I wouldn't if I was him."

"Aw, wadda yuh expeck of Chinless?" returned the brunet stenographer disdainfully as she crackled paper to conceal her breach of the office rules against conversation. "Feller with ingrown jaws was made to pick on."

At noon Croly went out to his lunch, not to the big hotel, as Cowdin had suggested, but to a crowded basement full of the jangle and clatter of cutlery and crockery, and the smell and sputter of frying liver. The name of this cave was the Help Yourself Buffet. Its habitués, mostly clerks like Croly, pronounced "buffet" to rime with "rough it," which was incorrect but apt.

The place was, as its patrons never tired of reminding one another as they tried with practiced eye and hand to capture the largest sandwiches, a conscience beanery. As a matter of fact, one's conscience had a string tied to it by a cynical management.

The system is simple. There are piles of food everywhere, with prominent price tags. The hungry patron seizes and devours what he wishes. He then passes down a runway and reports, to the best of his mathematical and ethical ability, the amount his meal has cost—usually, for reasons unknown, forty-five cents. The report is made to a small automaton of a boy, with a blasé eye and a brassy voice. He hands the patron a ticket marked 45 and at the same instant screams in a sirenic and incredulous voice, "Fawty-fi'." Then the patron passes on down the alley and pays the cashier at the exit. The purpose of the boy's violent outcry is to signal the spotter, who roves among the foods, a derby hat cocked over one eye and an untasted sandwich in his hand, so that persons deficient in conscience may not basely report their total as forty-five when actually they have eaten ninety cents' worth.

On this day, when Croly Addicks had finished his modest lunch, the spotter was lurking near the exit. Several husky-looking young men passed him, and brazenly reported totals of twenty cents, when it was obvious that persons of their brawn would not be content with a lunch costing less than seventy-five; but the spotter noting their bull necks and bellicose air let them pass. But when Croly approached the desk and reported forty-five the spotter pounced on him. Experience had taught the spotter the type of man one may pounce on without fear of sharp words or resentful blows.

"Pahdun me a minute, frien'," said the spotter. "Ain't you made a little mistake?"

"Me?" quavered Croly. He was startled and he looked guilty, as only the innocent can look.

"Yes, you," said the spotter, scowling at the weak outlines of Croly's countenance.

"No," jerked out Croly. "Forty-five's correct." He tried to move along toward the cashier, but the spotter's bulk blocked the exit alley.

"Ain't you the guy I seen layin' away a double portion of strawb'ry shortcake wit' cream?" asked the spotter sternly.

Croly hoped that it was not apparent that his upper lip was trembling; his hands went up to his polka-dot tie and fidgeted with it. He had paused yearningly over the strawberry shortcake; but he had decided he couldn't afford it.

"Didn't have shortcake," he said huskily.

"Oh, no!" rejoined the spotter sarcastically, appealing to the ring of interested faces that had now crowded about. "I s'pose that white stuff on your upper lip ain't whipped cream?"

"It's milk," mumbled Croly. "All I had was milk and oatmeal crackers and apple pie. Honest."

The spotter snorted dubiously.

"Some guy," he declared loudly, "tucked away a double order of strawb'ry shortcake and a hamboiger steak, and it wasn't me. So come awn, young feller, you owe the house ninety cents, so cut out the arggament."

"I—I ——" began Croly, incoherently rebellious; but it was clear that the crowd believed him guilty of the conscienceless swindle; so he quailed before the spotter's accusing eye, and said, "Oh, well, have it your own way. You got me wrong, but I guess you have to pick on little fellows to keep your job." He handed over ninety cents to the cashier.

"You'll never see my face in this dump again," muttered Croly savagely over his shoulder.

"That won't make me bust out cryin', Chinless," called the spotter derisively.

Croly stumbled up the steps, his eyes moist, his heart pumping fast. Chinless! The old epithet. The old curse. It blistered his soul.

Moodily he sought out a bench in Madison Square, hunched himself down and considered his case. To-day, he felt, was the critical day of his life; it was his thirtieth birthday.

His mind flashed back, as you've seen it done in the movies, to a scene the night before, in which he had had a leading rôle.

"Emily," he had said to the loveliest girl in the world, "will you marry me?"

Plainly Emily Mackie had expected something of the sort, and after the fashion of the modern business girl had given the question calm and clear-visioned consideration.

"Croly," she said softly, "I like you. You are a true friend. You are kind and honest and you work hard. But oh, Croly dear, we couldn't live on twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week; now could we?"

That was Croly's present salary after eleven years with the Pierian Piano Company, and he had to admit that Emily was right; they could not live on it.

"But, dearest Emily," he argued, "to-morrow they appoint a new assistant purchasing agent, and I'm in line for the job. It pays fifty a week."

"But are you sure you'll get it?"

His face fell.

"N-no," he admitted, "but I deserve it. I know the job about ten times better than any of the others, and I've been there longest."

"You thought they'd promote you last year, you know," she reminded him.

"And so they should have," he replied, flushing. "If it hadn't been for old Grizzly Cowdin! He thinks I couldn't make good because I haven't one of those underslung jaws like his."

"He's a brute!" cried Emily. "You know more about the piano business than he does."

"I think I do," said Croly, "but he doesn't. And he's the boss."

"Oh, Croly, if you'd only assert yourself ——"

"I guess I never learned how," said Croly sadly.

As he sat there on the park bench, plagued by the demon of introspection, he had to admit that he was not the pugnacious type, the go-getter sort that Cowdin spoke of often and admiringly. He knew his job; he could say that of himself in all fairness, for he had spent many a night studying it; some day, he told himself, they'd be surprised, the big chiefs and all of them, to find out how much he did know about the piano business. But would they ever find out?

Nobody, reflected Croly, ever listened when he talked. There was nothing about him that carried conviction. It had always been like that since his very first day in school when the boys had jeeringly noted his rather marked resemblance to a haddock, and had called out, "Chinless, Chinless, stop tryin' to swallow your face."

Around his chinlessness his character had developed; no one had ever taken him seriously, so quite naturally he found it hard to take himself seriously. It was inevitable that his character should become as chinless as his face.

His apprenticeship under the thumb and chin of the domineering Cowdin had not tended to decrease his youthful timidity. Cowdin, with a jut of jaw like a paving block,

(Continued on Page 24)

I practice the art of good cooking.
I'm known all over the land.
And if for good soup you are looking.
Why, here's the world's best at my hand.

Talk about soup!

That piping hot plate of delicious soup you enjoy so much—do you realize how big a part it plays in keeping you physically fit?

Good soup supplies vital food elements, stimulates appetite, promotes digestion—performs a work that no other one food can do.

The tremendous sale of Campbell's Soups today proves how well the American housewife appreciates these facts.

Formerly soup was only an occasional dish or enjoyed by the few. Now serving Campbell's Soup regularly every day is almost a universal custom.

Campbell's Soups are so tempting in quality, so convenient (already cooked), so economical, that people no longer bother to make a soup at home.

Have a Campbell's Soup every day. Begin today with the delightful, invigorating Tomato Soup.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

had bullied Croly for years. More than once Croly had yearned burningly to plant his fist squarely on that blue-black prong of chin, and he had even practiced up on a secondhand punching bag with this end in view. But always he weakened at the crucial instant. He let his resentment escape through the safety valve of intense application to the business of his firm. It comforted him somewhat to think that even the big-jawed president, Mr. Flagstead, probably didn't have a better grasp of the business as a whole than he, chinless Croly Addicks, assistant to the assistant purchasing agent. But—and he groaned aloud at the thought—his light was hidden under a bushel of chinlessness.

Someone had left a crumpled morning edition of an evening paper on the bench, and Croly glanced idly at it. From out the pages stared the determined incisive features of a young man very liberally endowed with jaw. Enviously Croly read the caption beneath the picture, "The fighting face of Kid McNulty, the Chelsea Bearcat, who boxes Leonard." With a sigh Croly tossed the paper away.

He glanced up at the Metropolitan Tower clock and decided that he had just time enough for a cooling beaker of soda. He reached the soda fountain just ahead of three other thirsty men. By every right he should have been served first. But the clerk, a lofty youth with the air of a grand duke, after one swift appraising glance at the place where Croly's chin should have been, disregarded the murmured "Pineapple phosphate, please," and turned to serve the others. Of them he inquired solicitously enough, "What's yourn?" But when he came to Croly he shot him an impatient look and asked sharply, "Well, speak up, can't yuh?" The cool drink turned to galling acid as Croly drank it.

He sprinted for his office, trying to cling to a glimmering hope that Cowdin, despite his waspishness of the morning, had given him the promotion. He reached his desk a minute late.

Cowdin prowled past and remarked with a cutting geniality, harder to bear than a curse, "Well, Mr. Addicks, you dallied too long over your lobster and quail, didn't you?"

Under his desk Croly's fists knotted tightly. He made no reply. To-morrow, probably, he'd have an office of his own, and be almost free from Cowdin's ill-natured raillery. At this thought he bent almost cheerfully over his stack of work.

A girl rustled by and thumb-tacked a small notice on the bulletin board. Croly's heart ascended to a point immediately below his Adam's apple and stuck there, for the girl was Cowdin's secretary, and Croly knew what announcement that notice contained. He knew it was against the Spartan code of office etiquette to consult the board during working hours, but he thought of Emily, and what the announcement meant to him, and he rose and with quick steps crossed the room and read the notice.

Ellis G. Baldwin has this day been promoted to assistant purchasing agent. (Signed) SAMUEL COWDIN C P A.

Croly Addicks had to steady himself against the board; the black letters on the white card jigged before his eyes; his stomach felt cold and empty. Baldwin promoted over his head! Blatant Baldwin, who was never sure of his facts, but was always sure of himself. Cocksure incompetent Baldwin! But—but—he had a bulldog jaw.

Croly Addicks, feeling old and broken, turned around slowly, to find Cowdin standing behind him, a wry smile on his lips, his pin-point eyes fastened on Croly's stricken face.

"Well, Mr. Addicks," purred the chief purchasing agent, "are you thinking of going out for a spin in your limousine or do you intend to favor us with a little work to-day?" He tilted his jaw toward Croly.

"I—I thought I was to get that job," began Croly Addicks, fingering his necktie.

Cowdin produced a rasping sound by rubbing his chin with his finger.

"Oh, did you, indeed?" he asked. "And what made you think that, Mr. Addicks?"

"I've been here longest," faltered Croly, "and I want to get married, and I know the job best, and I've been doing the work ever since Sebring quit, Mr. Cowdin."

For a long time Cowdin did not reply, but stood rubbing his chin and smiling pityingly at Croly Addicks, until Croly, his nerves tense, wanted to scream. Then Cowdin measuring his words spoke loud enough for the others in the room to hear.

"Mr. Addicks," he said, "that job needs a man with a punch. And you haven't a punch, Mr. Addicks. Mr. Addicks, that job requires a fighter. And you're not a fighter, Mr. Addicks. Mr. Addicks, that job requires a man with a jaw on him. And you haven't any jaw on you, Mr. Addicks. Get me?" He thrust out his own peninsula of chin.

It was then that Croly Addicks erupted like a long suppressed volcano. All the hate of eleven bullied years was concentrated in his knotted hand as he swung it swishingly from his hip and landed it flush on the outpointing chin.

An ox might have withstood that punch, but Cowdin was no ox. He rolled among the waste-paper baskets. Snorting furiously he scrambled to his feet and made a bull-like rush at Croly. Trembling in every nerve Croly Addicks swung at the blue-black mark again, and Cowdin reeled against a desk. As he fell his thick fingers closed on a cast-iron paperweight that lay on the desk.

Croly Addicks had a blurred split-second vision of something black shooting straight at his face: then he felt a sharp brain-jarring shock; then utter darkness.

When the light came back to him again it was in Bellevue Hospital. His face felt queer, numb and enormous; he raised his hand feebly to it; it appeared to be covered with concrete bandages.

"Don't touch it," cautioned the nurse. "It's in a cast, and is setting."

It took long weeks for it to set; they were black weeks for Croly, brightened only by a visit or two from Emily Mackie. At last the nurse removed the final bandage and he was discharged from the hospital.

Outside the hospital gate Croly paused in the sunlight. Not many blocks away he saw the shimmer of the East River, and he faced toward it. He could bury his catastrophe there, and forget his smashed-up life, his lost job and his shattered chances of ever marrying. Who would have him now? At best it meant the long weary climb up from the very bottom, and he was past thirty. He took a half step in the direction of the river. He stopped; he felt a hand plucking timidly at his coat sleeve.

The person who plucked at his sleeve was a limp youth with a limp cigarette and vociferous checked clothes and cap. There was no mistaking the awe in his tone as he spoke.

"Say," said the limp youth, "ain't you Kid McNulty, de Chelsea Bearcat?"

He? Croly Addicks? Taken for Kid McNulty, the prize fighter? A wave of pleasure swept over the despondent Croly. Life seemed suddenly worth living. He had been mistaken for a prize fighter!

He hardened his voice.

"That's me," he said.

"Gee," said the limp youth, "I seen yuh box Leonard. Gee, that was a battle! Say, next time yuh meet him you'll knock him for a row of circus tents, won't yuh?"

"I'll knock him for a row of aquariums," promised Croly. And he jauntily faced about and strolled away from the river and toward Madison Square, followed by the admiring glances of the limp youth.

He felt the need of refreshment and pushed into a familiar soda shop. The same lofty grand duke was on duty behind the marble counter, and was taking advantage of a lull by imparting a high polish to his finger nails, and consequently he did not observe the unobtrusive entrance of Croly Addicks.

Croly tapped timidly with his dime on the counter; the grand duke looked up.

"Pineapple phosphate, please," said Croly in a voice still weak from his hospital days.

The grand duke shot from his reclining position as if attached to a spring.

"Yessir, yessir, right away," he smiled, and hustled about his task.

Shortly he placed the beverage before the surprised Croly.

"Is it all right? Want a little more sirup?" inquired the grand duke anxiously.

Croly, almost bewildered by this change of demeanor, raised the glass to his lips. As he did so he saw the reflection of a face in the glistening mirror opposite. He winced, and set down the glass, untasted.

He stared, fascinated, overwhelmed; it must surely be his face, since his body was attached to it, but how could it be? The eyes were the mild blue eyes of Croly Addicks, but the face was the face of a stranger—and a startling-looking stranger, at that!

Croly knew of course that it had been necessary to rebuild his face, shattered by the missile hurled by Cowdin, but in the hospital they had kept mirrors from him, and he had discovered, but only by sense of touch, that his countenance had been considerably altered. But he had never dreamed that the transformation would be so radical.

In the clear light he contemplated himself, and understood why he had been mistaken for the Chelsea Bearcat. Kid McNulty had a large amount of jaw, but he never had a jaw like the stranger with Croly Addicks' eyes who stared back, horrified, at Croly from the soda-fountain mirror. The plastic surgeons had done their work well; there was scarcely any scar. But they had built from Croly's crushed bones a chin that protruded like the prow of a battleship.

The mariners of mythology whom the sorceress changed into pigs could hardly have been more perplexed and alarmed than Croly Addicks. He had, in his thirty years, grown accustomed to his meek apologetic face. The face that looked back at him was not meek or apologetic. It was distinctly a hard face; it was a determined, forbidding face; it was almost sinister.

Croly had the uncanny sensation of having had his soul slipped into the body of another man, an utter stranger. Inside he was the same timorous young assistant to the assistant purchasing agent—out of work; outside he was a fearsome being, a dangerous-looking man, who made autocratic soda dispensers jump.

To him came a sinking, lost feeling; a cold emptiness; the feeling of a gentle Doctor Jekyll who wakes to find himself in the shell of a fierce Mr. Hyde. For a second or two Croly Addicks regretted that he had not gone on to the river.

The voice of the soda clerk brought him back to the world.

"If your drink isn't the way you like it, sir," said the grand duke amiably, "just say the word and I'll mix you up another."

Croly started up.

"'Sall right," he murmured, and fumbled his way out to Madison Square.

He decided to live a while longer, face and all. It was something to be deferred to by soda clerks.

He sank down on a bench and considered what he should do. At the twitter of familiar voices he looked up and saw the blond stenographer and the brunet stenographer from his former company passing on the way to lunch.

He rose, advanced a step toward them, tipped his hat and said, "Hello."

The blond stenographer drew herself up regally, as she had seen someone do in the movies, and chilled Croly with an icy stare.

"Don't get so fresh!" she said coldly. "To whom do you think you're speaking to?"

"You gotta crust," observed the brunette, outdoing her companion in crushing hauteur. "Just take yourself and your baby scarer away, Mister Masher, and get yourself a job posing for animal crackers."

They swept on as majestically as tight skirts and French heels would permit, and Croly, confused, subsided back on his bench again. Into his brain, buzzing now from the impact of so many new sensations, came a still stronger impression that he was not Croly Addicks at all, but an entirely different and fresh-born being, unrecognized by his old associates. He pondered on the trick fate had played on him until hunger beckoned him to the Help Yourself Buffet. He was inside before he realized what he was doing, and before he recalled his vow never to enter there again. The same spotter was moving in and out among the patrons, the same derby cocked over one eye, and an untasted sandwich, doubtless the same one, in his hand. He paid no special heed to the renovated Croly Addicks.

Croly was hungry and under the spotter's very nose he helped himself to hamburger steak and a double order of strawberry shortcake with thick cream. Satisfied, he started toward the blasé check boy with the brassy voice; as he went his hand felt casually in his change pocket, and he stopped short, gripped by horror. The coins he counted there amounted to exactly forty-five cents and his meal totaled a dollar at least. Furthermore, that was his last cent in the world. He cast a quick frightened glance around him. The spotter was lounging against the check desk, and his beady eye seemed focused on Croly Addicks. Croly knew that his only chance lay in bluffing; he drew in a deep breath, thrust forward his new chin, and said to the boy, "Forty-five." "Fawty-fi'," screamed the boy. The spotter pricked up his ears.

"Pahdun me a minute, frien'," said the spotter. "Ain't you made a little mistake?"

Summoning every ounce of nerve he could Croly looked straight back into the spotter's eyes.

"No," said Croly loudly.

For the briefest part of a second the spotter wavered between duty and discretion. Then the beady eyes dropped and he murmured, "Oh, I beg pahdun. I thought you was the guy that just got outside of a raft of straw-b'ry shortcake and hamboiger. Guess I made a little mistake myself."

With the brisk firm step of a conqueror Croly Addicks strode into the air, away from the scene he had once left so humiliated.

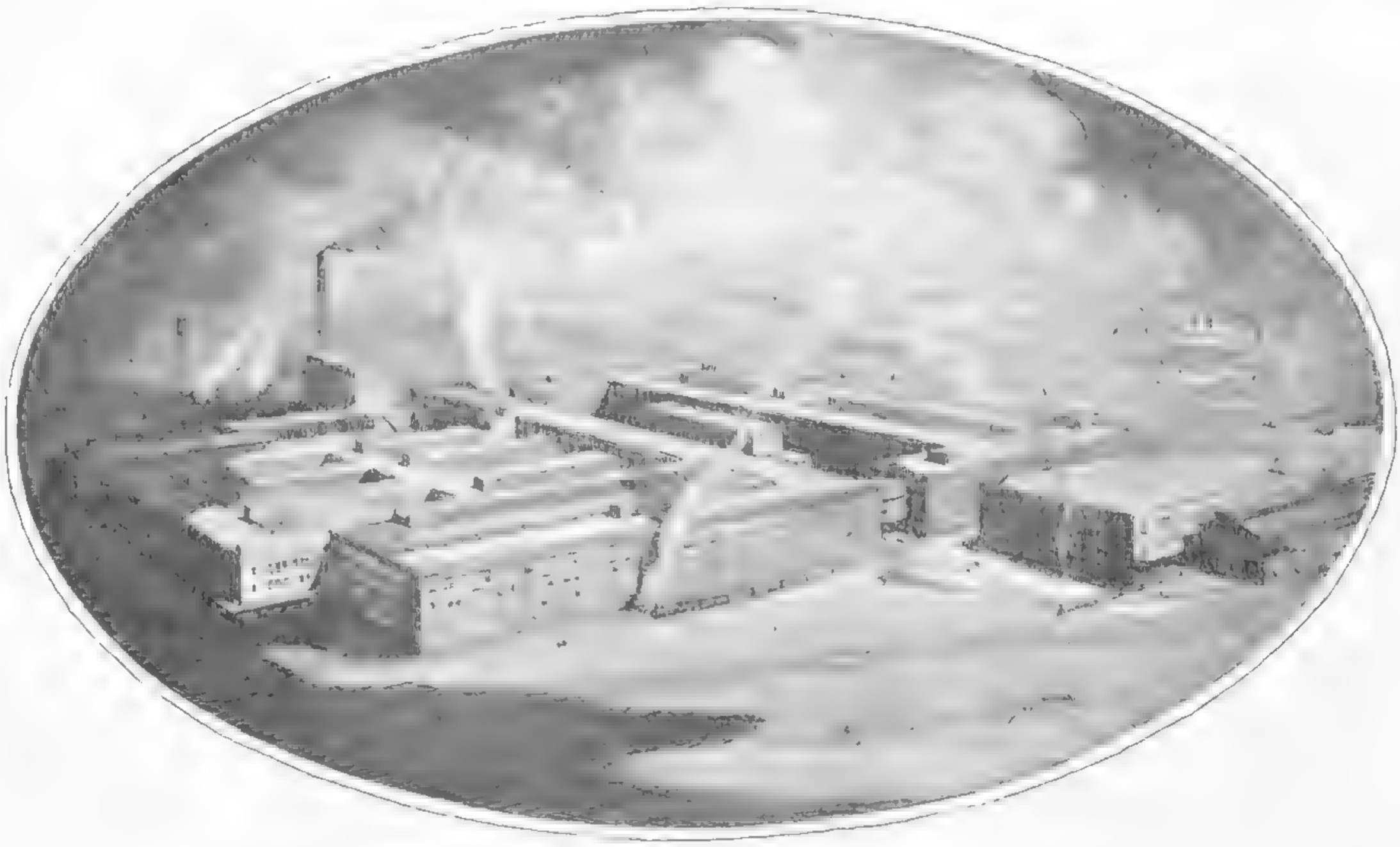
Again, for many reflective minutes he occupied one of those chairs of philosophy, a park bench, and revolved in his mind the problem, "Where do I go from here?" The vacuum in his pockets warned him that his need of a job was imperative. Suddenly he released his thoughtful clutch on his new jaw, and his eyes brightened and his spine straightened with a startling idea that at once fascinated and frightened him. He would try to get his old job back again.

Inside him the old shrinking Croly fought it out with the new Croly.

"Don't be foolish!" bleated the old Croly. "You haven't the nerve to face Cowdin again."

"Buck up!" argued back the new Croly. "You made that soda clerk hop, and that spotter quail. The worst Cowdin can say is 'No!'"

(Continued on Page 81)



Cadillac Motor Car Company, New Main Plant, Detroit

Plant site, 49 acres. Total floor area, 55 acres, or more than 2,250,000 square feet. Buildings, reinforced concrete, four stories, with 14-foot ceilings. In addition, the Company operates five other plants in Detroit.

These vast new Cadillac works have been termed the most wonderful in the world devoted to the manufacture of high grade motor cars.

Such a plant is the just due of the Cadillac; and of the loyal craftsmanship which has labored long to bring it to its present high estate.

Visitors to Detroit are invited to see for themselves how the perpetuation of Cadillac standards is assured, and Cadillac reputation safeguarded, by the marvelously precise and efficient equipment of this remarkable plant.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

The Standard of the World

LESS SPEED, MORE SAFETY

By Floyd W. Parsons

ALMOST everyone has a hobby; mine is motoring. Each spring, with the same regularity as the coming of Easter or Christmas, I get arrested for speeding. Though I pride myself on careful driving it is doubtless true that in a majority of cases I deserved what I got. Once or twice, however, I was given a summons under circumstances that made me question the justice of our traffic laws and the fairness of their administration. For more than fifteen years I have maintained more or less of a speaking acquaintance with motorcycle policemen. It is not surprising, therefore, that I readily accepted an opportunity recently to obtain facts relating to the control of motor traffic on our streets and highways.

The first time I remember being arrested for speeding was back in 1907. I had just purchased a new speedometer. In those early days of motoring the various devices designed to show at a glance the rate of speed at which an automobile is traveling were not the steady, reliable type of instrument we find on cars to-day. I had just driven out of the garage where I kept my car, and started up Broadway. A friend who had hopped into the car beside me was much interested in the new speedometer; so I stepped on the gas and let the indicator on the speedometer register twenty-three or twenty-four miles an hour for a block, just to show my friend how steady the indicator was. "Pride goeth before a fall," and my case was no exception, for a moment later the bicycle cop was alongside, motioning me to stop.

This first time I pleaded guilty and was let off with a suspended sentence. The next time I was haled to court I was quite indignant over my arrest and hired a lawyer to handle the case. This was my first and last attempt to fight the speed laws, for the fine imposed was double that usually placed on first offenders. I never discovered whether the judge disliked my lawyer or whether he reasoned that I should pay something additional for consuming the court's time. At any rate I learned my first lesson, which was that the motorist arrested for speeding who pleads guilty on the first offense generally fares best. The other day I saw the most severe magistrate in New York City let a motorist off with a one-dollar fine, simply because of the man's straightforward statement and his promise that in his case there would be no second offense.

A day in the traffic court of a great city to many people would be a day well spent. In most courts, especially in Eastern states, the customary fine for the first offense is twenty-five dollars. No distinction seems to be made between the motorist traveling forty or fifty miles an hour and the one who is held up for going only twenty-six miles. Generally speaking, our traffic courts are the only ones in the United States where victims of arrest for speeding and other traffic violations are convicted before they get on the stand.

In the anteroom of the average traffic court, where the motorcycle policemen congregate and discuss the news of the day, society is stripped of its veneer. Haughty ladies and gentlemen would probably be less indignant when arrested if they knew how little effect their display of outraged pride has on the average traffic policeman. Nine people out of ten become indignant when stopped for speeding; so the officers are quite accustomed to such exhibitions of wrath. Their instructions are never to argue, and to attend to their business promptly, quietly and firmly.

Standardized Timing Methods

ANY motorist arrested for speeding on appearing in court is given the opportunity to plead guilty or to contest the officer's charges. The defendant is permitted to engage counsel if he chooses and to call as many witnesses as he desires. In other words, the law ostensibly gives him every chance to prove his innocence. If the motorist has not been arrested that same year he may plead that it is his first offense. At the end of each year the slate is wiped clean, and violations of the traffic laws in preceding years are not counted against the defendant in the current year. If the motorist contradicts the officer's charge the case may go to trial. In such an event the fun really begins, for nine times out of ten in most courts the defendant hasn't a chance.

In important metropolitan traffic courts the presiding magistrates often act both as prosecutors for the municipality and as lawyers for the defendants. In New York's busiest court the traffic officer is called to the witness stand. In reply to questions from the judge he states the details in connection with the arrest. It is here that the motorist learns that the officer is backed up by what the court accepts as incontrovertible proof. The magistrate's questions clearly disclose the standardized timing method adopted by the motorcycle forces. The officer must know the rate of speed at which the car he is pursuing is traveling. He is not permitted to guess at it. His testimony discloses the fact that he maintains a distance of about fifty feet between himself and his quarry, meanwhile noting the rate of speed which the speedometer on his motorcycle is registering. When convinced that the autoist is breaking the speed law he draws up alongside the car and serves the summons.

There can be no question of the accuracy of the motorcycle officer's speedometer. His instrument is tested at regular periods throughout the month. It is removed from his machine and taken to the inspection department, where it is run in synchronization with a master machine to establish its accuracy. In addition, it is tested over a measured course of half a mile. By means of a stop watch the course is timed. If the half mile is covered in ninety seconds it demonstrates that the rate of speed was twenty miles an hour.

The court requires the following facts as evidence from the officer pressing the charge: He must show that his speedometer is of a standard approved make; that he personally saw it tested, and that he himself tested it over a half-mile course and found it correct.

The defendant is then given an opportunity to act as his own lawyer if he elects to do so. He may ask the officer any questions he chooses which may have a bearing on the case. He is then asked to take the stand himself. A few skillful questions from the magistrate usually show that the motorist knows absolutely nothing about his speedometer—that it hasn't been tested to his knowledge since he owned the car; that he cannot positively state whether it is accurate or not. He can only assume that it is. This is the crux of the entire matter. The officer knows; the defendant guesses. The outcome is inevitable.

Taking Chances

IT IS reported that one magistrate in New York tried more than two thousand speed cases last year, and permitted only one defendant to get away without a fine. This certainly indicates that the court has very little sympathy for speeders. But it also shows that very few motorists appear for trial fully prepared to defend themselves.

In hundreds of cases motorcycle policemen arrest automobilists without having accurately timed the cars they stopped. The other day a motorist was traveling along a country highway near New York at a fairly high rate of speed. A motorcycle policeman had stationed himself out of view in a lane leading into the main road. The officer knew that the automobile was traveling much faster than the law allowed, but the motorist, who was late to keep an appointment, had the occupants of his car on watch. The instant the motorcycle and its rider shot out of the lane after the automobile the driver of the car turned quickly to one side of the road and stopped stock-still. The policeman came up and handed the automobilist a summons. The latter appeared in court and paid his fine, as many others do, although he knew the officer had not been able to gauge his speed except by sight, which type of evidence would hardly have brought a conviction if the case had been contested in court.

Just as automobilists take chances on speeding, many traffic policemen take chances on handing out summonses to motorists without properly timing the speed of the cars they stop. By hiding, motorcycle policemen to a certain extent encourage speeding, and many drivers of motor cars believe that in such cases these officers should be good enough sports to make their arrests fairly and only when they have established their speed case in accordance with the law.

But notwithstanding the fact that many motorists are of the opinion that traffic policemen and motorcycle officers are their sworn enemies, the truth is that the traffic and speed laws of the country are not adequate under present conditions of motor travel. The rapid multiplication in the number of automotive vehicles during the past few years has created a serious situation on the streets and highways of all populous communities. Progress invariably brings with it new problems. Automobile accidents are increasing in almost mathematical ratio to the increase in the number of motor cars. Three times as many people were killed by these gasoline-propelled machines in 1920 in the United States as were killed in the operation of all our mines, mills and railroads. Less than one-quarter of our people are exposed to industrial hazards, while practically every man, woman and child who walks out of his front door and crosses the street is exposed to this comparatively new hazard. In a number of our larger cities one person out of every ten thousand dies in a year's time as the result of an automobile accident.

An examination of existing conditions shows plainly that instead of being too harsh our motoring laws are not stringent enough. The work of reducing the death rate attributable to motor cars constitutes one of the most important phases of safety engineering now before the public. Government figures show that 4,932,000,000 persons were carried by motor cars during 1920, as compared with 1,234,222,889 paying passengers on all our American railroads. Yet the operation of the railroads is ever being made safer through the adoption of safety devices and mechanical safeguards, while the operation of motor vehicles on the streets and highways is haphazardly regulated by human agency.

Police statistics show that taxicabs are involved in five times as many accidents as are an equal number of pleasure vehicles. The state of Connecticut has taken a step in the right direction by compelling taxicab owners to provide a five-thousand-dollar indemnity bond for each taxicab in service. This will make taxicab companies in Connecticut at least more careful in selecting their drivers.

The large number of children injured in the noncongested outlying districts shows that the paramount cause of these accidents is speeding. An automobile traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour goes 29.3 feet in a second, while the average pedestrian moves only 4.4 feet in a second. This means that the automobile moves nearly seven times as fast as the pedestrian, and that by the time a pedestrian moves seventeen feet from the curb, an automobile 117 feet away would be upon him.

Pedestrians as well as autoists cause a great deal of trouble in the regulation of traffic and the control of motor cars in our large cities. Thousands of police officers are required throughout the country to prevent the public on foot from literally committing suicide. At the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City, for instance, four—and sometimes eight—curb officers are necessary to control the swarms of people. During the hour from 5:30 to 6:30 P.M., more than four hundred pedestrians cross this corner every minute, in all directions, while thirty vehicles pass each minute at this particular point.

A great percentage of automobile accidents occurs at railroad crossings. On one of the large trunk lines, five hundred crossing gates which were lowered to protect the public from passing trains were run into and broken by automobiles in one year. In an effort to solve this problem the railroad company employed a number of men to record observations at thirty-four different crossings where tracks varied in number from one to fifteen, and the passing trains per hour varied from one to a hundred. The observation tests showed that of sixteen thousand motor cars which passed over the tracks at these thirty-four crossings less than one-sixth of one per cent of the automobilists stopped and looked in both directions before crossing.

More Stringent Legislation Needed

"THE way to prevent accidents," said one magistrate who has presided for years in New York City's busiest traffic court, "is to prevent them. The only solution of the problem is to tighten up on traffic violators—more arrests and more penalties. New York State, for example, operates under a law which has scarcely been changed since the first motor vehicle made its appearance on the highways. There should be more uniformity or standardization of the automobile laws throughout the United States. Insane people, drug addicts, criminals and intoxicated persons drive cars, who should be forever barred from operating them, but in many states no law exists to make this possible. Unless we get more stringent legislation governing the issuance of operators' licenses and laws making it possible to revoke the licenses of operators found guilty of recklessness on the road, motor-car accidents will continue to increase."

Without doubt thousands of autoists are dissatisfied with the present administration of our American automobile laws, and many motor-car drivers have good and sufficient reasons for their display of annoyance with respect to this matter. However, we should all remember that the problem of automobile accidents is the dominant one now in the larger problem of public accidents generally. The motorcycle cop is practically the only safety valve we now have in our vehicular traffic system. Of course it is exasperating to be held down when the road ahead is clear and we feel like letting her out a little, but if we multiply this desire to step on the gas by four or five million, the potentialities for danger become at once apparent.

At least there is some degree of satisfaction for the victims of speed laws in the fact that more than ninety per cent of the money they pay out in the form of fines finally reaches the road commissioners in the various communities and is employed by them in the maintenance of highways. The motorcycle policeman may get credit for being diligent in the performance of his duty, but at least he receives no commission or other reward for his arrests.

ESSEX

Men say these things about it—

"Absolutely the brightest, liveliest little engine I ever found in an American car"—S. F. Edge in "The Autocar," London, Eng.

"A colossal revelation of the value Americans can offer at its price"—E. N. D. in "The Auto," of London, Eng.

"Its transcontinental record is not merely a record—it's a miracle"—From "The Car," London, Eng.

"50,000 Miles of Hard Service"

"I purchased my Essex August 23, 1919. I have used the car continually in the rent car service, over all kinds of mountain roads and through the oil fields, putting it through the most severe tests. I have driven the car 50,000 miles and my gasoline mileage has averaged 23.7 miles per gallon. I ran three original fabric tires 24,000 miles and the fourth tire 28,000 miles.

"The upkeep of the car is very low, and I think this a wonderful record. My next car will be an Essex."

W. A. HALL, Bakersfield, Calif.

"50,000 Miles—Never Failed"

"My Essex was purchased in March, 1919, and has been driven more than 50,000 miles. My car will average 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline in the city and will give greater mileage in the country. My total repair expense has been less than $150. It has never failed me, and I would not consider any trade that you could afford to offer.

"I believe I could sell an Essex to any prospect who would drive my car for 30 minutes."

FIRMAN L. CARSWELL

Firman L. Carswell Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

"Too Good to Trade"

"We will not trade in any of our Essex cars, but will use them another season. They were used continually since the Spring of 1920, and the men who drive them requested me not to trade them in this year, as each is convinced he has the very best car on the road, and the best motor he ever rode behind.

"As rapidly as our _____s are retired, we will take on the Essex. They are just as light on tires, use less gas than the _____, cover mileage faster, are easier on the men. Practically no time out for repairs."

WALRATH & SHERWOOD LUMBER CO., Omaha, Nebraska

—and it set all these famous records—

In 4 trips across America Essex 4 times breaks the transcontinental record

First Essex	*Second Essex*	*Third Essex*	*Fourth Essex*	
San Francisco to New York —4 days, 14 hrs., 43 min.	New York to San Francisco —4 days, 19 hrs., 17 min.	San Francisco to New York —4 days, 21 hrs., 56 min.	New York to San Francisco —5 days, 6 hrs., 13 min.	*The average time for each of the four Essex cars over 3346 miles Ocean to Ocean Route was 4 days, 21 hours, 32 minutes*
Lowers Record 12 hrs., 48 min.	Lowers Record 22 hrs., 13 min.	Lowers Record 8 hrs., 35 min.	Lowers Record 11 hrs., 19 min.	

Essex set the official 50-hour record, traveling 3037 miles at better than a mile a minute. For cars of its motor size it holds all official stock records for speed and endurance from 1 to 50 hours.

It set the world's 24-hour road mark of 1061 miles, and the official 24-hour dirt track record of 1261 miles.

Essex also set the New York-Chicago record—24 hrs., 43 min.—and the San Bernardino hill climb record.

—because it is built this way

The Essex did not bring costly car performance and reliability to the light moderate-priced field without duplicating or excelling the design and workmanship of the finest high-priced cars.

For instance, S. F. Edge, England's most noted automobile authority, says: "This motor might have had a Coatelen or a Pomeroy* as its sponsor" (*Respectively designers of two English cars of higher price than any American car).*

And so throughout, Essex gets its long endurance, and continued smoothness and quietness of operation, from the way it is built. It has eliminated squeaking bodies with a frame so designed that it does not weave. This frame, with one exception, is sturdier for the duty it is to perform than any other car.

Devices which provide for longer wear, or for taking up wear at no expense, are Essex features that only a few of the highest priced cars duplicate. This is the reason that Essex cars that have seen 2 years' service and upwards of 20,000 miles are running as well and as quietly and economically now as when new. Bearings are snug. Joints are tight and free from squeaks. Doors are solid and flush fitting, without rattles. You never have seen an Essex with weaving wheels and, bar accident sufficient to smash a car, you never will.

These are not spectacular advantages. You may not notice them in comparing Essex to another new car. But you will know what they mean if you compare an old Essex to another old car.

Time serves to show the real difference between the way cars are built. That is why Essex owners who have had their cars through long, hard service speak with such conviction of its goodness.

ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

344

FACE TO FACE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Yes; regular old-fashioned novel. A long time ago your mother and I picked out a girl for you to marry."

Junior, remembering that his mother had died when he was four years of age, frowned perplexedly as he asked, "A little early, wasn't it?"

"It was Sarah Henderson."

"The name is vaguely familiar. Who is she?"

"Your fiancée."

"Ah, yes. Who was she?"

"The girl your mother and I decided you should marry."

"Well, then, what was she at birth?"

"A fine baby. She weighed eleven and three-quarter pounds. I got the telegram from Ira Henderson announcing the news and the weight when we were expecting you. My only hope was that you would be a boy." James J. Jones Senior paused and began to think of twenty-four years before.

Junior said, "I knew it, and did the loyal thing by you."

But Mr. Jones did not hear him. He pursued reminiscently: "Well, Ira was broken-hearted. You didn't weigh as much as Sarah ——"

"Ouch!"

"What's the matter?"

"Sarah. Next to Clara, it is my pet toothache."

"Ira was so disappointed at not having a boy that I promised you to him." Mr. Jones obviously remembered his magnanimity with pleasure.

"But you told me you promised me to the girl."

"I promised you to him as a son-in-law. You only weighed ten pounds, but he said even if you had only weighed six ——"

"He's dead, isn't he?"

"Yes; and that's the reason."

"Reason for what?" asked the puzzled Junior.

"Ira Henderson made it possible for me to be what I am to-day. I owe him everything. He is dead, and Sarah is all alone. It isn't right. I as much as promised her that you would marry her if she'd have you; and you've got to do it. I don't wish any remarks."

"No matter what their nature may be?" asked the astonished Junior.

"The nature of all your remarks is always asinine. Let me tell you that Sarah is a splendid business woman, and quick as chain lightning. It is yes or no with her right off, because she always knows what she wants to do. There is no more waste motion in her house than there is in her factory."

Father Jones glared at Junior. There was a reason.

"Are those supposed to be the specifications of the banker's perfect daughter-in-law, 1920 model?" Junior asked for information only.

"They are some of the specifications of a woman who is five days older than you—and five times wiser."

"Wisdom naturally comes with age." Junior spoke defensively.

"I have begun to doubt it." And Mr. Jones looked fixedly at his own son.

"I haven't." And Junior looked back unwinkingly.

He could control his facial muscles as men very easily do who are accustomed good-naturedly to play tag with death. He was tall and clear skinned and had the smiling, quizzical eyes of the gentleman adventurer.

Mr. Jones happened to be looking into those eyes with all his own—that is, with the eyes of a loving father, of a kindly older man, of a shrewd money lender, and of a cold-blooded man of the world. He saw obstinacy in Junior's.

Nevertheless Mr. Jones said distinctly: "I am serious, Junior. Ever since your last year at Westminster you have been a source of anxiety to me. A boy does not have to act like a mucker or a lunatic to worry his father. At college, and afterward in France and Poland, your pranks have made me an old man ahead of time. To miss death by a hair may be fun to you, but at my age ——"

"You don't look a day over forty," Junior assured him after giving him a coldly critical once-over. "Girls often ask me if my brother is married and ——"

Junior ceased talking because his father held up a hand with the arresting gesture of a traffic policeman. In a steady voice strikingly free from reproach and thereby rendered the more impressive, Mr. Jones proceeded, "You have taken advantage of my misguided love to do as you please."

"I have always asked your permission when anything really important ——"

"You asked it, knowing I would say yes. It has been my weakness, and I am paying for it with interest. It has made you willful and selfish and thoughtless; but I have reached the limit of my endurance. I reached it this morning. It was a foolhardy, a criminal thing to do. I was sure you would ——"

"And I was sure I would eat breakfast with you. I was sorry you did not wait for me, as I fully expected." Junior was of a forgiving nature.

Mr. Jones saw through the subterfuge. It made him frown. Then he ceased to frown. When he spoke it was in a voice grown cold as the arctic night.

"I do not propose to have my heart jump into my throat every time I pick up a newspaper. You will do what I ask or you will leave this house with one thousand dollars cash in your pocket—for good! I shall make a will, but first I shall buy an annuity for myself and deed over my entire property to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I shall never again lay eyes on you. I shall mourn for you, for you will have died as surely as if the Germans had blown you to atoms. I shall be a lonely old man, but I deserve it. I have made up my mind: One death, once for all!"

Junior looked at his father in amazement. The cold resolution on Mr. Jones' face—it was noticeably less ruddy than usual—impressed him. But he said cheerfully, "It's pretty tough to be turned into the dead son of a man of whom you happen to be very fond."

"A dead son!" agreed his father with a quiet decision that was uncannily convincing.

It irritated Junior, who felt that it was an unjustifiably severe sentence. But perhaps he had never tried very hard to convince his father how slight the real danger was. An old man's nerves might conceivably get jumpy from ignorance of the absoluteness of the control of an aëroplane by a skilled aviator.

"Dad," he said earnestly, "I would not hurt your feelings for twice the fun I've ever got out of what you call my larks. I always knew nothing would happen to me. I am really not at all reckless. You've been the best father a fellow ever had ——"

"I have not," contradicted Mr. Jones. "It is exclusively my fault that at twenty-four you still think and talk and act like a—a sophomore!

"What aim have you in life? Where is your sense of responsibility? You live for the minute; to gratify your craving for excitement—at some expense to my nervous system. The fault is mine. But the past is over. Now for the future!"

"I'll shake hands on that," said Junior, and extended his hand. Mr. Jones instead shook his head angrily.

"You see!" he sneered. "I told you! Nothing but a sophomore!" Then he ceased to sneer and went on coldly: "I am not going to compel you to go into some business that is distasteful to you, but you certainly cannot be a nonproducer all your life. It is my duty to think of your future. For that reason I must insist that you marry"

"Oh, I'll marry; but it doesn't have to be to-day."

"It has to be soon. And it might as well be Sarah Henderson. In fact, it had better be, because she has brains and business gumption. If she can't teach you ——"

The notion of marrying a teacher was too disagreeable to entertain seriously, but James J. Jones Junior, perceiving that his father was in earnest, interrupted, saying, "Dad, speaking seriously, that is a very unreasonable thing to ask me to do."

"Why is it?" asked old Jones controversially. "Do you love any other girl?"

"Yes," answered Junior promptly.

Mr. Jones looked surprised, then incredulous.

"Do I know her?" he asked.

"No."

"Do you intend to marry her soon?"

"No."

"Do you intend to marry her at all?"

"No."

"Is she married?"

"No."

"Why can't you marry her, then?"

"The law."

"What law?"

"Against polygamy. When I think of them, each a perfect flower, sweet, beautiful ——" He raised his eyes ecstatically, as if he saw them.

Mr. Jones' face flushed with fury. He could not strike his son. But he said thickly, "You will marry Sarah!"

"But I've never seen her," remonstrated Junior.

"You have!" promptly contradicted Mr. Jones.

"Not since I had eyes to see faces with." It was plain from Junior's voice that he desired to avoid a quarrel.

"She's all right," asserted Mr. Jones with finality.

"Pretty?"

"Hang it, why don't you talk sense? Pretty!" Mr. Jones snorted wrathfully. "Pretty! Is that all you ask of a wife?"

"Then she is not."

Junior sighed. He tried to imagine how she looked but gave it up in dismay. Then he thought, generally, of all the pretty ones he had ever seen. Under compulsion he would rather choose one of them by drawing the shortest toothpick than wed Sarah. From Connecticut! Business woman! Efficiency expert! Older than he! And homely as mud, as tacitly admitted by his own father.

He dramatized her life; beheld her in her shop, bossing mechanics; in the office, pinching pennies; everywhere, in the act of being a business woman!

He came back from Connecticut, and looking up realized uncomfortably that for the first time in his life there was no sign of yielding on his father's face. It was not possible that Mr. Jones could be serious.

Nevertheless Junior asked uneasily, "Are you in earnest, dad?"

"I certainly am." And he certainly looked it.

"I mean about marrying a girl I have not seen."

"Yes; because in this instance the girl happens to be a mighty sensible girl. I saw a great deal of her when you were on the other side. I sized her up dispassionately. I used to talk to her a great deal about you and joked her about the understanding Ira and I had about you two marrying.

"I don't know what I'd give if you had half her gumption. You tell me you do not love any other girl. That being the case, you certainly can marry Sarah. If you do I'll know what kind of a wife you are getting. If you picked some girl yourself you would probably pick ——"

"A lemon, I suppose."

Mr. Jones nodded. "An empty-headed magazine cover! But if you marry Sarah you will get brains. I tell you, that girl is the whole Henderson Manufacturing Company!" Mr. Jones looked at his son almost as if he expected applause.

The son looked at his father and asked anxiously, as a man does who refuses to give up hope, "What sort of a looking face has the whole Henderson Manufacturing Company?"

"Why must you without fail always ask the one damn-fool question?" shouted the exasperated James J. Jones Senior. "Is the face everything?"

"Well," said Junior, in the voice of one who kindly explains, "the face would be about all I should see of her across the table three times a day, excepting on my long summer and winter vacations."

"H'm!" snorted Mr. Jones, and began to tap on the table nervously. That was not what bank presidents usually did.

Junior in order to turn away his wrath proceeded mollifyingly, "It is not only a legitimate but an intelligent question, dad. And there are others.

"For instance: What kind of teeth has she? Are they her own? What is the architecture and color of the nose? Does she have to cover up her ears with hair, natural or acquired, in order to keep her husband from sprinkling powdered glass on her morning pie? All you have told me is that she is from Connecticut."

All that Junior succeeded in doing was to change the temperature of his father's anger from boiling to freezing. Mr. Jones spoke frigidly.

"Of course your intelligent desire is to marry a pretty idiot and perpetuate brainlessness. Well, you won't with my permission. I cannot compel you to marry, but I can say good-by."

"I'd refuse to hear it if you did say it," Junior assured him affectionately.

"Junior"—Mr. Jones' voice again took on its disquieting calmness—"I do not threaten you. I simply tell you: You will marry Sarah Henderson or we part. It would mean that for me you would die. But it would be only once. No more!"

"Dad, I am used to having you for a father. I don't want to make any change. I am positive nobody else could suit me one-half as well."

"Damnation!" exploded Banker Jones. "Are you really an ass, or is your flippancy the result of the delusion that you are a wit? Why do you deliberately make me regret that you are my son and ——"

"Do I?" frowned Junior.

"Yes! You never had a serious thought in your life. You think life is a vaudeville performance. Haven't you brains enough to realize that you have never done a wise thing on your own initiative, and that your only hope is to do it under compulsion?"

"Do you call it a wise thing to ask me to marry a girl that I do not know and have not seen, and that you begin by making me dislike intensely?"

"But I know she is a good sensible girl ——"

"Help!" gasped Junior feebly.

Fortunately his father did not hear it, being too interested in proving how wise he was as a wife picker for his only son.

"She is exceptionally smart. You don't need her money, but it is just as well that she has all she needs. I tell you, this is no leap in the dark. It is not to be compared for recklessness with the mildest of the thousand things you've done since you left school."

"But, dad ——"

"You are not in love with anyone else. You will get to love her and respect her. I admire her a whole lot for what she has achieved. I know it will do wonders for you. If you will not marry Sarah I shall certainly ——"

"Don't say it, dad. Please!" interjected Junior, so quietly that Mr. Jones looked at him dubiously; then asked impatiently: "What is it you're afraid of anyhow? Don't I know all about her? Do you think I would ask you to marry an idiot? Let us end this right here and now. You will give me your word to marry Sarah ——"

Junior stood up. His face had grown a shade paler, but he was smiling—the little smile he wore whenever he did the things that Mr. Jones called pranks. He loved his father too much to consider seriously for one moment the thought of separation. Junior admitted that he had been thoughtless. He could understand—now—what nerves can make the most loving father say and threaten. There was only one way out of it that Junior could see, and that was to take a sporting chance and humor his father. He would bet on the most uncertain thing in the world—a woman's wisdom. He thereby would remain on good terms with his father and add another variety of thrill to his experience.

"Very well." Junior spoke with impressive deliberation. "If you are the kind of man who insists on his only son marrying a girl whose face he has not seen, then I am the kind of son that will do it. But I've always played fair, and you and your Sarah must do likewise. I will agree provided you will agree. If you don't, then you and I will do our mutual dying right here and now. And you need not bother to give me that thousand. Corpses don't need pocket money."

His lips were smiling the curious little smile and his eyes were bright and steady and good-natured—and obstinate. Only the voice was cold.

"Agree to what?" asked Mr. Jones with a frown. He did not like that smile below those eyes.

"I do not wish to see her before the marriage."

"But I think you should ——"

"I don't," cut in Junior decisively.

"Let me finish, will you? I think you ought to see her and ——"

"I won't. This whole thing is of your doing, not of mine. You insist that I agree

(Continued on Page 30)

Centuries ago the potter placed a mark on his wares to identify them as examples of his skill. Later in history the "hallmark" was stamped on gold and silver articles at Goldsmiths' Hall in London to attest their purity.

The Mark of Quality

THE ANCIENT practice of placing a mark on fine wares is still industry's method of insuring the identification of quality for the buyer and protecting his investment.

When you buy a cord tire bearing the name Firestone, you know it is the product of a widely reputed organization. The name is a guarantee of good value. It carries a pledge, not only from the active head of the organization, whose name it is, but from the entire force of Firestone workers, who are all stockholders in the company.

Firestone quality applied to cord construction offers additional assurance of long mileage and satisfactory service. The staunch year-after-year allegiance of so many thousands of car-owners to Firestone Cords is material evidence of their dependable value and economy.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

MERCK & CO. MERCK NEW YORK

The Household Disinfectant

Four Good Reasons for Using Creolin-Pearson

Safety

Creolin Pearson is *non-caustic* and *non-corrosive*. Although a powerful disinfectant and germicide it is safe to use as directed. Its milky solution and tarry odor when mixed with water are characteristic and its many antiseptic uses make it a valuable household article.

Efficiency

Better than the Standard! The coefficient of Creolin Pearson is 9 to 10. This means that Creolin-Pearson is 9 to 10 times more certain to kill disease germs than the standard (phenol) used in determining the germicidal strength of disinfectants.

Economy

Always mix Creolin-Pearson with water before use. It takes so little Creolin-Pearson to disinfect that it is really very inexpensive. It should always be added to the scrub water when cleaning.

Convenience

The special metal stopper, with its unique metal saucer covering the cork, makes pouring easy and keeps the bottle, label, and shelf clean.

Get an Original Bottle of

CREOLIN-PEARSON

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

MERCK

(Continued from Page 28)

to marry an unknown? Very well. I will marry her—provided she remains an unknown. You say I do not have to see her face before I agree to marry her? Very well. In return I insist on not seeing her face during the marriage or after the marriage. You can take it or leave it."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mr. Jones irritably.

"Just what I said. You wish me to do a certain thing. I not only agree to do it but carry it out to its logical conclusion."

Mr. Jones looked at his son, and again was troubled by the combination of smiling lips and obstinate eyes.

"How can you marry her without seeing her face?" asked Mr. Jones impatiently.

"You asked me to do it," answered Junior tranquilly.

"You propose to shut your eyes?"

"Oh, I might wear a bandage, and you could say it was sun glare or shell shock or anything you wished. But I will not see Sarah's mug. That's flat."

Mr. Jones stared intently at his son's face. It was harder to read than the frozen poker face, because the little smile might mean so much—or nothing at all. Of course Junior might be bluffing. But the more he looked at his son the more the conviction grew on Mr. Jones that if he did not agree to Junior's conditions he surely would lose Junior. A lifetime habit of finding excuses for his only son made Father Jones admit to himself that Junior was not unreasonable. Nevertheless he decided to fight.

"Look here; it is understood that after you are married you will live with her in the same house. You can stay here until you arrange your own home."

"Oh, yes. I'll live in the same house, but without seeing her face."

"That," said Mr. Jones with great dignity, "is silly talk."

"It has been silly," agreed Junior cheerfully, "from the first."

"You can't live in the same house and not see her face."

"Oh, yes, I can, dad. She can arrange to tip me off when she comes toward me so that I can shut my eyes in time. She can blow a whistle or ——"

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Wait a minute! Got an idea! She can go around, like the man in Hawthorne's story, with a heavy veil on all the time."

"That is nonsense!"

"I'll say it is!" acquiesced Junior.

"I mean your ——"

"And I mean yours," said Junior, without letting him finish.

Mr. James J. Jones and his only son looked at each other. It was steel against steel. The older man was the first to look away.

The younger instantly followed up his advantage, and asked peremptorily, "What is the decision? Do you agree or do I die?"

"I am willing," said Mr. Jones between his clenched teeth. That was what he got for always giving in to his only son during the formative years.

"And," pursued Major Jones coldly, "do you guarantee the lady's acceptance of the conditions?"

"How the devil can I guarantee it?" asked Mr. Jones irritably.

"Ah, you might ask her," suggested Junior with a politely but not too politely suppressed yawn.

"Oh! You think ——" began Mr. Jones angrily.

"Dad, there is no need to work yourself up into a frenzy. If she is willing to meet my conditions I am willing to meet yours."

"And so you think she won't, eh?" Mr. Jones' smile was almost a sneer.

"Well," admitted Junior, "you told me yourself that she was the smartest girl in the world."

"I will not agree ——"

"Oh, but you have already."

"I'll have to see Sarah and explain ——"

"No need," interjected Junior quickly. "If I don't have to see her to marry her you don't have to see her to talk to her. Telephone!"

"Don't be an idiot, Junior."

"Why not? I mean—why not telephone?" said Junior. "I must know at once. You put it up to me to be killed, buried and disinherited while you waited. All I ask is the privilege of doing unto you as you wished to do unto me, and to learn at once if I am to have that privilege and pleasure.

"Telephone her now. I want to see Piper and Tate at the club and——"

Mr. Jones rose to his feet and walked towards the telephone.

"I hope she will!" he muttered vindictively.

"If she is clever enough to be the whole Henderson Manufacturing Company she is clever enough to know whether she ought to marry a man of my habits and ancestry," said Junior pleasantly, but all that came from Mr. Jones, in an impatient voice, was: "Long distance!"

"*Jacta est alea!*" murmured Junior, whose favorite character in history was C. J. Cæsar, the debonair crosser of Rubicons.

"I wish to speak to Miss Sarah Henderson, Timallenville, Connecticut, please."

Mr. Jones hung up the receiver and began to walk up and down the room.

Junior had a hunch—as he usually had on his *dies nefasti*—that the turn would be against him. That would be a devil of a note. The joke would be on him—after enjoying his father's discomfiture in advance. The thought made him laugh.

Mr. Jones opened his mouth, obviously to scold, but the telephone rang and he hurried to the stand.

"Hello, Sarah? . . . Uncle James speaking. . . . Yes!"

"She doesn't even call him Uncle Jim!" thought Junior. And suppose Sarah was not as clever as his father had tried to make her out!

"Yes!" Mr. Jones spoke into the transmitter. "He got home all right. . . . Yes. He did —— Let me speak! . . . I had a talk with him and told him I wished him to marry you. . . . I simply told him the truth about you. . . . No. The best business woman I had ever met. . . . He did nothing of the kind. He said he would. . . . Yes, but I insisted, and he finally agreed to marry you, without seeing your face and—and—he—ah—says ——"

Junior, somewhat perturbed by his hunch that things were going against him, hastily approached his father, and speaking in his most disagreeable voice, but also very distinctly, for the benefit of the person at the other end of the line, said: "You tell the lady that you asked me to take a leap in the dark, and that I agreed to do just that; no more, or less. I don't want to see her face. I refuse to see it at the wedding. It is up to her to cover it up so that I never see it. If I marry that woman at all it will be sight unseen. That's flat!"

Junior walked back to his chair, smiled hopefully, and listened attentively to his father.

"Yes. . . . Just one of his tantrums. . . . He suggested wearing a bandage over his eyes, or he said you could wear a thick veil. . . . Yes. . . . No. During the marriage and after the marriage. . . . What? . . . You will? . . . In the house here with me until your own home is ready. . . . Yes. . . . I'll tell him exactly."

Mr. Jones turned towards his son, frowning. His son frowned back.

"Well?" asked Jones Junior disagreeably. "What was it the whole Henderson Manufacturing Company told you to tell me?"

"She told me to tell you her exact words."

"What were they?"

Mr. Jones hesitated. Then he answered slowly, as if he wished to make certain of repeating the message accurately, "They were:

"'You tell your son that I agree to all his conditions; that I shall wear a veil during the marriage; that I propose to live with him, and that he will never see my face. And that's flat!'"

Junior's eyebrows were raised slightly with a quizzical expression, and the little smile returned to his lips. But the light in his eyes was cold—and new. The old man walked towards his son.

"Now, see here, boy ——" he began doubtfully.

"You'd better call her up again and fix the date. This is Saturday. Wednesday would suit me."

"She couldn't get ready," protested Mr. Jones.

"Why not? Since it cannot be a church wedding there is no wedding gown to get ready."

"Why not?"

"Not with the veil she's got to wear to keep me from seeing her face. So there will be no invitations. The announcements can go out later. Wednesday! Tell her I said so."

Junior knew that she had a temper, and he knew that it would irritate her inexpressibly to have a stranger dictate to her. No woman can be an entire factory and enjoy being bossed.

Junior repeated: "Tell her I insisted upon it."

Mr. Jones looked at Junior, hesitated, looked at Junior again—and did not hesitate. He called Miss Henderson.

"My dear," he said apologetically, "could you—I wonder whether it would be possible—can you arrange to be married next Wednesday? . . . What?"

"What did she say?" asked Junior irrepressibly. But his father was intently listening to the telephone.

Then Mr. Jones said: "Here. In my house. . . . Of course! . . . As many as you wish. . . . We'll have the wedding breakfast ——"

"With her veil on!" shouted Junior in the direction of the transmitter, for Sarah's benefit.

"Very well," Mr. Jones spoke into the instrument. "Let me know how many. . . . I hope so, my dear; I hope so!"

Whatever it was that Mr. Jones may have hoped, it was plain from his voice that it was not an over-robust hope.

"She said what?" asked Junior.

"She said she would." Mr. Jones frowned. And then he asked almost timidly, "Will you go on a honeymoon trip?"

"Yes."

"She can't wear her veil then, so you see ——"

"Certainly she can. I have already provided for that."

"How?"

"The marriage will be here. The honeymoon will consist of her climbing one flight of stairs and my climbing two."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the horror-stricken James J. Jones Senior, "that you propose to spend the first few weeks of your married life ——"

"Precisely. Alone. Upstairs. In my room. Locked," said Junior pleasantly.

His father looked at him. He saw the same curious little smile about his son's lips and the obstinate look in the blue eyes.

"I don't know!" muttered Father Jones perplexedly. He looked at his watch. Then the bank president muttered "H'm!" realizing that it was past the hour of going to business—the business of making money for an only son.

II

MR. JAMES J. JONES, father of James J. Jones Junior, spent some very uncomfortable moments during the next forty-eight hours. In the first place he had to stay in the house during business hours, which entailed the torture of the unusual to an inveterate banker. There was no way out of it, however. He could not ask his son to help, because his son persisted in smiling that funny little smile of his all the time. Rather than run the risk of a cold-blooded quarrel Mr. Jones attended to the preparations for the wedding himself.

At dinner on Monday evening Mr. Jones broke the silence by asking his son, "Are you going to invite any of your friends, my boy?"

"Certainly not," answered Junior pleasantly. "They are, as you say, my friends. I love them. I would not distress them. Certainly not! We can send announcements later on."

"But you will need a best man."

"Will I? Well, I suppose I ought to ask a comrade at arms, accustomed to the harrowing sights of modern warfare. I'll ask Bob."

Mr. Jones flushed. Then controlling himself by a mighty effort he asked, and did not raise his voice as he asked, "Do you think it will be a nice thing to have your butler act as your best man?"

"I will not have my butler. I will have Robert Reilly, whose honorable discharge from the service makes him my equal in every respect, and whose cautious nature makes him my superior in certain things. I came out of the war with a lot of breast junk and no permanent injury, and he with less junk, a lame leg and an unspoiled disposition. Being the better man, he ought to be the best man."

Mr. Jones was so used to giving in on minor matters that he merely nodded. Then he said, "I hope you'll do me one favor."

"What is the favor?" asked Junior noncommittally.

"That you and Bob will wear your uniforms."

"In order to make clear, I suppose, how much of a hero it takes to do this dreadful thing?" asked Junior quietly.

(Continued on Page 33)

GOODYEAR

An actual photograph of an improved rural road in Illinois where, as in other parts of the country, "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind"

Copyright 1921, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

MORE people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Have you ever asked yourself why? Could there be any other reason than the conspicuously good service that Goodyear Tires give their users? Today, Goodyear Tires are better tires than they have ever been. They are larger, stronger, heavier, more durable. They contain more material. They last longer, and cost less per mile to use. Whether you drive a large motor car or a small one, you should use Goodyear Tires. More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Time!
—saved by Right Lighting

Wrong lighting is a thief, whose plunder is your most valuable possession—*time*.

For no worker can be expected to make full use of the seconds, minutes and hours at his or her disposal when eyes are handicapped and hands are stayed by dim or glaring light.

With wrong lighting, the easiest job becomes difficult; eyes tire and hours drag, and production suffers accordingly.

You who have read this far may be saying, "True, but *my* plant is not so badly lighted!" Unfortunately, investigation shows that three plants out of five fall short of today's illumination standards.

If your plant lighting has not been thoroughly revised within three to five years, it is assuredly out of date and may be causing you too high a unit-cost for production!

What you may not know is that the correct amount of lighting has been worked out for all the common operations in scores of industries. A Foot-Candle Meter has been developed which measures the useful illumination where the work is done.

Call in the man who supplies your NATIONAL MAZDA lamps and have him take Foot-Candle readings throughout your plant. He will, in addition, show you authoritative tables indicating the correct Foot-Candle readings for each operation you employ. National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 107 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 30)

The old man ignored the dig and quite cleverly did not confess that it was Sarah's wish. What he said was, "You will do it, then, my son?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, I'll do it," said Junior in a tired voice.

Mr. Jones himself gave an order to a firm of decorators to alter the rooms on the second floor for Sarah. It was incredible what money could do and what human ingenuity could devise to take the place of fresh paint. At all events, before six o'clock on Wednesday morning the bride's apartment was ready for her to the last piece of utterly unnecessary silver on the bureau.

At 11:30 that same morning a dozen people were in what had once been the drawing-room of the Jones residence, now transformed into a fairy bower. Along the sides of the room were box and bay trees in tubs. Below the dark green of their leaves was the lighter and fresher green of massed ferns. Then a rainbow tide of sweet peas and forget-me-nots and geraniums and marigolds that broke into a foam of white lilac. A visible and fragrant epithalamium!

At 11:32 James J. Jones Junior came down from his own apartments on the third floor. On his lips was the little smile the Flying Corps knew so well. His eyes were covered by a clean white bandage. He had on his uniform and his medals and crosses, as befitted the occasion—the most foolhardy of all his adventures.

Robert Reilly, late of the Twenty-seventh Division, A. E. F., also in uniform, led the blindfolded major by the arm. Ex-Sergeant Reilly wore two medals and one frown.

The bride had invited a dozen relatives of different ages but of uniformly unprepossessing appearance. None missed the train.

The scent of the flowers, as usual at all weddings, carried overpowering suggestions of a funeral. A murmur of pity rose from the bride's guests when they beheld the groom in all the splendor of his young manhood—and all the tragedy of his poor bandaged eyes. And he was smiling!

"I—I did not know, James," murmured the Rev. Dr. William T. Newbold, almost fearfully.

Twenty-seven years before, in his parsonage, he had joined in the bonds of holy matrimony James J. Jones and Alida Wheeler. Three years later he had christened James Junior.

"It's nothing," said Junior pleasantly.

A second cousin on the mother's side, from Farmington, remarked to a second cousin on the father's side, from Holyoke, "He is a hero!"

"A real one!" agreed the second cousin from Holyoke in a stage whisper. Then she looked at the bride, and nodded twice.

The bride was in brown from head to foot. She was tall for a woman, but not so angular as a New England spinster is supposed to be on the stage—or is in real life. She walked with a heavy awkwardness that suggested fallen arches. According to Bob's observations to himself, she had not a single curve to her name.

She wore a high-necked woolen dress of a shade of brown that resembled iron rust, high tan shoes, flat heeled and not diminutive; and drab silk gloves.

Doctor Newbold, turning to greet the bride with the genial smile which had won for him a regular yearly raise in salary during the latter half of his professional life, ceased to smile and forgot to greet. He barely kept his plump and kindly face from irrepressibly registering horror. The bride's face was not visible. She wore a brown-straw sailor hat. From the periphery of the stiff brim a heavy brown veil, half a yard long, hung straight down.

"Ah! H'm!" grunted Doctor Newbold. Then he turned toward Mr. James J. Jones Senior eyes the expression of which was that of a cornered pacifist.

Mr. Jones hastily approached the clergyman.

"She's got to wear it. Don't forget the name. It is Sarah," he whispered tensely.

Doctor Newbold had not only a very quick imagination but the rare gift of believing anything. In three seconds he thought of so many things that he stopped himself determinedly.

He would not be a pessimist. But he liked Junior, and he did not like a bride with a concealed face; nor the nervous whispering of Mr. Jones.

"Does James know?" he asked uncertainly.

"It is at his request," said Jones Senior with a frown.

Doctor Newbold perceived that Mr. Jones unfortunately was telling the truth, and shook his head.

Mr. Jones, who was giving the bride away, took his proper place. Bob the butler led the blindfolded groom to the exact spot where he was supposed to stand during the ceremony.

Junior, by looking down through the slit between the lower edge of the bandage and his face, saw the broad toes of the bride's brown shoes. What kind of life did they presage?

Then he heard Doctor Newbold say, "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Junior opened his mouth—and closed it again. And the little smile went from his lips.

Doctor Newbold waited as long as he deemed necessary. No one spoke.

Then Junior heard the voice of his pastor, who had known him all his life, ask sternly: "James, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

For the first time the stupendous folly of his act, the criminal aspect of his imbecile gamble, struck Junior with full force.

The minister was waiting for the answer. He had given his word.

"I will!" answered James J. Jones Junior, in a firm voice. He squared his shoulders, and the little smile came back to his lips.

He heard Doctor Newbold ask the woman, Sarah, whether she would obey him and serve him, love him and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep her only unto him so long as they two should live. He heard Sarah Henderson's voice for the first time, and it sent an electric thrill—of dismay—through him:

"I will!"

Then Doctor Newbold asked them to hold hands, and he heard the good doctor remonstrate with the bride. It was something about gloves. But the hand she gave him was gloved.

Junior had bet and lost! But his voice was steady as he repeated after Doctor Newbold, "I, James, take thee, Sarah, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward," and so on.

Then he heard her, Sarah, take him, James, to be her wedded husband.

Bob, best man and butler, gave the bandaged major the ring, and the major gave it to the woman, Sarah.

"No, not with the glove on," he heard Doctor Newbold say.

Then Junior got the ring back from the clergyman, and he repeated after his good friend:

"With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

He felt the touch of her hand for a fraction of a second. He could not tell whether it was large or small, smooth or rough; only that it was ice cold.

Then Junior felt his own hand taken by people he could not see, and did not wish to know. He gathered that they were congratulating him.

Doubtless they were congratulating the bride also, for he heard her say catarrhally, "I'm sure I'm much obliged to yeh!"

He turned and took a step—away from the voice. It was a step a blind man would take—timid, indecisive. He felt a hand grasp his left arm just above the elbow.

"That you, Bob?" he whispered.

"No! It is not!" said the voice that he was running away from.

"Bob!" called Junior.

"Right here, major," answered Bob. "Excuse me, ma'am."

He led his master into the dining room, where the wedding breakfast awaited the guests. It was the most uncomfortable meal of Junior's life. He knew that she sat beside him, because once when he told Bob in a low voice "Bob, butter my bread!" the voice he already hated volunteered, "It is buttered!"

There were toasts from Doctor Newbold and one or two others. Then the guests, whom Junior did not hate individually, because he had not seen them, but hated collectively because they were there for that purpose, began to talk of going away. He rose, and discovered that his wife stood beside him, because he heard a woman from Connecticut say, "Sarah, you'd better look after that cold of yours!"

"I haven't any cold!" snapped Sarah. Perhaps it was hay fever.

A little later he heard her again.

"Well, that's the last of them!"

"A perfectly wonderful wedding, Bob," said Junior. "I'd like to sit down."

"Yes, major," said Bob in a noncommittal voice, and led the famous American ace to an armchair.

He missed the movie men. What wouldn't they have slipped him for a look-in!

Junior was thinking. They were not pleasant thoughts. He felt a hand on his shoulder and heard his father say timidly, "Son?"

Fearing a speech Junior said quietly, "Not now, dad. Please!"

"Very well, my boy. But don't you think you might take off ——"

"No, I don't," said Junior, so quickly and decisively that his father said, "Very well, boy. Are you going, Sarah?"

"Yes, I am!" she answered.

Accustomed to commanding clerks she was not the kind that allowed anyone to thwart her.

"Bob!" called the major.

"Right here, major!"

The faithful Bob had not stirred from his side. Junior was glad.

"Take me upstairs to my room."

"Right-o!"

The bride hastened ahead, an ungainly figure in her brown business suit. She entered the room which a firm of decorators had turned from a banker's only son's den into a bride's boudoir. They had done wonders, considering they had only two working days to do it in. But Mr. Jones had kept on urging them, check book in hand.

The suggestions of a bridal chamber were rather obvious. The bureau was overfull of those toilet articles that no one buys excepting to give as wedding presents. They had Sarah Henderson's monogram. There were twin beds.

Mrs. James J. Jones Junior looked about her. Her glance rested finally on one of the twin beds. With a sudden motion she took off her hat and the veil with it, and flung them peevishly on the farther bed. Then she threw herself face downward on the other.

Junior went to the third floor, which he had fixed up with a view to permanent occupation. This included new spring locks on all the doors. He walked in and took off the bandage and blinked at the light. He closed his eyes, opened them, and closed them again.

"Give me my goggles, Bob." He put them on. "I'm all hunky now."

"Very well, major," said Bob, and hesitated.

Then the best man left, to be once more butler for Banker Jones.

Presently Junior grew accustomed to the light and took off the goggles.

He rose, went to the window and looked down on the landscape. It consisted of the back yards of a New York side street of the better class, seen from the third story. Then he looked up. The sky was very blue. The time was late May. He was twenty-four years old.

He went back to his armchair and sat down. He frowned at the ceiling, a straining look in his eyes, as though he were trying to read fine print. Then he leaned back in his chair, ceased to frown and closed his eyes.

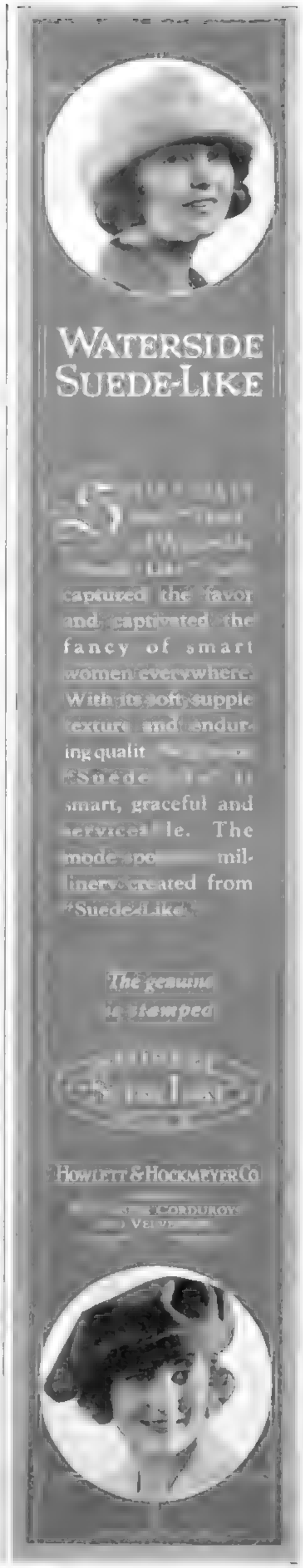
Suddenly he jumped to his feet. His fists were clenched.

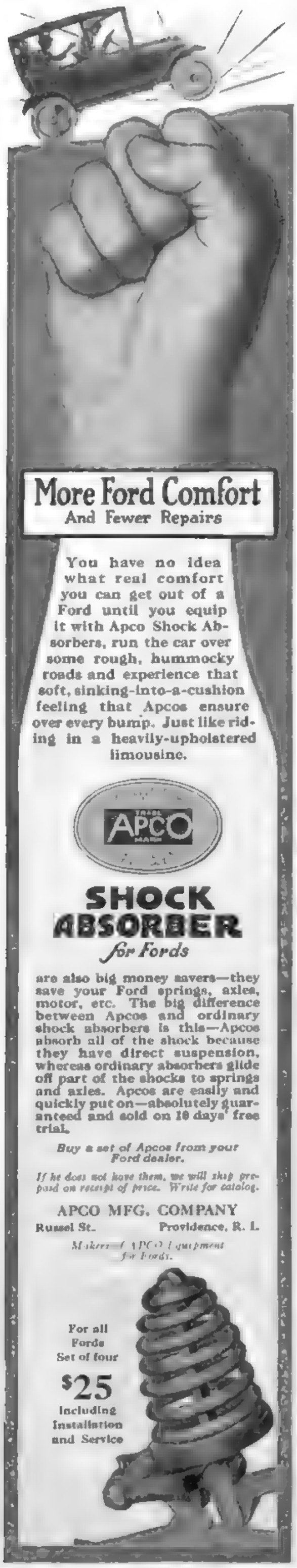
"Damnation!" he cried.

Late May! Twenty-four years!

III

JAMES J. JONES JUNIOR was too picturesquely known for the wedding not to contain front-page potentialities. But all the reporters who called at the Jones residence were told that the famous young ace and his bride were not at home. Mr. James J. Jones, father of the groom and president of a bank which really does not serve afternoon tea to its elderly female customers but nevertheless gets the cream of the trade, received the reporters and in a cold and practiced voice politely begged to be excused from discussing his son's plans. The wedding had been a quiet affair, only members of the two families being present. The young people had known each other from earliest childhood. He trusted in the reporters' honor not to fictionize the announcement of the wedding too lengthily.




More Ford Comfort
And Fewer Repairs
You have no idea what real comfort you can get out of a Ford until you equip it with Apco Shock Absorbers, run the car over some rough, hummocky roads and experience that soft, sinking-into-a-cushion feeling that Apcos ensure over every bump. Just like riding in a heavily-upholstered limousine.
APCO
SHOCK ABSORBER
for Fords
are also big money savers—they save your Ford springs, axles, motor, etc. The big difference between Apcos and ordinary shock absorbers is this—Apcos absorb all of the shock because they have direct suspension, whereas ordinary absorbers glide off part of the shocks to springs and axles. Apcos are easily and quickly put on—absolutely guaranteed and sold on 10 days' free trial.
Buy a set of Apcos from your Ford dealer.
If he does not have them, we will ship prepaid on receipt of price. Write for catalog.
APCO MFG. COMPANY
Russel St. Providence, R. I.
Makers of APCO Equipment for Fords.
For all Fords
Set of four
$25
Including Installation and Service

After the honorable reporters left he telephoned to the men higher up. It was not to ask them to suppress news but to request that no melodramatization be printed of the young couple's idyl, too delicate for the front page. Just the plain announcement in the social notes.

Since the ceremony was pulled off in the banker's own home and the bride was not poor, none of the papers played it up unfairly.

When Junior went down to breakfast the next morning it was on his mind that he would lunch with Bill Beebe at the Coffee House. They had been school chums at Westminster and they had kept up their altogether brotherly intimacy. It was Beebe's tragedy that he had not been accepted for the air service on account of weight, but since they had returned from France Junior had been taking his pal out for flights. On the rare and radiant occasions when W. Beebe permitted himself to think seriously he always managed to suggest some way out of a scrape. No jailer and no combination of circumstances had ever been able to keep Bill locked in. Junior would talk it over with him.

But the moment that Junior entered the dining room and saw the letters and telegrams beside his plate he knew it was out of the question.

His father was reading the papers.

"Good morning, dad," said Junior gravely.

"Good morning, son. They did very well, all of them. I rather feared ——" Mr. Jones ceased to talk in order to continue to read.

"I don't see why you should have feared," said Junior calmly.

He sat down and began to open and read the letters and telegrams. Every one of them contained a message of congratulations.

It was perfectly evident that he would have to remain in hiding during the time that he was supposed to be on his honeymoon. If he were seen in the streets of New York he undoubtedly would have to explain. What words of his could give the slightest semblance of reason to his own outrage against elementary common sense?

The fearless ace would have to wander aimlessly from room to room and floor to floor—excepting the second. He could not fly or motor or dine out or ask his best friend to call and talk. And all because ——

"Good morning!"

The voice had the catarrhal quality of the stage Yankee as well as a hostile cocksureness that irritated him unspeakably.

He stood up politely and in a noncommittal voice said "Good morning."

Mr. Jones said cheerfully, "Good morning, Sarah, dear."

Bob the butler stood behind her chair, and Junior noticed that she was quite as tall as Bob, who was barely an inch shorter than Junior. She wore a dark-green dress, white silk gloves, not too tight, and the brown-straw sailor hat and heavy veil that she had worn at the wedding.

"Aren't you going to ——" began Mr. Jones.

"Oh, I can eat just as well with it as without it," answered his daughter-in-law.

Junior would not have believed it possible for any human voice to be as exasperating as his wife's. He did not look again but ate on in silence, full of a dull anger—at himself, at his father, at her, at the world.

Being fair he finally confined his anger to himself. His one desire now was to finish and go back to his room as quickly as possible, as though they had been married twenty years instead of twenty hours.

The silence evidently got on the nerves of Mr. Jones Senior, for he asked in a voice that he tried to make affectionately paternal, "Well, Sarah, have you any plans for this fine day?"

"Do I have to have plans?" she asked disagreeably.

"Oh, no! No, my dear," Mr. Jones hastily assured her, pathetically anxious to please. "Oh, no. But I thought that it was such a fine day you might wish to go out."

"Alone?" she asked.

"Why—er ——" stammered old Jones. "Junior, don't you think a motor ride to—er ——"

"No, I don't," said Junior calmly and coldly. "I have here twenty-eight letters and telegrams of congratulations, and the senders all assume I—er—we are out of town. Would you like to see the—ah—congratulations?"

He bowed politely in the direction of the veiled figure.

"They are not my friends," she drawled.

"That, I am sure, is a very great misfortune for them," said Junior, so politely that even his doting father flushed.

The veiled woman's gloved right hand clenched about the coffee spoon and then relaxed.

"It is quite enough that they are yours," she said.

It was the first time that Junior knew a sneer to be successfully and completely negotiated through the nasal passages.

"Now, children," said Mr. Jones with an air of stern decision, "this is not going to keep on. You are married now and you ought to try to be happy and—and—er—peaceful. You can't live this way. That's impossible. Junior, I want you to ——"

"Suppose," interrupted Mrs. Jones rudely, "that you let your son speak for himself." The veiled head nodded toward Junior not overpacifically.

"I have nothing to say," said Junior indifferently.

"Nothing to say?" she mimicked.

"If you will excuse me I shall retire to my room to express my grateful appreciation in writing to those friends who have so intelligently congratulated me on my happy marriage."

He rose.

Mr. Jones frowned and opened his mouth, but before he could emit sounds Mrs. Jones said peremptorily to her husband, "Wait a minute!"

"Yes?" Junior politely waited.

"Nobody held a revolver to your head."

"That," Junior assured her courteously, "is the one regret of my life." His little smile had come back.

"Do you want me to—to—do you wish me to take off this veil and live with you as your wife or don't you? No beating about the bush! Yes or no?"

"I would not dream of putting you to all that bother," said Junior.

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Oh, yes," smiled Junior. "I can say yes or no."

"Then say one or the other," she commanded irritably.

"I do not wish to see your face."

"Very well," she told him, and turned to Papa Jones. "Hereafter I shall come down only to dinner, Uncle James. I am used to breakfasting at 7:30. I am always at the office by eight. This is my first and last family breakfast here."

Junior, who really was angry now, said to her in affectionate tones, "If you have no further commands, my dear ——"

She turned towards him sharply and half rose from her chair, her hands clenching and unclenching convulsively.

Then she visibly regained control of herself and said, "Very well, my hero!"

Junior bowed to her gravely and walked with much dignity out of the room. As he reached the door he heard his distressed father expostulating mildly.

"Sarah, dear girl! Please! Don't you think you had better ——"

"Listen!" Junior heard her say peremptorily. "He isn't your husband. He's mine. If he were really the man you always told me he was ——"

Junior did not hear what else his wife said, and she did not hear what her husband said.

It was just as well that she did not, for what the chivalrous only son of James J. Jones said was, "Damn her hide!"

But he instantly realized that no gentleman should speak that way of a woman who has been his wife less than twenty-four hours. He apologized for it by muttering under his breath as he went up the stairs, "She certainly got my goat!"

IV

MRS. JAMES J. JONES JUNIOR kept her word, and Junior lunched alone. He did not regret her absence so much as he resented his own presence in his father's dining room at that time of day. Luncheon is a meal that no male New Yorker under seventy-three is supposed to have at home. Since his return from France Junior had been accustomed to devote two hours at midday to the perpetuation of old friendships rather than to the routine of feeding. He would telephone to a few intimates and secure a quartet for a corner table at the club. They did not regard him as a newspaper hero to be worshiped but as an old pal who had been lucky. They were proud of him but he saw that they tried not to let him see it. An ideal arrangement! And they frankly envied him his opportunities and not his medals.

He now found himself deprived of their society by a woman who spoke to his father peevishly. Junior did not mind worrying Mr. Jones Senior, but, as his astute friend W. Bradley Willard, alias Jess, was fond of remarking, a Christian gent owed it to himself to keep all strangers from also annoying the old man. The trouble monopoly was a family duty.

He could not understand his father's obsession. Of course all business men were more or less erratic. A lifetime spent in banking was to blame for the marriage. What sort of woman was a woman with a good business head? The late Hetty Green was doubtless a remarkable person, but without disrespect of her ashes he certainly would not wish to marry a second Hetty Green.

At the same time he freely admitted that he had made an unmitigated ass of himself. His only excuse was that he did not love anyone else and never would. The reason that he never would was that he never had. The really pressing problem therefore was how to pass away the time he was supposed to spend honeymooning. After that he must contrive to keep her from annoying him by living in the same house. He assumed that she must sooner or later return to Timallenville, Connecticut, to resume her job as the whole Henderson Manufacturing Company.

After luncheon he went upstairs to the roof to walk a few hundred times around the edge of the landing platform, as though it were the deck of a steamer. He noticed that the Whitneys' chimney made enough shade for a comfortable chair to be used to advantage. There on cool days he might read works of fiction; and on very warm days, books on banking.

He went downstairs, sent Bob to buy a steamer chair and telephoned to the bookshop that kept his father in literature. He had found something to do.

That night at dinner he answered his father's questions cheerfully. Fortunately, Sarah did not feel called upon to speak at all. She wore the brown dress in which she had been married, and the ill-fitting brown gloves and the veil. It made it awkward for her to eat. Soup, oysters, peas and such things were obviously out of the question, and she barely tasted the gravyless things that she could handle with a fork within the shelter of the thick brown veil. Several times he was tempted to suggest to her to discard the veil, but he checked his impulse and even muttered to himself, "*Ipnoti nulla cupido!*"

Mr. Jones Senior, having less control over his vocal apparatus, spoke right out. "Look here, Sarah, you should know—you ought to—do you think ——" He paused.

"What are you trying to say?" she asked impatiently in her regular voice.

Mr. Jones, naturally peeved, answered mildly, "I'm trying to say that you ought to be done with such foolishness."

"Which foolishness?"

Junior knew from her tone that she was frowning.

"Trying to dine with that veil on. It can't be done. I don't propose to have you starve yourself ——"

"And I haven't the remotest intention of starving myself."

"Well, then ——"

"Applying ordinary sense to the problem," she said with a catarrhal superciliousness that made the iron-nerved Junior drum on his thigh with his finger tips, "I have already eaten all that I wish to eat. I did it by the relatively simple expedient of dining in my room. It makes more bother for the servants, but there isn't enough work to keep half of them busy anyhow. Of course, it is your house ——"

"You are sole mistress here," interjected old Jones gallantly.

"You say that, but I know better than to take your words literally," she retorted ungraciously. "I shall not interfere with the routine of this household. I am here from a sense of duty."

"We are very glad to have you, Sarah," Father Jones assured her.

"My husband does not seem to share your happiness," she said.

Junior hesitated, then, speaking slowly, as if he were picking his words:

"I do not think it is necessary for me to be a hypocrite. I am your husband; but that does not oblige me to be glad to have you here. Suppose we now indulge in a nice friendly silence?"

(Continued on Page 36)

Re-roofing for the last time
Send for this book
You will be interested in the many roofing ideas and economies explained in this booklet. A post-card asking for "Re-roofing for the last time" will bring your copy. Address below.

–right over the old shingles

and save money five ways

ARE you thinking of re-roofing? Here's a way that will reduce considerably the strain on your bank account. *Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over the old roof.*

It's a clear case of where saving money on the job actually results in a more efficient roof.

The five-way saving

1. *No need to tear off the old roof.* The carpenter saves labor and time, which means, of course, that you save money. Another thing, while the work is going on you are never in danger of roof leakage due to sudden rainstorms.

2. *No dirt and clutter to clear away.* No broken shrubbery or littered lawns or mussed-up property. It's a clean, quick job from start to finish.

3. *No future repair work.* Once on the old roof you need never worry about Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. Over a decade ago Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles were laid over the worn-out roof of the Garden City Hotel (Long Island). In all that time not a single repair has been necessary. In fact the roof is in better shape now than when it was first laid because Asbestos Shingles toughen with age.

4. *No fire hazard in the new roof.* You know what a fire-resisting agent asbestos is. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are given the highest rating by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. This means that you get base rates of insurance.

5. *Saves coal. The upstairs rooms are warmer in winter.* The double roofdeck, old shingles under the new, takes care of that. Dry wood is a wonderful insulator. Outside temperatures are kept outside. You'll notice the difference next winter.

And a beautiful housetop, too

Asbestos Shingles are noted among architects for their beauty—soft shades of gray, brown or red—rough, artistic edges, or sharp smooth ones if you wish. And they come in two shapes so that they can be laid in either of two ways—hexagonal or straight shingle method—whichever you prefer.

See your local dealer today, or if your mind is not quite made up send a post-card for the booklet pictured above.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
INCORPORATED
MADISON AVENUE, AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

Bero
REG. U.S. PAT OFF
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

QUALITY *without* *Extravagance*

YOUR good-looking new Fall hat *stays* that way through long service if it's a Berg Hat. Well-dressed men are content to wear Berg Hats beyond the usual term of service because of the Sta-Shape* Brim—"it retains the style-lines longer."

**Trade Mark Applied For*

At Men's Shops the Nation Over
from $5 *up*

F. BERG & COMPANY
Established 1864 *in* Orange, New Jersey

General Sales Offices:
Albemarle Bldg., 1107 Broadway, New York
Boston, San Francisco

Bero
REG. U.S. PAT OFF
HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 34)

Junior's voice was calm, even, almost gentle. Mr. Jones looked at his son in astonishment that presently turned to uneasiness. The veiled woman nodded.

For the first time in his married life Junior found something to admire in his own wife.

Later, when Junior asked Bob the butler for the evening papers, he was informed that Mrs. Jones had taken all of them to her room.

"Get an extra set hereafter—morning and evening—for me, Bob."

"Very well, major."

V

THE next morning after breakfast Junior went up to the roof to read the newspapers. He had not finished the first page of The Times when he saw Bob's face rising out of the scuttle hole. There was a look of dismay on it as he said, "Telephone, major."

Junior rose hastily and asked, "Who is it?"

"Your father, sir."

"What's wrong?" he asked, seeing the expression of Bob's face.

"He didn't say, sir."

Junior hastened downstairs.

His father wished to know if Junior wanted him to turn in the old Putz roadster in part payment for the new Spear touring car or whether Junior wished to keep the old car.

"Sure, turn it in," Junior answered, much relieved. "Is that all you want? . . . Perhaps you'd better wait then until I can try it. . . . Very well, dad."

Junior hung up the receiver and saw Bob, who was standing by. He asked, "Bob, what made you look so scared when you came up to tell me my father wished to speak to me?"

"I—I—I wasn't scared, major."

"What was it, then?"

"Why—er—it wasn't anything, major."

"Look here, Bob; you're trying to lie to me."

"No, I'm not, major."

"Was it anything you heard?"

"No, sir."

"Was it anything you saw?"

Bob, who had answered the other questions promptly, now hesitated.

"Come across," said Junior sternly. "What was it?"

"Why—er—I—er—I saw —— Her door was open and I couldn't help seeing ——" He stopped.

"What did you see?" snapped Junior.

"She—she didn't have her veil on."

"Well? Well?"

"That was all, sir."

"You saw her face?"

Bob fidgeted uncomfortably before he answered, "I—I didn't really see it."

"You did!" contradicted Junior.

"I didn't take a good look at it, sir," protested Bob.

"I understand," said Junior slowly. "You saw it and it scared you. Bad as that, eh?"

"Major, I didn't take a good squint at it. Honest to goodness, I didn't. All I could see was that she wore specs and—and—that's all, sir."

"Bob, do you think I'm your friend?"

"I sure do."

"I am going to ask you something."

"Please don't, major."

"As friend to friend," Junior spoke slowly, "tell me this:

"If she were your wife would you ask her to take off the veil or would you let her wear it all the time?"

Bob squirmed and fidgeted, then in desperation he said, "Well, sir, as long as she wanted to I'd let her keep it on, sir."

"Thank you, Bob. So will I."

It was no more than he had expected; nevertheless it made it difficult for him to read his novel. He had heard of homely girls who won the love of their husbands after marriage by their sweetness of disposition, nobility of character or charm of personality. But a homely girl who was not amiable he had never heard of or read about. What lovable trait could she possibly have? Well, courage was an admirable thing, and he felt that Sarah was fearless.

Measuring by Bob's agitation, she must be almost repulsive. To be sure, Bob was an inveterate chicken fancier. On the other hand, to an elderly business man, brains in a woman do not constitute a fatal defect. Experienced youth, however, knows the price that the average woman has to pay for them.

He went back to the roof. The shadows were intensely blue except where a gray-painted brick wall caught the reflection from a red-painted tin roof farther down. It was the kind of day that makes staying at home a crime against one's health and a sin against one's Creator—the sin of ingratitude. That particular quality of air was made for man to speed through. It occurred to Junior that he might disguise his face with a cap and goggles and Bob's service coat. A little run by himself incognito to Mt. Kisco in his racer would be all the medicine a married man needed to make him feel cheerful.

"Oh, that is what you do, is it?"

He stopped reading in order to look in the direction of the guilty nose. He was in time to see his veiled wife step out of the scuttle opening to the roof. He could not help observing that she wore brown hose, not of silk, and badly wrinkled. As for what the stockings covered, they were not thin, but the lines were not beautiful. Some people might have called them serviceable. It was plain that she was going to lose no opportunity to be consistent throughout.

He rose as she approached him.

"Good morning. Were you looking for me?" he asked politely.

"I saw the scuttle was open and wondered ——"

"You might have fallen," he interjected.

"And broken my neck, eh? I'm sorry, but I'm sure-footed."

He looked at them. Broad toed; tan.

"You must have been the most popular member of your class at college," he said with an amazingly polite air of conviction.

"I do not think that that is an especially amusing remark. As a matter of fact, I was not popular at all. I gave ten thousand dollars to found two scholarships, one in architecture and the other in commerce."

"And it annoyed your classmates?"

"It made the New York fashion plates dislike me and the Western farm hands foam at the mouth. It was my own money and I gave it the way I wanted to give it. But what I came to tell you is that I am having the house cleaned throughout."

"You mean?"

"I mean it needed it badly. I am changing the furniture about with some notion of the eternal fitness of things. There must be pieces in your room ——"

"Not one," he said hastily. "Don't touch them—er—please," he finished, remembering to be polite.

"That's all nonsense. There's a chair in there that belongs to the set in Uncle James' room, and a table that came from the library ——"

"I'll be obliged if you'll tell the servants to keep their hands off my junk," he said, still politely.

"The place for junk is a yard, not a bedroom. There is no need of a panic. All I want to do is to give the house what it needs; and that is, a thorough cleaning. The need is not confined to any one room."

"But there are things that I'd rather not have disturbed," he remonstrated with touching mildness.

"Oh, I would not dream of interfering with your methods of filing documents for reference. But dirt is dirt and soap is soap, and the vacuum cleaner makes the routine operation relatively free from pain."

She turned on her low flat heel and started for the scuttle. He saw her step into the opening awkwardly and thought from the way she went about it that she might make a misstep and fall. In fact he felt certain she would.

Nevertheless he jumped to his feet and conscientiously cried, "Be careful! That ladder was not made for your sex."

Before his Doctor Jekyll had time to congratulate himself on his triumph over his Mr. Hyde she retorted begrudgingly: "I wondered whether you'd be chivalrous enough to warn me or —— Oh!" She slipped. He leaped toward her, but she recovered herself and gasped—nasal to the last, "I'm all right!"

"I'm sorry," he told her, referring to her fright.

"I know you are," she said with a catarrhal vindictiveness that exasperated him. Sympathy dislikes wasting itself.

He went back to his steamer chair and determinedly forced himself to read the headlines without heat or haste. He then perused the sporting pages of each newspaper, including verses by a poetical golf expert.

It was too early to think of lunching when he had finished the last of the newspapers, and he decided to resume his course in fiction. He went down to his room to fetch one of the books he had received from the dealer.

Two maids and a man—strangers to him—were at work under the nasal direction of his wife. She was in her brown going-away dress and her brown veil. The union laborers were wiping and dusting and vacuum-cleaning away for all the world as if they were conscientiously doing what they were paid for. Junior admitted to himself that if so much as a grain of dust escaped his wife's eye it deserved the Nobel prize for successful camouflage.

She turned her veiled head toward him. He somehow knew that she was frowning. He felt himself forced not only to explain but to apologize.

"I came for a book," the famous ace said meekly.

"Haven't dusted them yet," she said. "Lift it up, Mary. It's the dust you don't see that does the damage."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary, so cheerfully that Junior nearly collapsed.

"Atkinson, that vacuum cleaner was not designed to bore holes with. Keep moving. That way you will look younger and earn your wages. And that ought to be a pleasure to you after all these years."

Junior moved closer in order to smite Atkinson for his impertinence, but the man said "Yes, miss," and smiled. He even manipulated the vacuum cleaner as she suggested!

"This is the way, isn't it?" He seemed anxious to obey.

"Yes," she rasped nasally. "And try acting as if you got paid by the job. Toward your right!"

The vacuumist came toward Junior so determinedly that to avoid being run down Junior left the room without the book. He decided to go into the library on the floor below and get one of the magazines. After all, what he wanted was to kill time that otherwise might be spent in thinking of marriage.

He opened the door of the library and looked in. Agnes, the old chambermaid, was sitting on the floor wiping bric-a-brac with an elaborate carefulness.

"What in the world are you doing, Agnes?"

"Earnin' me wages for a change," she replied, so glacially that he knew she was quoting.

"Get up and go away, Agnes. I want to read."

"It's all got to be cleaned. She said so and —— Oh, there they go! Close the door, Mister Junior. Oh! Oh!" The breeze from the street had nearly blown the magazines from the big table.

Junior closed the door, with himself on the outside. Bob the butler, followed by an Ethiopian with another vacuum cleaner, walked up the stairs.

"Where the devil are you going, Bob?"

"Over the top to the second-line trenches. Just finished downstairs."

"Finished what?"

"Finished upsetting the first floor."

"Who told you to do it?"

Bob, valiant ex-soldier, looked about before he whispered lopsidedly, "She did!"

"Why didn't you strike?" asked Junior.

"Strike who? The coon? 'Twasn't his fault."

"No; quit!"

"I ain't that kind. And, anyhow, I won't quit until I've done what she asked, so she can see it wasn't because I was afraid of work."

"Is that what she said?"

"Not exactly," said Bob; and Junior knew it was exactly that.

"See here, Bob," he began.

"Will you please get off that rug, major? It's got to go to the cleaner and ——"

Junior decided to go back to the roof and read the help-wanted ads. The two strange maids were now at work on the third-floor hall. He passed by them with a frown and climbed to the next floor. Then he went to the roof.

The few minutes he had been absent from it had been enough for a magic transformation. The veiled figure and the former vacuumist had strung up lines and were hanging up rugs. There was no place where he could sit comfortably, especially after the man Atkinson began beating the dusty ones.

"Do you want anything in particular?" she asked.

"I'd like to ask if my room is fit to occupy," he answered politely.

(Continued on Page 39)

PATTON'S Velumina

The OIL Flat Wall Paint

Pore-Proof

Washable Walls

Just water with soap, or in extreme cases a little washing powder, will restore Patton's Velumina-finished walls to original sanitary cleanliness, and soft, beautiful attractiveness.

Patton's Velumina gives a finish without pores to absorb dirt and discolor the finish. Surface dirt is easily washed away.

Patton's Velumina is the glossless, artistic, long-service wall decoration for residences, apartments and public buildings. It is ready for use in white and sixteen beautiful colors.

Sold everywhere by quality dealers; used by exacting painters and decorators.

Write for "Proof" booklet.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
Patton-Pitcairn Division
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Save the surface and you save all

PITCAIRN AGED VARNISHES

Proof PRODUCTS

PATTON-PITCAIRN DIVISION
INTER-INDUSTRIES

PATTON'S PAINTS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

PLATE, ART AND WINDOW GLASS · PAINTS · VARNISHES · BRUSHES · INSECTICIDES

Look for this Gold Seal when you buy

"For a low-priced rug—that's a dandy!"

"*ISN'T it so prising to find such attractive rugs so remarkably low-priced!*" That's what everyone says about *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs.

And no matter whether it is a rug for the living room, bedroom or kitchen, people always say the same thing. For these beautiful rugs come in rich colorings and designs artistically suitable for every room in the house.

You'll find that these rugs not only save you money, but hours of time in cleaning. They require no laborious beating or sweeping. The lightest mopping leaves their waterproof surface clean and spotless.

They are extremely durable and lie perfectly snug on the floor without fastening of any kind. The smooth, firm surface sturdily withstands the wear of busy feet. The rich colors will not fade.

1½ x 3	feet $ .60	3 x 4½	feet $1.80
3 x 3	feet 1.20	3 x 6	feet 2.40

The rug illustrated is made only in the sizes below. However, the smaller rugs can be had in colors to harmonize with it.

6 x 9	feet $ 9.75	9 x 10½	feet $16.60
7½ x 9	feet 11.85	9 x 12	feet 19.00

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Look for the Gold Seal When You Buy

The Gold Seal, facsimile of which is shown above, is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of the roll Floor-Covering. It is our pledge of satisfaction to you—a pledge we keep without question or quibble.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Chicago, Atlanta, Kansas City, San Francisco, Dallas, Montreal

(Continued from Page 36)

"I don't think Clara is quite done. Your butler ought to have finished the first floor by now."

"He has," said Junior grimly.

"You'd better go to the drawing-room, then."

"Perhaps the cellar would be better."

"I am having coal put in. You save seventy-five cents a ton if you ——"

"Oh, yes," said Junior, and left her.

In the chill discomfort of the drawing-room James J. Jones Junior regretfully reminded himself that he had promised his father to spend his honeymoon with his wife under one and the same roof. But the best way would be to go on an excursion and—keep on going. The thought so cheered him that when he heard steps outside in the hall he went to the door, saw Bob, and asked him where the machine gunners were.

"In Mr. Jones' room, sir."

"Nobody escapes her!" reflected Junior, philosophically bearing up with the invasion of his father's territory. He went back to the least uncomfortable chair and read the unread part of the newspaper until luncheon time. After lunch he sent Bob to get a much-advertised book, and read it during that part of the afternoon that he did not spend sleeping.

It was after six when Bob the butler woke him up to tell him that the enemy had withdrawn, and Junior was able to change his clothes almost in time for dinner.

His father and Sarah were there before him.

"Well, well, the place certainly looks different," said Mr. Jones Senior, with such pathetic eagerness to please that Junior looked at him in surprise. He was only her father-in-law.

"It needed the change," she replied, without any especial gratitude. "As soon as it's fit for human beings to live in I'm going to Timallenville. I'm needed there."

"My dear child, you can't go during your ——" began Mr. Jones. He paused awkwardly.

"Oh, call it by name," she said. "My honeymoon!" And she laughed bitterly.

"Surely there must be someone there ——" Mr. Jones was doing his best.

"My father filled the office with men. Some of them have grown up with the plant. I've offered to pension them off, but they insist upon being useful. Useful? If I had my way I'd ——" She paused.

"Can't you telephone your instructions?" asked Father Jones.

"Oh, my telephone bills run up to thirty dollars a day some days. They are mostly men, I tell you."

"Well, I am one myself." Mr. Jones smiled so deprecatingly that Junior frowned.

"You know how my father's will read. If it were not for his sentimental obligations I wouldn't have those antediluvians about me." She paused.

"When did you say you were going to Timallenville?" inquired Junior encouragingly.

She turned toward him and he felt that she was staring at him through her brown veil. Her unseen glance was mysteriously uncomfortable. Then, speaking slowly, quietly, she answered him:

"I'm going to-morrow. I'm going there to work—to do what ought to be done by a young man, by a strong man, by an able man, by a square man. I am going there to listen to unreasonable complaints, to whines and accusations and excuses and threats, from male beasts and male crooks and male cowards. I shall have to decide whether to fight the ignorance of fools and the greed of pigs or whether to give them more money and pass the bill to the public."

Junior was listening in amazement. She went on.

"A young man is needed, for these are new days; a strong man, for they are dangerous days; an able man, for they are perplexing days; a square man, for these are days of hatred, and only justice can win. I am going, and you"—she rose to her feet and pointed her gloved hand at him—"and you play the hero in your chair at home!"

"My dear"—and Mr. Jones rose also—"my dear Sarah, I beg of you!"

"Excuse me, Uncle James; I have to pack up."

She left the room quickly.

Junior noticed that her left shoulder was slightly higher than the right, as often happens with those who habitually carry loads in the right hand; and she walked rather stiffly, almost as if she had fallen arches. But her speech had made an impression on him.

"You must have exasperated her," said Mr. Jones with an unjust frown at his son.

"There seem to be many things in life that exasperate her," said Junior, feeling his sympathy ooze out of him.

"My son," Mr. Jones spoke quietly, "what Sarah said should spur you to—er—do something."

"What makes you think," asked Junior coldly, "that she wants me to make her business my business?"

"Certainly she does."

"And what makes you think that I could do any better than she? You've always told me she was the smartest business woman you ever met."

"Well, you can become one if you try ——"

"Become a business woman?" asked Junior.

"Can't you at least stop talking like an ass?" said Mr. Jones exasperatedly.

"Silence is golden," agreed Junior, and closed his lips determinedly.

"It's not the not having something to do that's the trouble. It's the not having something to do regularly," said the most easily recognizable voice in the world. "If he only twirled his thumbs at fixed hours in the Park it wouldn't be so bad. But this eternal aimlessness! It would drive me insane!"

Junior's eyes were fixed on his father's face and he saw a look of agreement come over it. Then he heard his wife say, "Let me give you some advice: Be an intelligent idler. Have fixed hours, I tell you."

"I thank you," Junior said most politely.

"Don't mention it. Uncle James, I've made up my mind to take that Argentine contract. It will require a little more than we figured on, and I might as well increase that loan before rates go up. I'm sure you'll not ask me for additional collateral. It's only two hundred fifty thousand more."

"It's very kind of you," said Father Jones, "but it will be no trouble to take care of a few more Liberty Bonds for you."

"Our storage capacity for our own assets is unsurpassed. Are you yearning for three golden balls to put over the front entrance to your bank? Remember, we have to give long credits down there. Make it six months. I may need some of it right away. You might make a note of it so there'll be no need to waste time or money telephoning."

"Penny pincher!" cried Father Jones, so obviously delighted that Junior rose and said, "If you two will excuse me I'll go upstairs." But he saw that they did not hear him, being busy discussing the terms of the new loan.

Later he thought of her words. If what she said was true, and he really did not doubt it, the veiled woman was doing a wonderful stunt in Timallenville: one that appealed to him—fighting against odds, fighting cowardice and prejudices, doing what no woman should be called upon to do.

But he also reflected on what a wonderful thing delivery is. Joan of Arc, beautiful and possessing a ringing voice, was one thing; a woman wearing a brown veil to hide an impossible face, and speaking through her nose, aroused merely regret.

If she were not what she was he undoubtedly would have been glad to fight with her. And from fighting with her to fighting for her would not have been such a long step. As it was ——

The fault lay with Mr. James J. Jones Senior.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

$1000 a Laugh

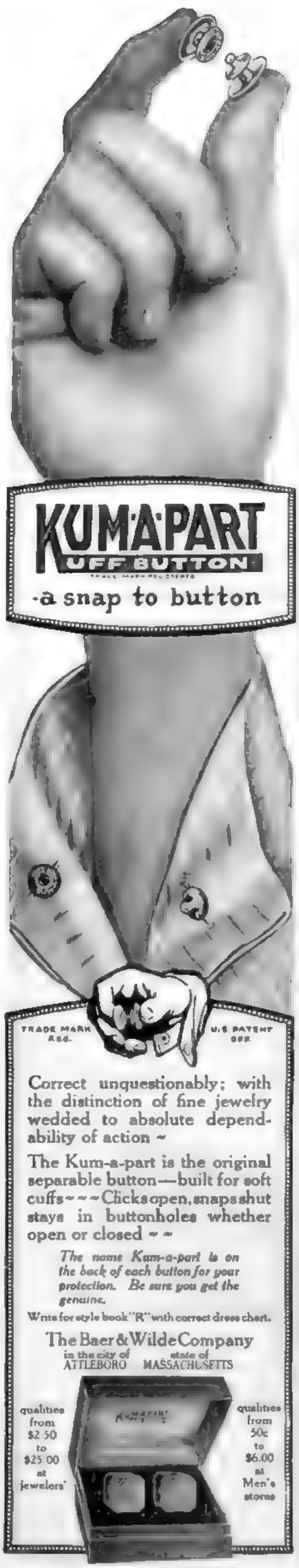
A producer of musical comedies once stated that every laugh is worth $1000.

How much does a grouch cost a man or woman who has it?

It costs them everything—happiness, contentment, friends.

Do not carry around an indigestion grouch. More careful selection of food, proper mastication and the chewing of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum will go far toward keeping your digestion in good working order, and your laugh will spread sunshine and gain friends.

American Chicle Company
New York Chicago
San Francisco



BEWARE OF THE DOG!

(Continued from Page 16)

devour not her kittens; and that she have ears, eyes, teeth and nails, and is a good mouser."

Animals have received their full share of attention at the hands of the law from the earliest times, cattle being one of the first forms of property to be recognized; and because they are irrational beings though having independent lives, instincts and wills of their own, yet at the same time can be the subject of ownership, their dual natures have been a fertile source of trouble both to lawyers and to judges. They are said to have no legal rights or obligations, and in the absence of special statutes cannot be made and will not be recognized by the courts as parties to litigation, yet for centuries they were formally accused, summoned to the bar, tried for their offenses and punished. They can be domesticated one minute and—having regained their freedom—wild the next. They have been held on the one hand to be "dangerous weapons" when incited by unscrupulous owners against their enemies; but on the other as having sufficient independence to be able to attack inoffensive people without rendering their masters responsible.

To-day they are at once the subject of the tenderest solicitude upon the part of the law, and the most cold-blooded indifference. The law regarding them is voluminous, yet there is no textbook upon the subject of animals, not even a handbook on dogs and cats, and the only general article dealing with the latter of which I am aware is one entitled Dogs and the Law, tossed off by Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, in one of his lighter moments a quarter century ago. Yet Sir Henry Maine says somewhere that canine jurisprudence under the old Irish law had achieved such development that a large part of one of the Brehon Law Tracts is devoted to the laws relating to dog fights and the injuries sustained by persons concerned in them either as backers, owners or spectators.

There is no authoritative legal definition of "dog." The Supreme Court of Indiana [State vs. Giles, 125 Ind. 154] though not deciding specifically whether or not they are animals, has adjudged them to be "brute creatures and domestic fowls." This is no more surprising and probably no less logical than the decision classifying trained serpents as implements of a trade or profession. The court's failure in the Giles case to decide specifically that dogs were animals was perhaps remedied by Judge Maston, of Michigan, in the celebrated dog case of Heisrodt vs. Hackett, in which he held that dogs are neither persons nor constables, and that a statute permitting any person, and requiring police officers, to kill unlicensed dogs, does not justify one dog in killing another dog of his own motion. In this last case it appeared that a nice little dog which had strayed upon the defendant's premises had been attacked by a large, ferocious dog and killed. The defendant claimed that the little dog had no collar on and under a local statute could have been killed by anybody.

What a Dog Isn't

Said the court: "It does not clearly appear from the record under what particular part of this section defendant's dog was, or claimed to be acting, when he committed the deadly act. He seems to have considered it his duty to kill the plaintiff's dog. Yet it is not clear from the record, and I am not satisfied we have any right to presume, that he, defendant's dog, was either *de jure* or *de facto* a police officer, or constable, and if he held neither of these positions at the time, then clearly it was not his duty to act in so summary and so severe a manner. Neither does it appear that defendant's dog ever applied to the township or city treasury and received therefrom the compensation to which such officers are entitled in like cases, so that it cannot be said that the proper public authorities ever, by paying him, ratified the act. We are satisfied he does not come under the other clause which permits 'any person' to kill such animals, and shall therefore dismiss that branch of the case from further consideration."

There seems to be something inherent in dog cases that incites every judge who tries one to mad waggery or maudlin sentimentality. There is more gush over dead dogs, and more asinine humor from the bench over live ones, than is ever wasted on either the deceased or the defendant in a murder case. Few judges can resist quoting Old Dog Tray, Goldsmith's Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog and Byron's epitaph to his dead St. Bernard, to say nothing of the inevitable references to Cerberus, Landseer, and the rollicking joy of following the hounds, on the part of legal luminaries who never got nearer to a fox hunt than a barroom sporting print. Such literary efforts usually begin with a barefaced allegation that it is customary to despise the dog as a mean, cowardly creature, fit only to be kicked about, to have a can tied to its tail, or at best suffered to shiver in a corner beyond the heat of the fire. The heroic expounder of canine merits then boldly declares that the time at last has come to stand up for the poor, downtrodden brute, and proceeds to picture him as the friend of man from the time of the Pyramids to the present day, from the frozen pole to the torrid zone. But bad as bathos can be, all self-respecting dogs are entitled to resent the levity which the mere mention of the canine breed seems to arouse in the judicial breast. Occasionally, however, one comes across an opinion which tends to lighten the daily task of reading others.

The Tin-Can Case

In Commonwealth vs. Hobbes [68 Pittsburgh Legal Journal 649] the testimony showed, according to the opinion of the court, "that the defendants being pestered by the attentions of a shepherd dog, conceived and executed the notion of tying a tin can to its tail in order to create in its mind a disposition for an expeditious departure; that the dog, instead of departing in the anticipated manner, lingered in the vicinity without exhibiting the usual canine symptoms of mental anxiety and anguish; that while thus it lingered a bull dog, with audacious disregard of decency, laid violent teeth upon it, inflicting personal injury, which, alone, and not the can, inspired the victim's owner to institute this prosecution; that there was no causal connection whatever between the can appended to the tail by defendants and the injury inflicted by the bull dog, either by inviting the latter's attack or by impeding the victim's defense; that on the contrary, if the appendage had operated in the usual manner, it would have borne the appendee in rapid flight safely beyond the reach of any other creature, particularly one as sluggish as a bull dog; that there was no complicity by the defendants with the bull dog's performance, nor even any anticipation by them of that animal's rude entrance into this canine cataclysm."

The court held that there was no evidence that any physical pain was inflicted. As to mental pain intentionally inflicted Judge Fuller said: "This resolves the case into the purely psychological inquiry, what effect on the mind of the dog was in the mind of the defendant when the can was annexed, and what effect was actually produced?

"So far as concerns the effect on the mind of the dog, we concur with the philosopher who promulgated the theory that in order to determine what a dog thinks one must be inside of the dog's head without being the dog; but this consideration is really irrelevant, because a dog's response to the annexation of a tin can is a purely thoughtless performance, involving an amount of cerebral action which, to say the least, is infinitesimal, for it is plain that if the dog paused to think of the matter at all he would ignore the can as a perfectly innocuous article. . . .

"The defendants intended to terrify the dog, but the dog was not, in fact, terrified, nor did it even feel insulted. Terror might have developed if the opportunity to do so had not been frustrated by the intervention of the bull dog. Thus doth law move in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. The bull dog, an unforeseen factor in the affair, has occasioned all the trouble which affects the case. It inflicted all the pain which was suffered by its canine congener, it inspired the present prosecution, with the direful consequence of the present opinion, and, most reprehensible element of all, its performance now protects cruel-hearted men from receiving their just deserts."

It is, of course, to-day well established in most jurisdictions that a dog is a domestic animal and that its owner has the same right of property in it as in anything else, which he can defend in equal fashion, and for damage to which he can sue in the courts. But this is not so everywhere, and the courts were for a long time slow in adopting the view that a dog could have any particular value or that the owner of a dog run over by a wagon, trolley car or train, or otherwise injured carelessly, could successfully maintain an action.

The theory was that a dog's ability to look out for itself was such that anybody could take it for granted, and that obviously if the dog was injured it must have been guilty of contributory negligence; but by a recent Tennessee case it has been definitely held that a motorman cannot rely on a dog's celerity to get away, but must give warning by slowing down and ringing the bell if the dog is setting or pointing at game from between the rails; and this in the face of a famous Pennsylvania mule case holding no such duty to exist because a mule could not be supposed to listen and take warning—asinine law, as it were. The opinion reads: "In earlier books it was said that 'dog law' was as hard to define as 'dog Latin,' but that day has passed and dogs have now a distinct and well-established status in the eyes of the law."

As to proof of the dog's value it continues: "It is attempted to show that this dog's descent may not have been entirely pure, and it is intimated that he may have had 'terrier blood' in him, but the only foundation for this inference is the fact that he 'tarried' so long in the track when the car was approaching. But it appears from the record that it is characteristic of the pointer when he sets to become oblivious to all earthly surroundings, and the bluer his blood the more absent-minded he becomes on such an occasion."

The reader will doubtless note the foregoing judicial approval of the Tennessee pronunciation of the word "terrier."

The Status of Escaped Dogs

To-day dogs can be the subject of larceny, of conversion, and for damages when killed or injured through the fault or intention of others. Any animal which has escaped from its owner can be followed and recaptured, or replevied from the possession of another, no matter how long a time has elapsed since its escape or how great a distance has been covered in its flight, unless it is a tamed wild animal which has succeeded in regaining its native habitat, "*sine animo revertendi*"—that is to say, "without the intention of returning." This principle has a dual result, each of considerable importance, for so long as a beast's owner can still claim it as his he is naturally liable for any damage it may succeed in doing up to the moment when it has regained its natural habitat and become legally wild again.

Should a panther or elephant escape from a circus the owner could pursue his property indefinitely, and similarly would be indefinitely liable for all the damage it might see fit to perpetrate. In such a case we should probably find its owner claiming with much eloquence that it had successfully achieved its freedom if it were recaptured in the wilds of Central Park.

There is a case where a sea lion held in captivity near New York City mysteriously disappeared, turning up some time later more than seventy miles away in a fish pound on the New Jersey coast. It was there held that its master had lost ownership as it had returned to its natural habitat—the sea, although it had come originally from the Golden Gate. This seems sensible enough, for, after all, it had had the whole Atlantic to roam in and probably had not got into the fish pound intentionally But to say that a canary, parrot, organ grinder's monkey or a rare and exotic beast or bird in a zoo belonged, if it escaped, to the first person who could lay hands on it would naturally be absurd.

It has never been decided how long one would be liable for the acts of an escaped animal, but the liability would probably continue as long as the animal's ownership could be established. The rule is that "when the animal is commonly found in a state of nature in the district where the mischief is done the responsibility presumably ceases when the animal has recovered *sine animo revertendi* the condition of liberty from which it was taken."

(Continued on Page 42)

Food must make good the loss!

Sleeping or waking our body tissues are slowly wasting away—

The familiar food newly found to have two almost magic properties

IN the mere act of living we are constantly wearing out our body tissues. Even when we are asleep this process goes on. This loss of living tissue must be made good by the food we eat.

Our food must supply day after day the life-giving elements which build up our body tissues. Moreover, our food must supply daily the elements which rid our bodies of poisonous waste matter.

Yet, on account of wrong habits of eating, many men and women are failing to get these two great essentials from their daily food. That is why there are so many failures and inefficiencies—why so many continue to live on in a state of lowered vitality. They eat plentifully, yet their food fails to perform the two functions on which health most depends.

Millions have adopted this simple addition to their diet

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. Fleischmann's Yeast combines in a remarkable way these two health maintaining qualities.

Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body resistant to disease. It richly supplies the life-giving vitamine.

In addition, because of its freshness it helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says that fresh compressed yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic, that it increases the action of the intestines and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a food assimilated like any other food. Only one precaution: if troubled with gas dissolve the yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast.

Eat 1 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals. Have it on the table at home. Have it delivered at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. ***You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.***

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool dry place until ready to serve.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast spread on bread, dissolved in water or milk, or plain.

Send 4c in stamps for the valuable booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." So many requests are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Use coupon at the right, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. LL-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Laxatives gradually replaced by this simple food

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance . . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Eat from 1 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

Mail this coupon with 4c in stamps

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. LL-29, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

(Please write plainly)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The length of your sock makes no difference

IVORY Garters have no ready shaped pad with a fixed angle. Their scientific construction enables them to conform to any leg—lean or fat. And to hold up any length sock perfectly.

Ivory Garters do this because they are long-life elastic all the way 'round. They can't slip down. You can wear Ivories loose. They never give you leg fatigue, and never leave a garter mark on your shin. But they do give you light, airy garter-comfort and perfect sock support.

You can't get the same features in any other garters. No metal—no pads—extra light and long wearing—washable in cold water—clean white clasps that are wonderfully convenient—no rights or lefts. The scientific construction of Ivory Garters is patented—it can't be duplicated. Say "I want a pair of Ivory Garters" and see that you get genuine Ivories.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

SINGLE GRIPS 35c and up

DOUBLE GRIPS 50c and up

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

(Continued from Page 40)

As an old case puts it: "If one hath kept a tame fox which gets loose and grows wild, he that hath kept him shall not answer for the damage the fox doth after he hath lost him and he hath resumed his wild nature." [Mitchil vs. Alestree (1676) 1 Vent. 295.]

Having thus delicately warned the reader of the far-reaching possibilities latent in owning a dog or other animal we shall now proceed to introduce him to that subtle doctrine—that bulwark of defense to dog owners—the silver lining, so to speak, of the law of animals—the principle of *scienter*. For know ye, all who have, hold, own, possess, control or harbor any of the canine race, that though dogs are now property—no longer even base property—there is at common law a special and peculiar legal rule in the case of animals, by which exception the owner is not under any obligation to find out whether his animal is really dangerous or not! If you own any other kind of property—no matter what—you are bound under the law to ascertain whether it be safe or not, and you are not only responsible for the dangers you know and foresee but for those you ought to have known and foreseen. But with animals—thanks to good old *scienter*—you are responsible only for the dangers of which you actually know, not for those of which by care you might have perhaps quite easily informed yourself! Thus no matter how ugly or terrifying be the bulldog which you buy, or how horrible his growl, unless you have positive information to the contrary you may legally assume that he is as gentle as a sucking dove and would not harm the juiciest calf. And—this is the best of it for us dog owners!—the other fellow has got to prove that we knew our dog was a dangerous dog before he can make us liable for the damage our dog sees fit to do. Surely the common law uncommonly loves the dog!

Scienter, the Dog's Best Friend

Suppose Cæsar—the pet previously referred to—catches sight of the butcher's boy at your back door, is attracted by a certain part of his anatomy, selects a spot, takes aim, and discharges himself at it with an air of confidence and skill begotten of what looks like lifelong experience, so that said boy flees down street with Cæsar affixed to and gyrating in the air behind him—can the butcher recover damages for Cæsar's act? Nay, he cannot. And why? Because the common law presumes that you never suspected up to that instant that Cæsar had any such outrageous propensity. Of course if the act committed is one toward which the general species of the animal has a natural propensity, the *scienter* game won't work, and the law turns right around and presumes you to have knowledge that it is in the habit of doing that very thing. Thus the law takes judicial notice of the inclination of tigers to attack human beings and of cattle to eat growing crops. It won't do you the slightest good, if you own a tiger who has mauled somebody, to claim in court that you didn't know he would bite—the law will say you did know it—or to deny you knew that your cow would chew up your neighbor's corn if she got into his field. The cases even go so far as to hold that it is common knowledge that it is natural for horses to kick one another, for a stallion to kick and bite a mare, for an elephant to trample a man.

But on the other hand—and observe this carefully, for you may need it in your business—they have held that it is not natural for a horse standing upon a public highway to kick a passer-by or for a bull to attack a human being, or—and this is what presumably most interests the reader—for a dog to attack a man or even another dog. No, the law says dogs are naturally gentle, loving and obedient. It refuses to give any dog a bad name—to start with. It treats him with politeness and consideration, and presumes that he is innocent-minded. "The law takes notice that the dog is not of a fierce nature, but rather the contrary," they said in Mason vs. Keeling (1710) 1 Lord Raymond at p. 601. Which, as we all know, Lord Coleridge formulated rather neatly in "Every dog is entitled to one bite," the phrase being varied in sheep countries to "Every dog is entitled to one worry." In a word, once the species of your animal is established as gentle the doctrine of *scienter* makes its appearance, and your particular animal is presumed to be harmless, or, at any rate, that you did not know that it wasn't.

The *scienter* idea was so popular with the bench—most good people, including judges, being dog owners—that they overworked it a bit in the earlier cases. In one of these [Beck vs. Dyson, 4 Camp. 198] back in 1810 it was clearly proved that Mr. Dyson's dog, which had bitten Mrs. Beck in the calf of her leg, was generally savage and usually kept tied up. But they nonsuited Mr. Beck all the same and threw him out of court, on the ground that he had failed to prove *scienter* upon the part of Mr. Dyson. Indeed the House of Lords pushed it so far in the case of a dog which had worried sheep [Fleming vs. Orr, 2 Macq. 14] that an act was passed in Scotland doing away with the doctrine of *scienter* in sheep-worrying cases entirely. This act afterward became the law of Ontario [R. S. O. c. 214].

But now let us twist the thing around and assume that, instead of owning the biter, or bitor, you are the bitee. How will you establish in court that the owner of the palpably vicious beast that nipped you in the breeches knew that the animal was carnivorous? By proving that other people thought the dog was bad? No. By proving that the owner kept him chained? No. Or that he had put up a sign "Beware of Dog"? Oh, no! Why, it has been solemnly held in the Court of Queen's Bench that even an attempt to kill a goat will not establish such a predilection for attacking a man as to charge the owner with *scienter*. [Osborn vs. Chocquerd, 2 Q. B. 1896, p. 109.]

No, you can establish *scienter* only by showing that the dog has actually at some former time attacked a man, to the owner's knowledge—generally something of a job. One might almost expect, so far has this convenient principle been carried in certain jurisdictions, to find that, if a dog should bite you and the meal disagreed with him, you would be obliged to pay damages to his owner; although Goldsmith in his elegy does not state that such was the legal consequence in the case of which he sang, wherein

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

But now let us assume that *scienter* is proved against the dog owner. What then? Alack! Then indeed all is over! For once establish *scienter*, the owner becomes thereby absolutely responsible for the dog's acts; the injured party does not even have to allege negligence on the part of the owner; and it makes no difference when or where the act was committed or whether the animal was wild or tame. So the Supreme Court of the United States held, in the case of the Congress Park, Saratoga, buck which attacked and injured a young lady visitor, that "Whoever keeps a dangerous animal of the class *ferai naturæ* with knowledge of its dangerous propensities is liable to one injured thereby, without proof of any negligence or default in the screening or taking care of the animal." Let your dangerous dog escape, and he can go biting down the valleys wild, chewing cat and munching child—at your indefinite expense!

The Trespasser's Rights

Has then the *scienter*-proved owner rights as well as liabilities? None worth mentioning! Indeed the courts have gone so far as to say that "A dangerous dog running at large is a common enemy and nuisance, and his destruction is justifiable, though not necessary to prevent any mischief impending at the moment." Generally speaking, at least, anyone is free to kill a dog to prevent injury to himself or his beast—unless perhaps that beast also be a dog, in which case there's a question. The law on dog fights is rather a mix-up.

When a dog is known to be dangerous the owner cannot escape liability for his acts merely by keeping him upon his premises; and if the dog bites a visitor, even if a trespasser, the owner will be liable in damages, although in general one who keeps a dangerous animal on his premises owes no duty to a trespasser except to warn him. When the trespasser has an evil motive he may not recover against the owner if attacked, but the mere fact that a boy or naturalist or pedestrian has no business upon the property and is technically a trespasser is really no reason why he should be bitten to death by a savage dog. The point is that you can use such reasonable force as is necessary to put a trespasser off your land, but you are not justified in setting a trap for him, such as a spring gun, a pit or a ferocious animal.

Just where a tramp stands is doubtful. In England a beggar who is bitten by a dog belonging to the establishment has been held to have no legal cause for complaint [Sarch vs. Blackburn, 4 C. & P. 297], but the rule varies in different jurisdictions and American tramps have been held sufficiently innocent to be entitled to ask for a handout without being attacked.

But these cases relate only to dogs known to be vicious, and since none of us, of course, imagine that our dogs are otherwise than sweet-tempered let us pause for a moment and consider the position in which we find ourselves. Shall we allow dear old Cæsar to run at large with the chance that someone may lawfully put a bullet through him? What, so to speak, are Cæsar's rights to indulge in his natural propensities? Are we to take all the fun out of a dog's life? No, a thousand times no! sayeth the common law, which looked and still looks upon him as a trespasser with indulgence, if not amusement, in such jurisdictions as it still obtains.

Indeed the first thing to strike us as we paw the ancient dog's-eared tomes of animal law is this leniency toward canine trespass. It is true that if a dog owner is himself a cotrespasser he is liable for all his dog's misdeeds. But in the case of the ordinary, well-disposed, amiable but curious dog—shall he make his owner liable for pecuniary damages every time he trots across the boundary at sight of a cat or other dog? No, the common law in its wisdom recognizes the undeniable fact that dogs are like that. It early took the very sensible position that if a man did not have such property rights in his own dog that he could charge another with stealing it the law would not make him liable in damages if that same dog trespassed upon that other man's land.

Lord Holt's Decision

The point—a technical one—really was this: A trespass in law gave the person whose land was trespassed upon a right to sue, irrespective of whether the trespass resulted in any damage to the property or not. It was a protective action, guaranteeing the integrity of one's property. To constitute a trespass there must be merely an entry—a physical interference with the plaintiff's land. No damage need be shown. The owner of an animal at common law had an absolute obligation to keep his animals where they belonged, independent of any negligence. The courts said: "The owner must keep them at his peril or he will be answerable for the natural consequences of their escape and it is a trespass although no intentional act."

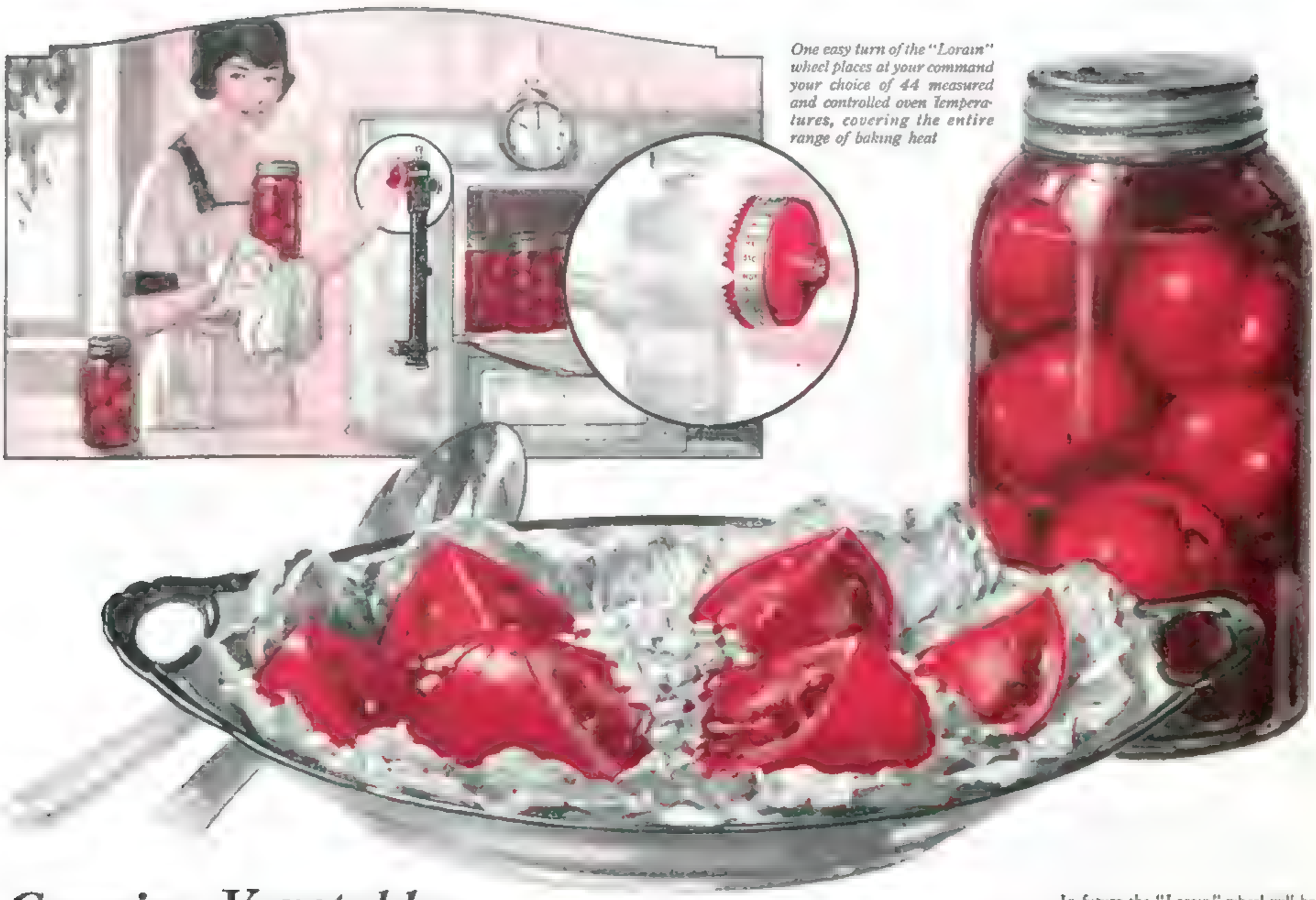
But in the case of dogs Lord Holt—doubtless recognizing the interminable litigation that might reasonably be expected to result in the event of a different ruling—declared that the liability for trespasses of animals should be limited to beasts in which the defendant had a valuable property; and although this was a mere dictum, as lawyers say, it has been accepted by many courts as a correct statement of the law. "If," said he, "any beast in which I have a valuable property do damage in another's soil in treading his grass, trespass will lie for it; but if my dog go into another man's soil no action will lie." The landowner was relegated to the customary remedy of chasing the dog off.

Other courts have declined to accept Lord Holt's dictum and have held the owner of a dog to the same responsibility in trespass as attaches to the owner of an ox or horse.

Really the distinction is hardly worth talking about except as indicating a certain reasonableness in the law, for if a dog is trespassing the doctrine of *scienter* is held not to apply [Lee vs. Riley, 18 C.B.N.S. and Ellis vs. The Loftus Iron Works, L.R. 10 C.P.] and the master is liable for the actual damage done by his dog, except apparently, in England, for the killing of chickens, where he has no responsibility unless he knew that the dog had the chicken habit. Mind you, this is all under the common law, and the rule only where there are no statutes specifically relating to the matter, which in fact there are in many, if not most, jurisdictions.

Generally speaking it is the law that you can do whatever is reasonably necessary to protect your property against a trespasser, even if that involves the killing of a dog engaged in the destruction of a sheep or fowl, but you are not entitled to kill the

(Continued on Page 45)



One easy turn of the "Lorain" wheel places at your command your choice of 44 measured and controlled oven temperatures, covering the entire range of baking heat

Canning Vegetables —A new and better way which saves hours of work

"Just like they came from the garden." That's what you'll say this winter.

And you'll save hours of hot work in the kitchen, if you can things now in this better way we recommend. You don't stand over a scorching stove this new way. You put things in, come back and take them out. That's all. This new way is called "Lorain" Oven Canning. See how simple it is:

For example: Take tomatoes; select good solid ones; drop for an instant in boiling water to loosen the skin. Peel. Then pack whole in glass jars to ½ inch from top. Add one teaspoon of salt. But use no water. Put on tops and partly seal. Then put jars in oven. Set "Lorain" wheel at 250 degrees. Then forget all about it for one hour. Set alarm clock to remind you when time is up. Then take out jars and seal tight. That's all.

And next winter they will be so firm and solid you can quarter them for salads if you like.

Saves 5 to 10 hours each week!

You can put up any kind of fruits, vegetables, or berries in this same way if your gas range is equipped with a "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator.

Oven canning is only one of many savings with "Lorain." This wonderful invention, "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator, will save the average woman from five to ten hours' work in the kitchen every week. It is probably the greatest help to women since the sewing machine.

Doesn't change your present way

You don't have to change your way of cooking. "Lorain" will help you the way you do it now. For example: With "Lorain" you can put a whole meal in the oven at once—roast, vegetables, dessert, etc. Cook them all the same length of time. Take them all out at once and serve. Don't look at them between times. Sounds incredible, doesn't it? But 100,000 women are doing it every day. Domestic science authorities endorse it.

Mail coupon for free book

Gives complete instructions for canning fruits, berries, vegetables, this new way. Also tells how to cook a whole meal at one time in the oven. No kitchen bother, no muss. The coupon below brings it free. Detach it now and mail it!

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Important Notice In future the "Lorain" wheel will be enameled in red. Not all stoves are equipped with the red wheel at present, so look for the name "Lorain" on the indicator hand.

Read This If you have a gas range which you don't want to discard yet, try temperature cooking, using a mercury thermometer to get oven temperatures. You will have to watch the oven to see the temperature doesn't vary. This will give you an idea of the advantages of temperature cooking but is not nearly as satisfactory as "Lorain" measured and controlled heats.

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
18 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

1921

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
18 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, a copy of your book on "LORAIN" OVEN CANNING, and other information about "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulators.

Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

I have a_____ Gas Range
(Please give us name of range you have)

Please check which gas you use—Natural_____ Artificial_____

What color for soap?

Judge soap by what it will *do*. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value. There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown. Some pure tar soaps are black! Yet who ever made her head *black* by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will ***make clothes snowy white***—and do it the ***safest***, the ***quickest***, the ***easiest*** way.

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the ***natural*** color of the combination of its ingredients that help to hold the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up.

Fels-Naptha is golden, yet it makes the whitest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds.

Real naptha is so skilfully combined with good soap by the Fels-Naptha exclusive process that it mixes readily with the wash-water. Thus it gets through every fibre of the fabric, soaks the dirt loose without the effort of hard rubbing or without boiling, and makes a Fels-Naptha wash thoroughly sweet and hygienically clean.

It is always worth your while to get the soap that makes clothes whitest with least effort. Three things identify the genuine Fels-Naptha—the golden bar, the clean naptha odor, and the red-and-green wrapper. Order it of your grocer today.

Improves every washer

Fels-Naptha makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washer starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.

© 1921, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

(Continued from Page 42)

valuable animals of a neighbor simply because they are trespassing in your land, even if they do it habitually, and you have warned the owner and threatened to kill them. Your remedy is to impound the animals and sue for damages.

But of course the minute a dog becomes a nuisance you can take more vigorous steps against him and even deprive him of his life. So that's another question! When is a dog a nuisance in the eyes of the law, and not simply a plain, wandering, ordinary dog? Well, that depends. The best thing to do before shooting a dog is to consult a lawyer.

In the case of Bowers vs. Horen [93 Mich. 420] there was a dog who used regularly to prowl around the defendant's house at night, chase his cats into the trees, and bark. One morning the defendant's wife found the dog—or, at any rate, she thought it was the same dog—in the henhouse, and one egg broken. Shortly after, the defendant having just painted his back porch, the dog on one of his nocturnal rambles tracked it up, which was more, apparently, than the defendant could stand. So he got a pistol and shot the dog. The court held he had no right to do it. A clear case of caninicide! "You might as well," said the judge, "shoot your neighbor's horse who (*sic*) was trespassing." That "who" stamps that judge as a wise and upright man, a Daniel come to judgment.

And yet only three years before that [Hubbard vs. Preston, 90 Mich. 221] the same court said that where a trespassing dog collected together a lot of other dogs and brought them to the defendant's lawn, where they proceeded to make night hideous, he had a right—so long as he didn't aim at any particular dog—to shoot one to abate the nuisance! Is not the law a wonderful science? A dog can track up your fresh paint by himself, suck your eggs and tree your cats with midnight clamor, and you may not take his life; but if he invites others to the party you can slaughter as you will—provided you don't take aim! And the reason? Simplicity itself! A bunch, gang, pack, or whatever you call it, of dogs barking together is a canine conspiracy, and many things legal in themselves become unlawful when made the object of a corrupt agreement or understanding.

The poet would "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for God hath made them so," but in the eyes of the law a deep chasm yawns between a bark and a bite. Barking is not, so to speak, *malum in se*—that is to say, inherently evil, but becomes so only if an injury directly connected with it follows, such as frightening a horse or giving a woman fits; or when there is a conspiracy to bark, which constitutes a nuisance.

Legal Protection Against Dogs

Had the rollicking dog who tracked up the porch in 93 Mich. 420 attempted to bite anybody he could have been slain, provided the slaying was necessary for the protection of the slayer; otherwise, although a trespasser, he could bark at cats to his heart's content without fear of death; yet had he brought a friend or two with him and done the same thing, or even less, he might legally have been deprived of his life—in Michigan.

And that brings up another point—to wit, what means one may take to protect one's lawn or farmyard from amiably disposed, wandering dogs who merely chance to pass that way. Well, legally—accent on the "*le*-gally"—all you may do is to construct a high wall entirely about your premises so that no dog can get in, or if you cannot afford that luxury you may employ two or more able-bodied men armed with blunt sticks and nets, who having warned the dogs off will, if the latter exhibit no disposition to obey, catch them and place them outside your boundary line. Even if the visiting dog be a fierce, disreputable dog you can use no more force than is necessary to put him off the place unless he attacks you or your own animals. That is to say, good and bad dogs who are merely trespassers are entitled to their rights just as good and bad men are; it is only when they show their naughty qualities by manifesting an active inclination to chew up something that you can go for your gun, or when they come around in gangs conspiring to make sleep impossible. And do not make the mistake of leaving poisoned meat about or a tray of dog biscuit salted with rat's bane; that is not cricket! You can't set a trap for a dog any more than you can for a man, unless that dog be such a wicked dog that he is notoriously a menace to life and limb. Poison is bad stuff to play with under any circumstances. Naturally if a dog trespasses on your property and eats something which disagrees with him, and even dies, so long as you did not plant it for him his owner has no kick coming. That was settled a long time ago in Ponting vs. Noakes, 1894, 2 Q.B. 281.

The reader recalls, doubtless, how every English churchyard has its border of yew. The first thing they do in England when they want an up-to-date burial ground is to plant a lot of yew trees around a vacant lot and wait for a few hundred years until the yew is properly ripe; then the cemetery is ready for use. An English churchyard without its border of yew is like a melodrama of English country life without its gamekeeper's beautiful daughter. Well, the defendant in Ponting vs. Noakes—probably he was Mr. Noakes, although he may have been The Very Reverend The Dean of Bushan-on-Togs and Mrs. Noakes et al., as Directors, Wardens and Curators of the Burial Board of the Parish Cemetery of Berwick Hadden—as I was saying, the defendant in that case who was responsible for the cemetery—or his great, great, great, etc., grandfather—had planted a row of yew, or yews, whichever they call it over there, along the border, which were now ripe and ready for use. Mr. Ponting, the plaintiff, had a horse pastured in the field next the burial ground and he—the horse—stretched his foolish head over the hedge that separated the quick from the dead and ate of the yew or yews. Then immediately he, or it, also died. Mr. Ponting claimed that the wardens of the cemetery ought to pay for the horse. But the Queen's Bench said not, and that the horse although presumedly an entirely moral Christian horse was a trespasser, and that Noakes, whoever he was, did not have to anticipate and prevent strange horses from eating yews that did not belong to them.

The Trespassing Yew

You can see how this would be good law. And turn-about being fair play, in a like case [Crowhurst vs. Amersham Burial Board] the English Court of Appeal said that where the cemetery did not keep its yew or yews on its own side of the fence but allowed it or them to creep over into Crowhurst's field, so that Crowhurst's horse ate of it and died, then, that the cemetery owners did have to pay for the horse—because this time the yew and not the horse was the trespasser, and the wardens, directors, curators, and so on, should have kept their yew where it belonged and should have known that, if it got away, out of bounds, any normal horse would at once naturally have selected it as a *hors d'œuvre*.

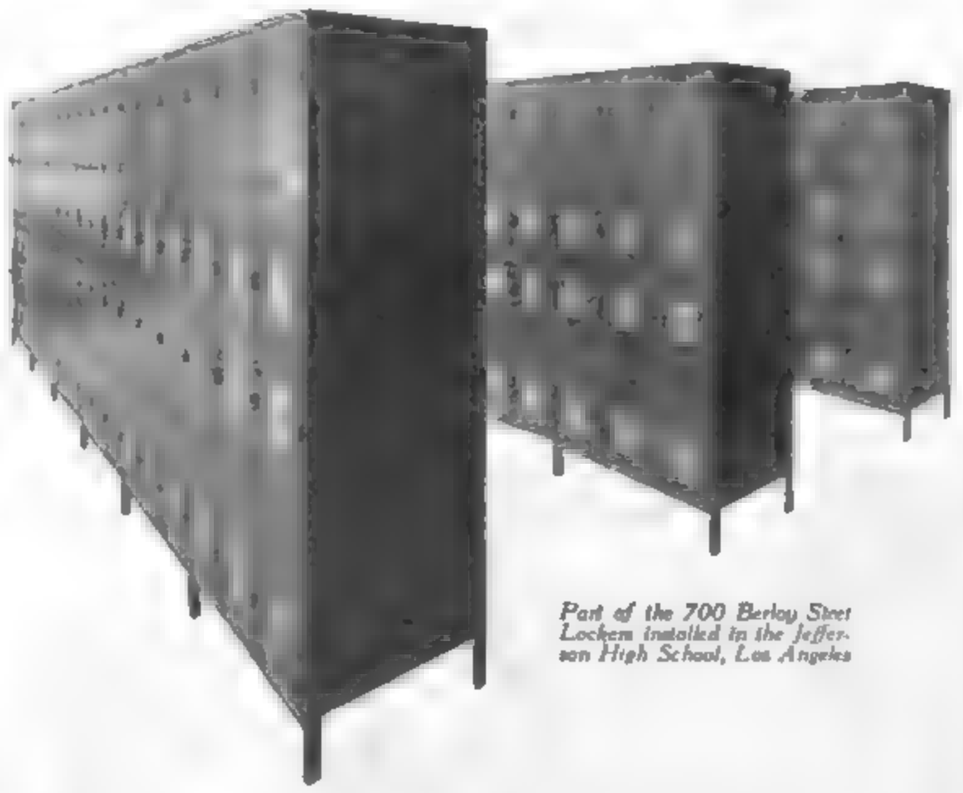
But suppose that instead of planting a yew tree you have wisely procured a watchdog to guard your messuage.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Further, let us assume, not the coming of us, ourselves, personally, but of some strange visiting dog, to be the cause of his brightening eye, and that this illumination of his iris will immediately be followed by a growl of invitation to battle. What are the rights of the respective dogs under these circumstances? What are the rights of their owners? Where do we come in? Should we come in? Or if we come in, how may we best get out? This, from many points of view, is a dangerous subject. The law on dog fights is, as we have intimated, confused and unsettled. A dog defending his master's property stands better than a marauder, but we have seen that a dog known to be vicious should be kept chained up anyhow—except as against trespassers with criminal intent. But how about a plain fight? The answer is that eventually the jury must decide.

There seem to have been more dog fights in Massachusetts than anywhere else, and the supreme court there has given much attention to such contests and the proper rules pertaining to the same. Starting with the fundamental principle that the law has

BERLOY
STEEL LOCKERS



Part of the 700 Berloy Steel Lockers installed in the Jefferson High School, Los Angeles

For Fire and Theft Protection

Strong, durable and roomy—Berloy Steel Lockers provide safe and sanitary storage for clothing, tools and personal effects. Used in clubs, schools, hotels, offices, factories, mines, etc.

Berloy Steel Lockers stand a lifetime of hard usage. If rearrangement becomes necessary they can be taken down, easily moved and re-erected without loss of parts. Sizes and styles available to fit your exact requirements. Among the thousands of users are Westinghouse, Procter & Gamble, Armour, Kelly-Springfield, University of Minnesota, and Knox Mining Company. Write nearest branch for catalog and quotations.

Bins, Shelving and Filing Cases

THE BERGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

BRANCHES: Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Dallas
Roanoke, Va. (Dominion Metal Products Corporation)
Jacksonville, Fla. (The Florida Metal Products Co.)

B
BERLOY

BERLOY PRODUCTS
are sold at stores in [illegible] the highest experience and [illegible] of [illegible] devoted to continual progress and excellence

Check the Berloy Metal Products in which you are interested and mail the coupon today. Dealers: perhaps your territory is open—write us!

Roofing . . . .O
Spouting, etc. .O
Reinforcing Plates .O
Floor Cores .O
Metal Shingles .O
Bins and Shelving .O
Foundry Flasks .O
Filing Cabinets .O
Clothes Lockers .O
Metal Lumber .O
Metal Lath .O
Ribplex .O
Metal Ceilings .O
Culverts . . .O

Name ____ City ____ State ____

THE BERGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Canton, Ohio

The New Remington 20 Gauge Shot Gun

20 gauge shot gun experiments are now over. Remington has just perfected the new Model 17.

A light, effective, powerful 20 gauge gun, the latest masterpiece of Browning, the famous gun designer.

Chambered for the more powerful 2¾ in. shells for ducks. Takes the 2½ in. standard shell for birds and upland game equally as well.

Gives the hunter choice of four barrels—26 in., 28 in., 30 in., 32 in. in length; cylinder bore, modified or full choke—instantly interchangeable.

Combines the safety of the hammerless, solid frame type of construction with the graceful lines and quick pointing qualities for which all Remington arms are justly famous. Takes down with no tools but the fingers.

Have your gun dealer order you a new Remington Model 17.

MODEL 17

The only bottom ejection 20 gauge shotgun

Length of stock, 13¾ in. Weight, 5½ to 6¼ lbs. Barrels, plain, matted surface or with raised matted rib. Cross bolt type of safety located at rear of trigger guard.

Remington

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Cunard Building, 25 Broadway, New York City
(Remington U. M. C. of Canada, Ltd.)

no respect "for the prejudices and character of dogs" [Boulester vs. Parsons, 161 Mass. 182] that court has decided that before you mix up in a dog fight the circumstances must warrant your interference, in which case you must exercise due care, or, the other way round, must not be negligent. Now—for your guidance—it is not negligent to offer a dog candy [Lynch vs. McNally, 73 N.Y. 347] or to step on its tail in the course of a scuffle [Fake vs. Addicks, 45 Minn. 37]; but when it comes to what is negligence in a dog fight—well, there is no more learned court than the Supreme Court of Massachusetts! And that court has ruled [Matterson vs. Strong, 159 Mass. 497] that it is not negligence contributing to one's injury if the lawful custodian of a dog, for the purpose of rescuing it and preserving the public peace, grabs its opponent by the collar, but that it may be negligence if under precisely similar circumstances you mix into the rumpus, and, the winning dog having no collar on, you grab it by the tail and get bitten [Raymond vs. Hodgson, 161 Mass. 184]. As we have stated these are all questions of fact for the jury, and the jury will be largely influenced by its personal experiences with dogs. There are as many kinds of jurymen as there are dogs; almost as many verdicts.

We have dealt thus fully with the law of dogs, first because one is more likely to need it in his own business, and, second, because there is more of it and hence it is best available to illustrate the general laws governing animals. But it is peculiar law—*sui generis*, as they say—for the reason that dogs and other animals are the only sort of private property that has a will of its own and the ability to carry it out. Considering the difficulty of looking into an animal's mind it might at first appear that the question of whether or not it intended to return to its master would present difficulties. But no! That is merely a question of fact for the jury, and juries, being men of wide experience, can tell at a glance whether a sea lion has gone for good or merely out for a short swim, or whether the dove if left to itself will return to the ark. Which brings us to birds—and thence to cats.

There is not much bird law and, singularly enough, considerably less regarding cats, which in spite of and apart from the Welsh code heretofore quoted from Blackstone, seem to have been originally held in even less esteem by the common law than dogs. Dogs improved their position before the law long before cats did. Even to-day the law respecting them is doubtful and difficult of application, for their habits are unreliable and often uncommendable, and their ownership hard to prove. Often two families think they own the same cat, which turns up only at sporadic intervals, depending perhaps on the quality of the milk and the regularity of the milkman. "Oh, the cat's come back again!"

Who Owns a Cat?

Can you own a cat without knowing it? Who owns the cook's cat? And if a strange cat has kittens in your cellar whose are they? Certainly cats are vastly more unreliable than dogs—baser property in every way—harder to control, and natural thieves and nuisances if left to their propensities. As we have seen, the courts differentiate between a dog that bites and one that merely barks, but we have found no cases making a similar distinction in the case of cats, and it is said that if a cat screeches nightly on our backyard fence we may lawfully kill it. Nevertheless the court will guard and zealously enforce an owner's rights, once ownership is established, even if it be a joint ownership.

In the comparatively recent case of Harris vs. Slater in the Chancery Division one old maid had given a blue Persian kitten named Roy to another old maid to look after. When Roy grew to cathood he became, as befitted his name, a great, celebrated and regal cat. The second old maid—who had reared Roy and cared for him through the precarious age of adolescence—entered him in the Crystal Palace cat show under the names of both herself and her erstwhile friend, but later on claimed that she alone had the right to him. An acrimonious litigation ensued, at the conclusion of which the Lord Chancellor himself declared a partnership to exist between the two old maids, and issued an injunction restraining the second old maid from selling Roy or otherwise making use of him in derogation of the rights of the first old maid.

It is rather astonishing that there is not more cat law in a country where cats and mice have played so large a part in literature and where once at least every wife had seven cats and every cat had seven kits.

It is difficult to prevent a dog from trespassing; almost impossible in the case of a cat. Hence the law regards your responsibility for your cat's trespasses leniently and allows a wide discretion in the means employed by your neighbor to protect himself. In effect a cat, bird or dog owner, if he allows his pet at large, takes the risk of its getting into trouble with its natural enemies, even on his own property, if such risks could have been reasonably foreseen. There is a famous Scotch case where a cat killed a carrier pigeon on a roof strange to both of them. The owner of the pigeon sued the owner of the cat for damages.

The court said: "The latter (cat) is more a domestic animal than the pursuer's (plaintiff's) bird. But there are no obligations on the owner of a cat to restrain it to the house. The pursuer's plea is that the natural instinct of the feline race is to prey upon birds as well as mice. So it was argued that the owner of the cat should prevent the possibility of its coming into contact with its favorite sport. But it is equally true that the owner of a bird should exercise similar precaution to prevent its coming within range of a hostile race." The defendant was acquitted [Webb vs. McFeat].

Legacies to Animals

Many interesting problems have arisen out of the desire of the owners of animals to provide for the latter in their wills; and although the courts are somewhat loath to permit needy relatives to starve while cats and dogs live in comfort, they recognize the accepted fact that even what seems an excessive love for dumb animals is no evidence of mental instability. It has been judicially held that it is no indication of insanity to provide a multitude of cats with regular meals, served at table three times a day, and to furnish them with plates and napkins. Of course an animal cannot be the direct recipient of a legacy, for it can have no ownership in property, although the English courts have gone a long way in upholding such legacies as trusts, a striking instance of which is given in Proffatt on Wills:

"I bequeath to my monkey, my dear and amusing Jacko, the sum of ten pound sterling per annum, to be employed for his sole use and benefit; to my faithful dog Shock and my well-beloved cat Tib, a pension of five pound sterling; and I desire that in case of the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension is to pass to the other two, between whom it is to be equally divided." This unique bequest was upheld.

Where a testator desires to provide for particular animals after his own death he must be careful to create a valid trust, and one not in violation of the law against perpetuities or other statutes. In this connection it should be noted that in those jurisdictions which limit the duration of a trust to a certain number of lives, the lives selected to measure the trust must be human lives and not animal lives. In other words you cannot put money in trust to be used for the benefit of certain animals during their lives; but the trust can continue only during the number of human lives permitted by law. Otherwise the law might be defeated by selecting, for the measuring life, a turtle or a parrot! "Where the law permits a trust to continue only during one life in being, can," asks Professor Gray, "a gift ever be made to take effect upon the death of any animal however longevous—an elephant, a crow, a carp, a crocodile or a toad?" The law may be dry, but occasionally it can be picturesque! The real reason, of course—quite between ourselves—is that where the law, as in New York, allows a trust for only two lives, by naming two cats a testator could in fact create a trust for eighteen lives!

But even if the trust is technically valid so far as its duration is concerned, there is a limit to the patience even of the law, which, though it once prosecuted bugs, birds and beasts, will to-day refuse to carry out frivolous and trifling testamentary instructions such as "to feed sparrows forever." There is a point at which softness of heart indicates a similar condition of the brain. After all, Christian civilization proceeds upon the theory that human beings are of more value than many sparrows.

Recipe for this coconut cake will be found on the inner side of the can label. Additional recipes for some wonderful coconut dainties from Jamaica and Hawaii, as well as for the better known cakes, pies and candies are given in a FREE RECIPE BOOKLET. Write for it today.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Three kinds:
1—In its own milk
2—Moist sweetened
3—Dry Shred

BAKER'S COCONUT

—of course!

SHOAL WATERS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Scientific nothing! I'm a practical business man. Dad has bought a big tract of timber up Doom River, and I've heard him talk about trouble with the hyacinth. If I could tell him something he didn't know about old Pie-rope, I'd make a hit. Maybe he might take me into partnership."

"Maybe he might buy you a velocipede," suggested the scornful Mr. Sargent.

"If you come to that," retorted the young hopeful, "he might back you in your particular line of fussing. I've got quite a pull with him."

"For the present," returned the botanist dryly, "I can worry along with the help of Uncle Sam."

"What happens if you do find what you're looking for?" asked the curious youth.

"A saving of a quarter of a million a year to the lumbering and navigation in the river."

"Yes; but to you? What do you get out of it?"

"The fun of getting something done that I'm interested in. Doesn't appeal to your practical mind, does it?"

"Don't you be too sure of that. It's a new sort of idea and has a queer flavor, but I guess I can swallow it. What about the money? You get a slice of the quarter million?"

"No. But I don't particularly need it. I'm in this for the game."

"Well, you are an easy mark!" He reflected. "Take my advice, professor, and go shy on Sis. You're too simple and honest a son of the soil. You wouldn't have a snowball's chance in her game. I give you this for nothing," he added magnanimously; "she's bad medicine, is Sis."

"You seem to be a loyal little brother!"

"Well, I hate to see you going up against that kind of a game. What do you know about women?"

"Not much. What do you?" Jeffrey Sargent's expression was one of frank amusement.

The youth wagged a sage head. "A big heap lot. Haven't been brought up in the family with three of 'em and not found out something about their little game. It's usually a blind one. They call it various things, but it's just the unconscious search for the right man, I guess. That's the quest of the what-you-call-it for them."

"You appear to have devoted profound thought to these weighty matters, Mister Philosopher," observed the other quizzically.

"Now, you take Sis," pursued Dicky; "she'll wonder and hesitate and think one thing one minute and another the next—and go on to something else. The man that gets her will just have to pick her up and run away with her."

"See here, kid; do you think it's quite the thing for you to be discussing your sister with chance acquaintances this way?"

"I thought you were interested," returned the unabashed youngster. "Though I'm darned if I see why! There were half a dozen prettier girls at that dance."

"You're a young fool," stated Jeffrey Sargent.

"Oh, I gotta hand it to her that she snatches 'em away, even from the better-looking ones. Only, she doesn't know what to do with 'em when she gets 'em. They clutter up the place," he added resentfully, "so that you can hardly move around."

"I don't," muttered the other, more to himself than to his shipmate.

"No. You don't. Maybe that's your style. It's one way. I've worked it myself. There's a little peach down at ——"

"As you were, Dicky! Decent men don't tell their experience with girls."

The other looked up quickly. "Don't they? I've heard it done."

"Not to me."

Dicky chose to interpret this in his own way. "Oh! You'd rather hear about Sis. Well, I'm not so sure about the grab-and-run game with her, on thinking it over. The boy that tries it has got to figure to make her think she's running the show herself, or he'll come bang up against her streak of stubbornness. Some streak, I'll tell the world! I guess it's just part of the defense they all keep in reserve somewhere." He rose and peered at the line of forest. "There's the old sharpie, safe like a dry dock. What's next?"

"You can land me up the creek, then go on and explore if you want to. Be back in time for grub."

They lunched together on a fallen water oak in sight of a small alligator, three white ibises and a gigantic turtle, while Dicky asked questions, not without shrewdness, about the water hyacinth. He even hinted modestly that he might consider an offer to assist the botanist in his researches. After two hours of work along shore the head of the expedition announced departure, at the same time lifting two pine planks from the shore and disposing them in the boat.

"What's that for?" queried the passenger.

"Wait until we get to your sharpie and you'll see."

Dodging among the drifting weed islands the boat nuzzled into the mass which held the sailboat firm as with a thousand Lilliputian fingers. Sargent dropped a plank outward from the bow.

"Get out, Dicky," he directed.

The youth cast a mistrustful look at the board. "It won't hold me."

"Certainly it will. The hyacinths will float it."

"They've got to show me," declared Dicky.

"Get out on that plank," ordered Sargent evenly. "Well, good Lord!" he added in disgust. "You're not going to cry about it, are you?"

"No, I'm not," croaked Dicky, his voice even more husky than usual. He gingerly essayed one foot, then the other. "Why, they're regular little old life preservers," he remarked with an admiring look at the buoyant plants.

"Drag the other plank along, run it out ahead, and you'll have a path to your boat that you can walk dry-shod. Then get the boathook and cut a passage."

Following instructions, the youngster reached his craft and freed it from the improvised moorings while his superior smoked the pipe of easeful contemplation.

"That's good," he approved. "I don't suppose you've put in as hard an hour's labor in your life. Now make fast this rope and I'll whisk you home."

"Not if I see you first!"

"No? Prefer to go on your own?"

"Didn't I tell you I was winning that bet from Sid Carden? He'll be there when we get back, I wouldn't wonder. Said something about coming down to see me—meaning Sis, of course. Why give an imitation of a thundercloud when the sun is otherwise shining, great chief?"

"Dicky, I've already told you I don't believe that young waster is the best company in the world for you."

"And I told you what you were, when you said it. What do you mean—waster, anyway?"

"Well, he doesn't do anything, does he?"

"Why should he, with all the family's money?"

"Why shouldn't he? A man's got to do something in this country if he's going to be a man."

"Would you do all this mollycoddling with weeds if you didn't have to?" queried the youth.

Jeffrey Sargent smiled patiently. "I don't have to," he answered, "if you're thinking in financial terms. But it's the thing I happen to be able to do, because I'm interested in it. So naturally I do it."

"That's the creed, is it?" Dicky considered him curiously. "I don't believe it would suit Sid. Still, there might be something in it. I shouldn't mind trying."

"All right. I'll take you on as temporary assistant."

"Sid would give me the laugh."

"The crackling of thorns."

"I've read my Bible," retorted the other promptly. "And you don't make any hit with me, calling Sid a fool, particularly as he may become a member of the family one of these days."

There followed a moment's silence. "I hadn't heard that," said Sargent. "Sorry, Dicky."

"Oh, that's all right," returned the other uneasily. "Nothing's settled, I guess. You never can tell, with Alva. Well, thanking you for your gallant rescue of a distressed mariner, I am yours truly and farewell."

"Just put those planks back first."

"Very well, rear admiral." Reaching out over the side he gave a sudden high-pitched exclamation.

"What's up?" queried Sargent.

"Something struck me."

"Struck you? Where?"

"On the arm." The boy displayed a flannel fore sleeve beginning to discolor from beneath with the welling of two tiny spurtles of blood.

The man tore open the cloth with one strong jerk. "Not near a vein," he said. "And a small bite. Lucky!" He whipped out his knife.

"What was it?" asked Dicky, wide-eyed.

"Moccasin. I warned you the other day."

"Is it—will it kill me?"

"Nonsense! This was a little fellow. Sit down here. Steady, now." He drew the slight wrist between his knees, where it was gripped as in a vise. "Shut your eyes. There's going to be some blood."

The small but adequately muscled arm quivered as the blade slashed across and across the two punctures. "Good boy!" the operator muttered, for the subject had not flinched. Bending over he set his lips hard to the wound. Into Dicky's face, which had grown white, the clear color flooded back.

"That ought to do it," stated the amateur surgeon. "Now we'll bind her up and you'll have nothing worse than a sore arm. Your shirt sleeve stopped most of the venom."

"Is that all?" asked Dicky in the disappointed voice of one who considers that more of a fuss ought to have been made over him.

"That's all." But Sargent, turning away, surreptitiously rubbed some salt from his luncheon box into a small abrasion on his lower lip. "Perhaps you'd best come along with me, though, and let the sharpie stay until later."

"No. If you say it's all right I'll sail her home anyway."

"It's all right. Favor your arm a little if it swells. I'll help you get up sail."

This being accomplished, the sailboat set a course, quartering across the river while Sargent headed his motorboat upstream. As they parted company he shouted his final orders:

"If you pull any hero stuff to your sister about this I'll drown you!"

"Mum's the word," assented Dicky, waving an airy farewell.

Alone with his thoughts and a painful sense of something happening inside his face Jeffrey Sargent came to a difficult conclusion: "I don't care if she is going to marry Carden, I believe the boy is worth doing something with on his own account. He's got nerve."

III

"AND so," said Alva Meade to her friend Betty Deering at the close of a narrative which from the expression of the latter's face must have been both absorbing and amusing, "that's that, and nought to carry."

They were sitting on the vine-swathed porch of the Deering cottage just outside of Green Cove Springs.

"You've changed color five distinct times in telling it," observed Miss Deering.

"I haven't. Don't be a suspicious pig. Did you ask him to tea?"

"Yes. He can't come."

"Can't?" exclaimed Alva in a profane voice. "Why not?"

"Mumps."

"Mumps! You might as well say he's teething! Did you tell him I was coming?"

"Do I go fishing without bait?"

"Did he say he had mumps?"

"It wasn't necessary. I saw him. He's a sob, poor dear. He looks like our gardener the time a snake bit him on the chin. What's the matter with you, Al? You look sick. Gracious goodness, you don't suppose ——"

"Can I get him by phone?" interrupted the other.

"Probably. He's at the Inn."

In a minute the guest returned with her color not only restored but even improved. "He's coming," she announced. And, ten minutes later: "Here he is, looking like a spoiled cream puff."

Though the description was perhaps slightly overdrawn, young Mr. Sargent presented a far from lovely appearance as he mounted the porch steps and gave greeting.

"I hope it isn't catching," said Alva solicitously, as she shook hands.

"No," he said morosely. "It isn't mumps, after all. Just some sort of idiotic infection. How's Dicky?"

At this innocent and natural question the hostess retired in a fit of coughing to look after the tea, bearing with her the impression of a murderous side glance from Alva.

"Dicky's all right," said that young lady. "He's developing a tremendous admiration for you. You've done him more good than anyone he's ever known. Why haven't you had an equally improving effect on my character, I wonder?" she added pensively.

"I don't know," returned Sargent, "that I'm specially cast for the rôle of improver."

"I suppose," ruminated the girl, "that a serious-minded person like you is better for Dicky than for me. Not, of course," she concluded with wicked magnanimity, "that I don't like and respect you, in a way."

At that deliberate stab he grinned. Owing to the condition of that portion of his face chiefly employed in grinning, the effect was curious and surprising, but Alva, observing it, suddenly felt a diminution in her comfortable sense of superiority and command of the situation. It was the kind of grin achieved only by the man who has learned to laugh at his own weakness. Therefore Alva Meade began to suspect a strength that might be formidable. And womanlike, vaguely fearing, she wished to tempt her fears.

"They're having a concert at Hibernia for the church fund Thursday evening," she said. "One dollar admits anyone, no matter how swollen. I'm going to sing, if that's any consideration."

"I'll come," said he promptly.

"If I see you—which of course I hope I shall," she put in with elaborate politeness—"don't say anything about Dicky, will you? He's rather in disgrace with aunty. When are you taking him on your nocturnal excursion?"

"Friday, if you approve."

"I do, though aunty wouldn't. You'll be careful, won't you? Dicky doesn't swim much. Isn't the river supposed to be treacherous?"

"Rather. You run along for miles in shoal water, and suddenly without mark or warning it drops off into the depths."

"Into the depths," she murmured. "Life is like that, isn't it?"

"Love is like that," he returned gravely.

"How solemn we grow!" she said in a changed voice. "Yet Dicky says you're awfully amusing at times. He says to hear you curse when your experiments don't go right is a liberal education."

"Aren't you afraid to trust the precious child with such a contaminating influence?"

At this she looked straight and fearless into his eyes. "I wouldn't be afraid to trust anything in the world to you. Dicky says that you're so damn clean and honest and straight you scare him. He hasn't known men just like that. Now don't try to bluah, because it'll be wasted in the present condition of your face. I'm even more sure than before," she added, "that you're good for Dicky's little soul."

"Don't talk to me as if I were a strolling evangelist," he requested with a wry smile.

"All right. I'll talk to you as if you were an earnest young scientist—which you are, aren't you?"

"Very much in earnest," said he, leaving her to take that as she would. "That is ——" He stopped.

"What are you staring at my hand for?" she demanded. Then, laughing, she held it up. "No incriminating evidence. You are rather obvious," she continued daringly. "Dicky said that about you too. Now tell me all about your hyacinthine studies. Here comes Betty."

As he put her into the car after the tea Alva said, "Don't forget the concert. I shall look for you."

"Provided my face resumes its normal proportions."

"Why set such store by your beauty?" she taunted. "I shouldn't call you even good-looking. Kind, perhaps, and and reliable don't squirm—but nothing to frame for the parlor mantel. Though Dicky thinks you quite a model for the movies. Au revoir, Mr. Sargent."

(Continued on Page 53)

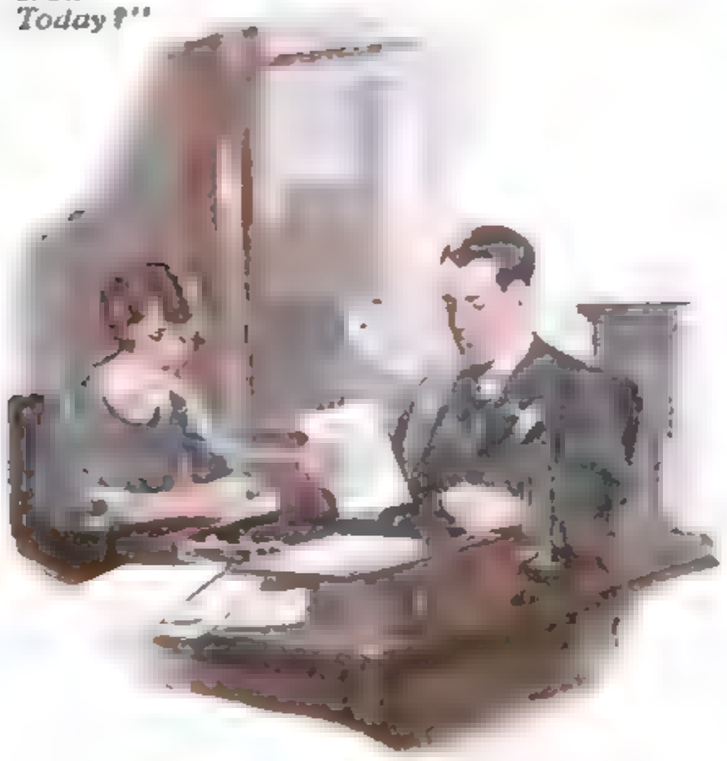
RAISIN PIE

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups water — 1 tablespoonful corn starch
¼ teaspoonful salt — 1 teaspoonful sugar
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Wash the raisins. Put in saucepan with one cup water. Bring slowly to a boil. Add sugar, salt, and corn starch which has been mixed with one cup of cold water. Boil three minutes. Add lemon juice and pour in pie tin which has been lined with crust while hot. Cover. Brush top with cold milk and bake in moderate oven until brown.

FREE
100 Luscious Raisin Recipes
Send Coupon for Free Book

"Have you had your Iron Today?"



NEW!
—Little Sun-Maids
"Between-Meal Raisins"

A new, little *five-cent package*, full of luscious, little seedless raisins, *to eat between meals* down town or at home.

Rich in digestible, energizing nutriment—fine for "three o'clock fatigue."

A "natural, healthful candy" for the children.

Sold at all drug, candy, grocery and cigar stores . . . . . 5¢

The Luscious Lunch

To re-charge brain batteries at noon

A glass of milk and a piece of luscious Sun-Maid Raisin Pie is all the lunch a busy man needs at noon.

For the raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—plenty of vitality for an afternoon's hard work.

Being 75% pure fruit sugar, the raisins are practically predigested—so the nourishment is almost immediately assimilated by the blood; and raisins form the safest *quick* lunch because of their digestibility.

Ask for Sun-Maid Raisin Pie at restaurants, lunch rooms, hotels or cafeterias. Your finest local bakeries supply them with this pie. Made with tender, meaty Sun-Maid Raisins. Baked so the juice forms luscious sauce.

Ask for it at lunch today. Or ask your wife to serve for dessert at home.

We print the recipe here for her convenience.

Use Sun-Maid Raisins. Sun-Maid Raisins are the finest grown—made from choicest, tender, juicy California table grapes. You may never taste the fresh grapes because they are too delicate to ship, but you can have them in the form of Sun-Maid Raisins. Seeded (seeds removed); Seedless (grown without seeds); Clusters (on the stem). Be sure to get the Sun-Maid Brand. All dealers'.

FREE TO WOMEN

Our Best Hundred Raisin Recipes

We'll send to any woman who mails the coupon below a valuable book prepared by authorities on cooking, dietetics and housekeeping.

The book contains our best hundred raisin recipes tested and proved for you. Every woman should have one. Mail coupon for your free copy now.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 12,000 Growers
Dept. A-1408, Fresno, California

California Associated Raisin Co.
Dept. A-1408, Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Total adder.
Shows amount of money taken in.

Total adder and sales printer.
Shows how much money has been taken in and prints list of sales.

Latest model receipt printer.
Low priced. Prints either an itemized and totaled receipt, which stops mistakes of mental addition, or a receipt showing total only.

The register with day book attachment.
Provides space to write information opposite the printed record of each sale.

Tax register.
It keeps separate records of money due the government and money due the merchant.

A new line of National Cas to help merchants

Now priced
in

For 37 years we have been improvi chants' needs. We have recently bro solve their present-day problems.

This new line of National Cash Registers inc business. A National Cash Register printed

Makes customer inspector of sale.

Advertises the store.

Helps clerks to be more accurate.

Used registers bought,
Easy payments. Libera
Offices in all of the

NATI
CASH REG
DAYTO

Combination receipt and sales-slip printer.
Issues printed receipt or prints record of sale on duplicate sale-slip. Also prints list of sales for merchant.

sh Registers specially designed meet new conditions

as low as $75

U. S. A.

ng National Cash Registers to meet mer-ught out new registers to help merchants

udes receipt-printers for merchants in every line of receipt—

Makes the merchant sure of getting all his profits.

Prevents disputes with customers.

sold, repaired, and exchanged.
allowances for used registers.
principal cities of the world.

ONAL
GISTER CO.
N, OHIO.

Clerks' efficiency and department total register.
This register enables you to classify your business by departments and keep a record of each clerk's sales.

Clerk and department total register.
All the advantages of a separate register for each clerk. Also gives department totals.

Forestry's Efficiency Fleet

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to logging. On farm and ranch, in the mining and oil industries, for making roads and doing civic work—wherever power and endurance are at a premium—the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

One hundred and fifty days of uninterrupted service, hauling pulp wood over ice roads in the depths of the Maine forests, is last winter's record of one of the fleet of "Caterpillar"* Tractors operated by The Great Northern Paper Company, the largest cutters and grinders of pulp wood in America. Dozens of other progressive paper and lumber manufacturers in the Northern woods are applying "Caterpillars"* to heavy duty winter service: toting supplies to distant camps, building and swamping out roads, pulling long sled-trains heavily laden with pulp wood or logs to the mills.

Spruce forests of the frozen North, dank hardwood swamps of Dixie, big timber ranges of the Pacific Coast, teakwood forests of India, all have been conquered by the "Caterpillar,"* the tractor that is hampered neither by extremes of climate nor the sternest task. Whether used singly or in fleets, saving the labor of many men, and displacing teams entirely, "Caterpillars"* are helping to conserve the world's lumber supply by providing cheaper, surer transportation *methods*. The same unrivaled stamina, the same economy, invariably mark its performance, and insure the "Caterpillar's"* fitness for the power needs of industrial, agricultural, and civic work of *every* kind.

Your request will bring our illustrated booklet, or enable us to arrange a motion picture exhibition showing Holt "Caterpillar"* Tractors in action under actual working conditions.

CATERPILLAR
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

HOLT
PEORIA, ILL.
STOCKTON, CALIF.

**There is but one "Caterpillar"—Holt builds it. The name was originated by this Company, and is our exclusive trade-mark registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in practically every country of the world. Infringements will be prosecuted.*

THE HOLT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Inc.*
PEORIA, ILLINOIS STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA
Export Division: 50 Church St., New York
Branches and service stations all over the world

(Continued from Page 48)

On his return to the Inn that evening young Mr. Sargent overheard in a conversation at the desk a name which made him pause.

"They're a dirty lot, those rivermen," the manager was saying.

"What was the trouble about?" asked the night clerk.

"Why, the propeller got tangled in some of their nets, which had no right in the channel anyway. They've been hitting up the moonshine and talking ugly about getting even."

"Did I hear you speak of the Meade houseboat?" asked Jeffrey.

"Yes. She's anchored a mile out."

"Who's aboard?"

"Young Meade, I believe."

Five minutes later a hastily appropriated canoe was lunging powerfully through the ripples, headed for the houseboat's lights.

Voices in dispute came to Sargent's ears as he ran up under the stern and boarded, opening up a moonlit tableau of three rivermen retreating before a black-mustached young giant with a boathook, while a half-dressed cook hovered pallidly in the background. Nowhere was any sign of Dicky. As one of the retiring force slipped a hand inside his shirt and drew it forth with a knife, flattened for throwing, against the palm, Sargent stepped forward and swung his paddle. The blade flew upward and vanished over the rail. Discomfited by this unexpected sally the invaders tumbled into their boat and pulled away with vivid threats.

"Much obliged," said the defender, turning to his ally with a cheery grin. "But who the devil are you, and how the devil did you drop in so handy, if you don't mind?"

"I'm Jeffrey Sargent. I heard there was trouble, so I came out. Where's Dicky?"

"Dicky? Which Dicky?"

"Dicky Meade, of course."

"I'm Dicky Meade."

Jeffrey Sargent slumped against the rail and wiped his wet forehead.

"How you've grown!" he said faintly.

IV

GIVEN a definite starting point, man, who is a rational animal, is capable, so logicians declare, of reasoning out any sequence. Jeffrey Sargent now had a starting point of indubitable certainty. Dicky Meade was not Dicky Meade at all. Who, then, was Dicky Meade? The answer to the problem was stated by the person most interested, amidst the darkness of his own room at one A.M. in a series of closely related findings, in order as follows:

"I'm an idiot.

"She's a wonder.

"I'll do it."

But to make sure of his ground he laid a simple trap for the undoing of Miss Betty Deering, which he took to her house at noon, concealed beneath a friendly if distorted smile.

"Are you going to the concert at Hibernia this evening, Betty?" he began innocently.

"No; I've got another engagement."

"Heard from Miss Meade this morning?"

"Yes. She phoned a little while ago."

"How's her arm?" inquired the caller quite casually.

"Almost well," replied the unsuspecting Betty; then, too late, made her error worse by changing color and crying, "Jeff! How did you ——"

"How did I know?" supplied the triumphant strategist. "I figured it out on the well-known two-and-two-is-four principle."

Tears of vexation were in Betty's eyes. "Alva will never forgive me. What a rotten trick of you, Jeff!"

"Oh, I was certain of it anyway," he said loftily. "How she could ever have put it over me without my suspecting from a dozen little things that I can recall now —— What an imbecile she must think me!"

"Not necessarily. Alva's got quite a rep for boys' parts in amateur theatricals."

"But why should she be dressed for private theatricals out on a public river?"

The girl chuckled. "That's her new golf rig. When you took her for a boy she played up to her cue. That's Alva, all over. Of course the goggles helped the disguise."

"She was certainly good," admitted the other. "But it looks as if my innings had come. See here, Betty; a bargain between old friends. If you won't give away my being onto her masquerade, I won't let on you've given away the fake Dicky."

"It's rank treason to my sex. But—go ahead and win if you can, Jeff."

The concert at Hibernia was a brilliant success in the minds of all except the chief performer. Her appreciation was tainted by a gap in the audience where Jeffrey Sargent ought to have been and was not. His recusance was only partly palliated by the arrival of a huge bunch of the lovely, pale-blue-gray, fringed blossoms of the water hyacinth, bound with withes of budding jasmine into a true forest bouquet. Resentfully Miss Meade decided that she would pay off the faithless one by failing to appear, in the rôle of Dicky, for the nocturnal river trip. Then she reflected that this would be the last of these excursions, as the houseboat was leaving for the far south on the morrow. And she changed her mind again—and back—and still again.

At the appointed hour the false Dicky was waiting on the pier. Mist wraiths haunted the river's surface. Materializing out of the waste, wavering, approaching, receding, they dissolved again into the waste, under the mastery of a light wind that pulsed intermittently through the darkness, the troubled and passionate breath of the forest hemming the stream, a wind perfumed, languorous, full of half-uttered whisperings and the dim turbulence of an uninterpretable magic. Through the spell moved forward silently the little boat.

The khaki-clad occupant of the dock greeted it in Dicky's guarded and husky voice: "Why the painful paddling, bos'n?"

"Something wrong with the engine. She won't go." This was true; few motorboats will if the spark plugs are dropped overboard.

"Then the trip's off?"

"No; we'll take the sharpie."

Together they got the sails up. Jeffrey took the tiller.

"What are we after, this trip?" asked the passenger, sitting beside the navigator.

"A small moth who raises large families of larvæ to feed on the stems of the water hyacinth."

"I see," said the false Dicky, coughing quite ably—so she flattered herself. "Our ally. We're missionaries of anti-race-suicide among the destroyers."

"You do get the glimmer of an idea occasionally, Dicky," was the dry response.

The wind came more strongly, swelling the sails. The sharpie slipped like a whiter ghost amidst the gray wraiths. A red buoy loomed in its path. A light pressure of the helmsman's hand served to clear it.

"The dividing line," he said deliberately. "Out of the shallows, into the depths. Half blindly, and with darkness before and behind, like the passage through life—or love."

She turned, startled and incredulous. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

His face, watchful upon their course, neither changed nor turned. "Is it the first time you've heard it?"

Through the soft stir of the wind and the whisper of parted waters at the prow he could hear her quickened breath.

"Alva," he said.

"How did you know?" she asked, in the clear sweetness of her own voice.

"I met Dicky. The real one."

"Heavens!" Her laughter was a little tremulous. "No luck."

"You did it wonderfully well. Why did you do it?"

"Oh—the dramatic opportunity was too much to resist. I'm rather a theatrical person, you see."

"That will do for once, but you kept it up. Why?"

"To complete Dicky's education. Tame-Dicky."

He shook his head gently. "Why did you do it?"

"What an inexorable cross-examiner! Well—the sense of adventure. Recklessness, if you like."

"I don't like. Is that the only reason?"

"No."

"Well?"

"Because I liked to be with you that way. I like you, man to man."

"And man to woman?"

The pure serenity of her voice was troubled as she answered, "I haven't asked myself."

"Ask, then. Or shall I?"

She looked up at him, half fearful, half desirous of his touch, of his claim upon her. "You," she murmured.

He slipped the tiller behind his knee, and stooped and kissed her mouth. In that moment it seemed to her that the boat, their little world, had passed from human control and was being whirled away in the grasp of unfathomable destinies. She did not stir, but when he lifted his head she spoke.

"That day—when the moccasin bit me," she said brokenly and passionately, "when I felt your lips drawing at the very veins of my life ——" She stopped. He could see the quick uneven rise and fall of her breast. "I think it must have begun then," she whispered.

"How could I not have known!" he marveled.

She laid her two hands in his. They were cold and tremulous, but their clasp was wholly trustful.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

For answer he drew her up and placed her hands on the tiller. "You're in command," he told her, moving aside.

She reflected wonderingly that never in her confident young life had she been less in command of herself, of her actions, of her destiny. Then she remembered and smiled at him.

"You're taking me at my word—at Dicky's word, aren't you?" she said. "Instead of running away with me you're trying to make me run away with you."

"You're in command," he repeated.

"Without a chart."

"Over to starboard is the creek mouth where Pyrausta penitalis peacefully feeds upon the stems of Piaropus crassipes."

"That settles that! They can feed undisturbed, for all of me. I don't feel scientific to-night."

"Do you see a faint light off the port bow?"

She leaned forward. Her shoulder pressed his. His arm curved around her, only to be sharply withdrawn.

"No!" he said in a strained whisper.

Alva's quickened perceptions understood. Not even by a touch would he seek to influence her now.

"I see it," she replied.

"Your yacht, at anchor."

"Refuge."

"Refuge," he agreed.

"And beyond?"

"Sunrise."

"Let me think," said the girl.

The wind still freshened and sweetened behind them. With an adept's touch on the tiller and a swift gathering and relaxing of the sheet Alva winged out the foresail. Under the new impulsion the light craft fled more swiftly down wind. Tricky sailing, this wing-and-wing: the navigator's whole being seemed concentrated on it. Yet from time to time her glance wandered to the face of the man beside her, straight set on the course, and she thought that nowhere else among all the many who had paid court to her had she known the same clean, subtle yet direct strength of manhood. Once he slipped his hand over hers on the tiller and she thrilled and shook again; but it had been only to swerve the prow away from a half submerged log which he had sighted dead ahead.

They were going, it seemed to her, with incredible speed—whither? The one salient fact in the dim and moving universe seemed the riding light of the yacht, steady, serene, sure, a beacon light of safety. All the unconquered maidenhood in her yearned toward that sanctuary. They were almost abeam of it now. Involuntarily she put the helm down, catching in the slack of the foresheet as it eased, met it cleverly, and headed across the river.

"Haul in your main sheet," she ordered. "That'll do. All right. Make fast."

He obeyed without comment. The flat craft heeled over now, the water purring away from the dip of her lee rail. She was eating up the scant half mile of space between her and the lights. Alva stole a look at her companion. He was still intent upon the course. But a little line at the corner of his sensitive mouth seemed suddenly to have been graven deep in, a little line of pain and longing.

"Why don't you say something?" she demanded fretfully.

If he spoke now, if he argued or besought or pleaded, she knew that, with the perversity which was her last defense, she would bring the sharpie up under the safe lee of the yacht.

"I have nothing to say that you don't know already," came his composed reply.

"Oh!" she cried in a flash of exasperation, and with a nervous jerk on the tiller.

"Boat ahoy! Look out where yer goin'!" hailed a voice from the deck above them.

The sailboat swerved out from under the very counter of the yacht, spun on her heel with a rush and smother of seething white under her bow and paid off on the other tack. Jeffrey Sargent rose and leaned over his captain. She met his look with resolute eyes, though her breath fluttered in her throat.

"Alva," he whispered.

"Oh, I love you!" she said.

Minutes, or perhaps hours after, she reminded him, "But, Jeff, a sailboat can't sail itself forever."

"It isn't going to," he said, taking the tiller. "I'm going to sail it now."

"Where? No," she added with trustful hardihood, "you needn't tell me. I don't care where."

"I do. My sister's houseboat is ten miles down. Will you go there?"

"If you tell me to."

"I do."

"And you?"

"I shall be beating back to Green Cove to sit on the steps of a certain friendly clergyman whom I know there; and then to get Betty Deering as witness of honor."

Her face changed, but was still courageous. "When?" she said.

"To-morrow afternoon, beloved. Will you?"

"Yes, if—if you're sure, Jeff."

"There is no other sureness in the world like my love for you."

"I'll have to send for things," she said doubtfully.

"Don't begin to plan. I'll send Betty for the things and to tell your aunt. Let me do the rest."

"I will."

"We'll be married on the houseboat, and have dinner there, and then ——"

"And then?" she queried softly.

"We'll just step back gently into the sharpie and spread our wings and let the winds of heaven take us."

"Into the sunrise," said Alva.

PHOTO. FROM W. D. MCPHERSON, MONO LAKE, CALIFORNIA

Mono Craters, 9000 Feet Above Sea Level, Called "The Vesuvius of America," at the Eastern Gateway of the Yosemite Valley, Mono Lake, California

Full and roomy—where fullness is needed.
Guaranteed fabrics—fast colors—double seams—many styles.
SLIPOVA Rompers, Sleepers and Play-Clothes for Boys and Girls from 2 to 8 years.
Middy Blouses in all sizes.
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
SLIPOVA
CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN
McCAWLEY & CO., Inc., 253 Church St., N. Y.
Export Office—320 Broadway Factory—M. W. S. Building, Baltimore
SLIPOVA
CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN

ELIMINATING THE AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 7)

outline a plan for the government and development of the Philippine people. There is not a soft word in the entire document, but with military directness he declares that: "Honor, justice and friendship forbid the exploitation of the people of the islands. The purpose of the American Government is the welfare and advancement of the Filipino people." And that should have been sufficient for the time being. Indeed, he might have said with truth that the very nature of the American man made American exploitation of the Filipino people a very remote possibility.

And what is exploitation anyhow? Yes, I know. I have seen it in Shan-tung, in Manchuria and in Korea under the Japanese—definite exploitation. But if exploitation means getting in under a people with capital and brains, initiative, resourcefulness, energy, ambition and determination, and helping them to develop their resources to the end that they themselves may prosper and grow strong, then for goodness' sake let us have a little more exploitation in the Philippine Islands. And let us call it exploitation if we cannot find a better word for it.

In the end the world would have to find another name for the other kind of exploitation and our kind would have proved itself to be honorable enterprise. In connection with what I have seen of the American economic intention and achievement in the Philippines it is a word I very much dislike the sound of anyhow. In fact, it annoys me exceedingly.

Benevolent Exploitation

Imagine, if you can, a vast jungle. Not a jungle of giant trees draped with vines and creepers, aswarm with strange wild animals and poisonous reptiles and heavy with fungous odors, but a jungle of tall, stubborn, harsh, hard grasses and useless scrub timber. Such a jungle is not even picturesque; it is utterly repellent. It may have some big snakes—thirty-foot pythons—lurking in it, and there may be an occasional little honey bear or tiny deer. But it is not providing sustenance for lions or tigers or jaguars or elephants or any other kind of magnificent beast. It is just a useless waste.

Suppose you had waded through such a jungle with a surveying party along about 1908. You would have got to it by various means. A launch up a river and across a lake, to begin with, then by carabao cart over an execrable trail politely referred to as a road.

Then suppose you should go back to that jungle in 1921. You would go all the way from Manila by automobile on a highway as perfect as a highway can be made, and within every kilometer of that highway you would observe evidences of a new kind of life. You would pass splendid modern concrete schoolhouses; you would go through village after village in which prosperity, neatness and thrift had taken the place of poverty, squalor and shiftlessness; you would pass bubbling artesian wells with crowds of people round them carrying pails and kettles, and you would know that all these people had been taught to shun impure water as they would shun the dread diseases they once regarded as necessary evils and that are water-borne; you would look out across the fields and see men and women working with new methods, and you would note the gratifying results of them. Then you would turn a corner in the road, start up an easy winding grade and come out on the crest of a soft low hill. Your jungle would be spread out before you!

Your eyes would naturally fasten first upon a great sugar central with its towering smokestacks and its acres of joined buildings painted gray. Then you would slip down into the village which surrounds it. You would drive through wide and finely macadamized streets lined with young trees carefully tended and protected; you would pass rows of pretty modern cottages, each with its little garden bright with flowers; you would come to a big clubhouse with wide verandas hung with vines, and you would observe its tennis courts and the smooth level field adjoining them intended for sports of every kind; you would pass a moving-picture theater, a Y. M. C. A. headquarters, a pretty little church, a proud little schoolhouse, a most adequate-looking hospital, a gymnasium and swimming pool; then you would come up into the shadow of the big mill and be met and greeted by the manager himself—a typical specimen of an American, in white-linen riding clothes and a soft Philippine hat—the only American save a few technical experts in the entire community!

"What?" you would say. "All this for Filipino employes? For workmen? For laborers?" Yes, all this for Filipino employes!

Then you would go inside and, with the roar of the great unbelievable machines hammering at your ears, you would try to listen to the manager while he explained to you the process by which the trainloads of cane that were constantly coming up from the fields over the miles of narrow-gauge track were turned into sugar. You would go with him from the point where the cane was being fed by the ton into the huge crushers all the way to where an extraordinary machine was pouring the sugar into sacks in exact amounts, sewing the sacks up and sending them along up an endless-chain kind of carrier to where they were caught by men and packed away into box cars on a railway siding close to the mill, ready to be taken down to the sea and lowered into the hold of a ship. And all the time you would be impressed by the fact that Filipinos were doing the work.

Filipinos operating the all-but-automatic machines that feed cane waste into the long rows of furnaces; Filipinos watching steam gauges and regulating the pressure of power; Filipinos with oil cans going from point to point round the tremendous wonderful machines, keeping watch over every part of them; Filipinos at throttles and levers; Filipinos watching the indicators on the great boiling vats; Filipinos operating dozens of centrifugal drying and bleaching machines; Filipinos, each with a chemical outfit, sitting at little tables testing the different grades of sirup and the varying qualities of the output in the raw as this output comes through to them; Filipinos with brooms and mops going from place to place keeping the vast concrete floor space immaculate; Filipinos doing a thousand and one things, and all of them working with a precision and snap so foreign to Filipino character that you would wonder what it could be that had wrought such a change in them. You would know that in one of their own antiquated, slipshod sugar mills they would be slopping round with about the same amount of interest in their work that would be displayed by the carabao hitched to the primitive cane crusher.

Industrial Possibilities

Then you would decide, as I did—for this, even to the wade through the one-time actual jungle, is an experience of my own you would decide, as I did, that they respond to the urge of modern method, high wages and attractive surroundings; that they thrill to the magnificence of great machines; that it is a new kind of pride—a pride in colossal and spectacular industry and enterprise that has stiffened their backbones, and you would think to yourself, as I did: "Well, if this be exploitation let us have more of it in the Philippine Islands!"

Then on a small flat car, drawn by a noisy and very pompous little engine on a two-foot track, you would ride round over the plantations. You would see the giant cane being cut up and loaded on patent cane cars standing in long lines on a railway siding; off in the distance you would see a big tractor engine drawing a wonderful kind of plow back and forth over a new section of land just reclaimed from the jungle; you would pass a coconut nursery and have your attention called to the fact that much of the reclaimed land—stretching away up the slopes to meet the blue haze lying upon a distant, magnificent mountain range—was not suitable for sugar cane, but was perfectly adapted for coconuts; you would observe that hundreds of acres were already planted in young trees and that hundreds of others were already prepared, with rows upon rows of deep holes in the ground, for additional planting when the rains should begin; and you would have explained to

(Continued on Page 58)

USG

Throughout the house, wherever you need walls and ceilings, Sheetrock will save you money

SEE what you can do with cellar space by the use of Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard. You can convert a corner into a fruit and vegetable cellar, clean and dry, where preserves and produce are kept at even temperature the year around. A special laundry room, a separate room for the furnace, require only a few more sections of Sheetrock. By lining the entire basement with Sheetrock, the living rooms above are protected from dust and soot, and the whole house is kept cleaner, warmer and drier in winter.

All these improvements made with Sheetrock add much more value to your house than they cost. For Sheetrock makes standard walls and ceilings at low cost for material and construction. It comes in broad, ceiling-high sheets that any good carpenter can nail up quickly. It will not warp. It is made from rock and is fireproof—inspected and approved by The Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. Ask your lumber dealer or your dealer in builders' supplies for Sheetrock. Write us for a free illustrated copy of "Walls of Worth."

SHEETROCK

The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY, *General Offices:* 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago

World's Largest Producers of Gypsum Products

SALES OFFICES: New York, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Pittsburgh, Pa., Cleveland, Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Minneapolis, Minnesota, St. Louis, Missouri, Kansas City, Missouri, Omaha, Nebraska, Denver, Colorado, Los Angeles, California

MINES AND MILLS Oakfield, N. Y., Plaster Co, Va., Cleveland Ohio Gypsum, Ohio, Genoa, Ohio, Detroit Mich., Alabaster, Mich., Grand Rapids, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., Fort Dodge, Iowa, Blue Rapids, Kan., Southard, Okla., Eldorado, Okla., Lucemont, S. D., Loveland, Colorado, Denver, Colorado, Ardeu, Nevada, Amboy, California

WHEREVER *Dr. Lyon's has gone, good teeth have always followed, and worries ceased.*

DR. LYON'S story is simple—sound teeth by safe means. Dr. Lyon's contains no doubtful ingredients, makes no unfounded claims. It merely cleans, polishes and preserves—and does that well. People have used it continuously for 55 years.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder · · Cream

Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
530 West 27th Street, New York

Canadian Distributors:
LYMANS, LIMITED
344 St. Paul St., West, MONTREAL

FREE SAMPLE
Powder or Cream — sent to anyone

(Continued from Page 54)

you that a $2,000,000 irrigation and water-power project was in prospect and that when it was realized there would be no limit to the industrial possibilities of the district, and that therefore it was thought just as well to make use of all available land for the development of a coconut plantation with the idea of establishing a coconut-oil mill that could be operated by this power and that could share the outside equipment—the railroad and other transportation facilities—of the sugar central.

On your way through miles of sugar cane you would come upon an occasional little new-looking village—groups of picturesque nipa-thatched cottages—the villages of the farmers. And do not think that so extensive a territory planted in sugar cane is the property of American exploiters. I should say not! An American company owns the mill and the plantation that was jungle such a little while ago; only that and nothing more. But farmers for miles around have put their land in sugar because of the advantage to themselves of the near-by great central mill that will buy their cane and give them a better profit on their operation than they have ever before enjoyed. And if this be exploitation ——

I could take you over vast hemp plantations in Davao; I could drive with you through the cathedral-like aisles of coconut groves on the islands of Mindanao and Cebú—very few of them owned by Americans—that would take hours to come to the end of. But the development has only just begun; the surface even of the possibilities has been just merely scratched.

I could take you up into the highlands of Mindanao and show you square miles of the finest grazing land on earth, and not an animal in sight; square miles as virgin to-day as when the archipelago was heaved up out of the depths of the sea.

And I would say to you, "Look upon this and ponder the fact that the United States Army in the Philippines lets contracts for millions of dollars' worth of beef every year to firms in Australia!"

You would say, "But it is delightful up here, and how beautiful! The climate is just about like Northern New York in early autumn."

"Just about," I would answer; "and it doesn't change into winter either."

Potential Commerce

I could take you into tremendous river valleys out of the soil of which a few thousand people scratch an easy living and which could be made to support millions; I could show you tremendous untouched acreages under which it is said oil lies in unlimited quantities; I could show you tracts of land capable of producing all the rubber that the American and Philippine peoples could find use for; I could take you to gold mines and coal mines and iron mines that are being operated on a scale just sufficiently large to tantalize their operators; and I could tell you about other known mineral areas that have never been touched, because the laws are such that only a proved bonanza would tempt enough capital to develop them. And all the time I should be reminding you that half the privately owned and cultivated land in the islands is in rice, that the people are now producing enough of this staple to meet their own needs and that the possibilities for producing high-grade rice for export are unlimited; that there are tremendous areas already in tobacco and plenty of room left for planting, and that there are half a dozen other important products that I had failed to mention.

After which I might ask you to regard seriously for a moment the geographical location of the archipelago. I should not say much about its political aspects, except perhaps to refer to the fact that it lies between Japan and the rights of others in Australia, the Dutch East Indies, South China, French Indo-China, the Malay States and India; that it is the key to empire in the East and that because we are not interested in empire in the East we are the only people who could be universally approved of as the holder of it. I would rather dwell upon the more important facts that it is only forty-eight hours from the Pacific coast of Asia and that on the Asian continent there are approximately 800,000,000 people, of whom about 799,999,000 are minus practically every modern product and manufactured commodity with which Western ingenuity and enterprise can supply them. Does that give you a vision of American fleets of commerce plying the Pacific? If so, I would call you back to the harbor of Manila and, with a broad gesture to indicate its tremendous extent, would assure you that for possibilities and potentialities it beats anything between the one-hundred-and-eightieth meridian, going west, and the Suez Canal!

But now I must go away back to where the Republican Party was bluffed into adopting a pusillanimous policy with regard to the Philippines. This policy was all right in principle, and is yet; its pusillanimity lies chiefly in our method of pursuing it.

Early in 1900 President McKinley sent Mr. Taft to Manila to make an investigation of conditions, acquaint himself with the islands and their peoples, and to institute civil government when in his opinion it seemed expedient to do so. I do not know that this exactly expresses the President's instructions, but that was the way events transpired at any rate.

And at this point I am going to insert a brief parenthetic explanation. This article was already written when I learned that Mr. Taft had been made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In common with millions of my fellow countrymen I have always had a profound regard for Mr. Taft, and have hoped for many years that I might live to see him in that exalted and peculiarly sacred office. There has been no period in his career when to call his judgment into question has not seemed to me to be a most impertinent thing to do; now it seems much worse than impertinent, and I wish to say that in doing so I feel apologetic and very humble.

Mr. Taft's Policies

We may criticize our President, say anything we like about him and make his life miserable for him, if we do not happen to agree with him, but the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court we may not refer to save with reverence. Our recognition and acceptance of this fact is one of the secrets of our success as a republic. It is not the man but the office that is sacred. But what is one to do? It is impossible to write honestly about the Philippines without referring to Mr. Taft's policies. But when he went to the Philippines he was a young man; he lived and did his work like the rest of us from day to day and not with inspired vision from epoch to epoch. He made mistakes. He himself, I believe, thinks now that with a little less altruism in our methods of procedure we might have achieved better and less ephemeral results.

When Mr. Taft went to the Philippines it was presidential-campaign year in the United States. Under military control a civil form of government had already been instituted, or put in temporary operation in the pacified sections of the islands, but the American Army was still hammering away at the insurrectos, while Aguinaldo in his mountain retreat was still directing the harassing guerrilla tactics of his scattered forces. Under such circumstances one may be pardoned, perhaps, for wondering just how much of the immediate stand taken by Mr. Taft was for the benefit of the Filipinos and how much for the benefit of American voters in the United States. That he was captivated by the charming side of Filipino character there can be no doubt; everybody is. That he wished sincerely to serve only the best interests of the Philippine people and that those interests were held by him to be paramount to all other considerations is beyond question, but it is the general opinion that he began at once to lay too much emphasis on that part of President McKinley's pronouncement which says: "The Philippines are not ours."

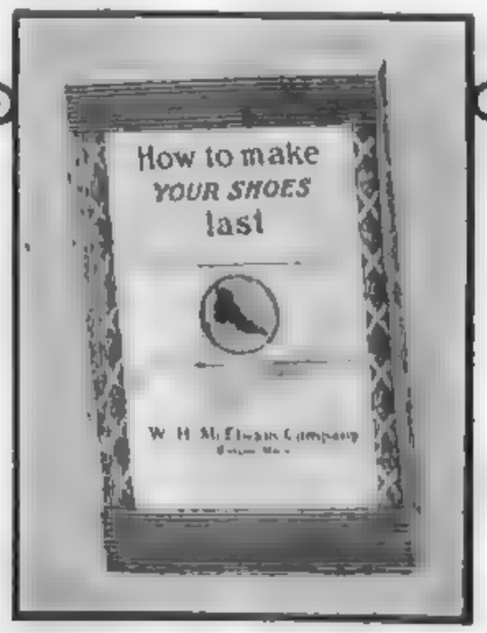
He had not been in the islands long before he uttered the phrase which has done so much to hinder the carrying out of what should have been regarded as the essential part of the policy—with the policy rightly interpreted—and that was the economic development of the country. The economic development of the country, not the exploitation of the people! There is a difference! An important item on the program was the training of the Filipinos in habits of industry, and the only way to accomplish this was by means of American example. Precept alone would have done no good whatever. The thing to do then was to strike off all fetters on honorable American initiative and enterprise and to guard not only the Filipinos but Americans as

(Continued on Page 59)

Type R—Men's Mahogany Russia Bal Goodyear Welt
Light Tread Rubber Heel. $6, $7

Type B—Boys' Mahogany Russia Bal Goodyear Welt
Light Tread Rubber Heel. $4, $4 50, $5 00
† Also in Black Gun Metal

STYLE and self respect will lead you to the shoe store that sells *better shoes for less money*—and there are 25,000 leading independent merchants selling McElwain shoes—one of them near you. *McElwain neither owns nor operates retail stores.*



SEND to us for the booklet "How to Make Your Shoes Last." It will help you to make a definite reduction in your shoe bills; and it is free. A card will bring it to you.

W. H. McELWAIN COMPANY
356 Congress St., Boston 3, Mass.

Following Dad's footsteps in McElwain Shoes

DAD dresses well—because he feels better so, and because he has an example to set for a son.

He'll get fitted to McElwain Type R for Fall—he'll see how cleverly the brogue-like design has been built into a business-like "streamline" shoe.

He won't pause over price or leather, nor question workmanship, for the mark "McElwain" on the sole has paid him extra dividends of comfort and wear and dollar-saving for years.

Naturally when Son heads off to school to be compared with other sons, his feet tramp proudly in Type B—a McElwain Jr., like Dad's in workmanship and style, but *all boy* in fit and everlasting wear.

Your McElwain dealer will be your son's, as he was your dad's.

McELWAIN

TRADE MARK

BETTER SHOES FOR LESS

White Teeth—The Klenzo Smile-Sign

THE flash and glisten of polished white teeth—do you envy them? *You* ought to have white teeth, too. You *can* have them! By using Klenzo—the *white* dental cream.

There is no other dentifrice made exactly like Klenzo. Klenzo's *white*, snowy foam penetrates every crevice—searches out old secretions and food particles, and destroys them. Cleans, polishes, and *whitens* the enamel. And, besides all that, it leaves that delicious Cool, Clean, Klenzo Feeling in your mouth.

This delightful feeling—more than mere taste—is proof of the cleansing work Klenzo is doing. And results show in *whiter* teeth, a healthier mouth.

Start getting *whiter* teeth this very day. Get a tube of Klenzo at the nearest Rexall Store. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Store

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 10,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO · LIVERPOOL · PARIS

(Continued from Page 58)

well against anything American that could not be so described.

But Mr. Taft said, "The United States Government is here to preserve the Philippines for the Filipinos," and one may say that the word "preserve" was never more rightly used. That statement has been flung back at us from a thousand different angles and has been employed as a basis of argument in favor of all kinds of hampering legislation that has kept American capital out of the islands, handicapped American capital in the islands and served to lock away their untold riches in Nature's storehouses, where only great and expensive processes of development can reach them, and where untouched they can do no good to the Filipinos or to anyone.

Later on, in a celebrated speech which he made in Iloilo, Mr. Taft laid special emphasis on the Philippines-for-the-Filipinos policy and said that if there were any Americans in the islands who were not prepared to subscribe to it they were at liberty to return to the United States.

Nobody objected to a policy of the Philippines for the Filipinos, but interested Americans wanted to know why they should be singled out for elimination. There was a tremendous British investment in the islands, which even to-day, after twenty years of American sovereignty, is nearly double the amount of the American investment. And even to-day, after all our efforts to develop a Philippines for the Filipinos; after all our surrender of authority and our chuckle-headed self abnegation in the interest of what we were pleased to regard as a sacred trust, not more than 10 per cent of the business of the islands is in Filipino hands; 85 per cent, or more even, of the local trade—retail and interprovincial—is in the hands of Chinese merchants, and has been from time immemorial. The Japanese have had large interests in the islands for many years, and in recent years these interests have grown with such alarming rapidity that they have begun in certain sections to assume the proportions of peaceful penetration. And when we adopted the Philippines-for-the-Filipinos policy there were large German interests as well. When we went to war with Germany the insular alien property custodian seized German properties to the value of nearly 175,000,000 pesos. Also there were Swiss interests, and French and Dutch, to say nothing of very important Spanish holdings and relationships which we undertook specifically in the Treaty of Paris to protect.

Pioneers From New England

But what about us? Where do we come in? The Philippines for the Filipinos? It looked to an American up a tree a good deal more like a Philippines—under the American flag, protected by an American navy, kept in order by an American army, and backed by American power and prestige—for everybody except Americans.

That we-don't-want-anything-for-ourselves idea may be all right for halo-collecting purposes, but it could hardly be called practical. If the things we do not want for ourselves could always go to someone who deserves them more than we do it might be quite a different matter, but it hardly ever works out that way. Standing aside for rightful owners and standing aside for less-considerate brigands than we could possibly be are not one and the same thing by any means.

When the Spaniards surrendered the city of Manila to an American army the United States was practically the only important country in the world that was not represented in the population by a considerable commercial colony. And yet before the Civil War American trade was predominant in the Pacific Ocean. Those were the days of the American clipper ships, the story of which forms one of the most thrilling and romantic chapters in our history. But during the Civil War some 900 of them were destroyed by Confederate privateers, and with the passing of the ships passed the few American firms that had been established in the Orient.

A good many of the pioneers of American commerce, however, died and were buried in the city of Manila, so it might be said that we were greeted, when we raised our flag over that city, by a colony of ghosts. And a fine company they were, too; mostly New Englanders with the kind of names—Sturgis, Watson, Moore, Munro, Huntington, Bramhall, Crockett, Eaton, Oakey, Chapman, Fisher—that bring them before one's vision as sturdy and staunch old citizens of the type that we associate with our best traditions.

Captain H. L. Heath, president of the American Chamber of Commerce of Manila, in writing an article for the first number of the journal of that organization, which, strangely enough, was not published until June, 1921, called special attention to these early traders in a way which induced me and a good many others in Manila who had never thought of them before to make pilgrimages to their graves. The first among them to die—the earliest date on a gravestone being 1835—were buried in the ancient Chinese cemetery in Manila, but later the Britishers began to bury our dead in their churchyard at San Pedro Macati, a picturesque and historic near-by village; they have taken care of American graves for more than sixty years and continue to do so to this day.

Those in the Chinese cemetery were removed a few years ago by the American Memorial Association to a beautiful shady spot in the fine new Cementerio del Norte; new, that is, as it is to-day, and as so much of Manila and the Philippines is new. It was redeemed from ghastliness and made beautiful in our own time by Mr. John Mehan, the American who proved to the Filipinos and others that grass could be made to grow in Manila and that the city could be made soft and restful to look upon, with wide green spaces, many trees, clambering vines and flowering shrubs. The beauty of the city of Manila is John Mehan's monument; he did not live long to enjoy it after he had turned so much of it from arid and sun-scorched harshness into the loveliness of a magnificent park.

American Improvements

Oh, yes; we could go our typical American way in anything that had to do with the development of a Philippines for the Filipinos. Manila had a well-deserved reputation for being the pesthole of the Orient. We could clean out the pesthole; we could eradicate epidemic disease all over the islands; establish the finest hospitals and hospital services in the East; institute a proud system of modern education; build schoolhouses by the dozen; get ambitious and launch out into a great university; pave streets; put in sewer systems; abandon a putrid old waterworks and bring an abundance of pure water down from the hills; make parks, boulevards and playgrounds; reclaim hundreds of acres of land from the shallows of the harbor and build piers and warehouses; screen the harbor from the terrible and annually inevitable typhoons by a tremendous breakwater; build hundreds of miles of first-class highway; clean up *barrios* and villages and towns; go out after animal diseases and vegetable blights; open up big stations for agricultural experiment and instruction; start civic movements all over the archipelago to save babies and check the ravages of tuberculosis; harmonize no telling how many peoples of different tongues, traditions and dispositions under a single language and a single hope; establish a splendid colony for the thousands of lepers and handle all the lepers ourselves, because no Filipino could be induced to do it; get in among the dreaded wild men and induce them to recognize the advantages of baseball over head hunting as an outdoor sport; and—well, what not?

But back of everything had to be the business of the people, the development of resources and the growth of commerce and industry. When it came to this the American Government in the Philippines assumed from the outset that Nature could be trusted to take its course. And, all things being equal, with American nerve, initiative and ambition what they happen to be, Nature might have done very well—all things being equal, that is. Individual American business enterprise has never whined for special encouragement anywhere; has never asked for anything but a fair field and no favor, which is the only possible basis for clean competition; but even American nerve may give way in time in a fight against too many inequalities and too much discrimination.

It is not my intention to hold the average American up as a paragon of all the virtues; it is not my intention to pin any medals on him on any account whatsoever; there are Americans we should like very much to have within our own borders, where they could disgrace themselves only and not the whole country; but taken by and large the Americans in foreign business enterprise and international commerce are most satisfactorily representative of the best we are able to produce, and in the American business community in the Philippines particularly they have managed to maintain a very high average. With the prestige of the American flag in a sovereign capacity over an alien people in their keeping, and with the grave moral obligation of their country to this people as keenly appreciated by them as by anyone, it may be said that they have been upheld by the inspiration of special incentive; but in any case General Wood was not just flattering them when he said that they have lived up to the best American traditions and have been a tremendous influence for good in the islands.

And now I should like to go back for a moment and pick up another interesting phase of our progress. Though in the United States our relationship to the Philippines became and continued to be a partisan political question, in the establishment and maintenance of American government in the islands all party lines were lost sight of from the beginning and nothing but unqualified Americanism ever was permitted to influence the immediate situation until the Democratic Party came into power in 1913. It had to be so. It could not be otherwise. And even with the Democratic Party coming in on its platform pledge to make momentous changes in the existing governmental establishment, those of us who were in close touch with it and had lived in contact with it for many years assured ourselves that there could be no change in this one respect at any rate. We realized our great distance from the homeland and understood the differences—or thought we did—between homeland influences and those which affected us.

When Mr. Taft instituted civil government in Manila there was still a good-sized volunteer American army out in the bosque, dealing with the remnants of a most troublesome insurrection. This war of independence—as the Filipinos have a perfect right to call it—did not come to an end actually until the capture of Vicente Lucban, the last of the powerful insurgent leaders, in April, 1902. It came to an official close on the Fourth of July of the same year and exactly one year after the civil government, with Mr. Taft as governor-general, had assumed full control of insular affairs.

In the meantime the government was being organized throughout the archipelago and Mr. Taft needed men. He did not need Republicans or Democrats; he needed Americans, and as the Army was returned to the United States he selected men from among its officers and from its ranks to fill the hundreds of minor as well as highly responsible positions which, for the time being, had to be filled by Americans.

A Few Black Sheep

And what a pity they were not all good hundred-per-centers! It has to be admitted that they were not. A number of them disgraced us horribly. They were guilty of malfeasance in office, of defalcation, of plain criminal misappropriation of public funds; but the laws covering all such crimes were very severe and no man escaped. For the falsification of a public document a merciful sentence was eight years in the penitentiary, and by 1904 there were seventeen Americans—all of the government personnel—in Bilibid Prison under twenty-five-year sentences. The fact that he was an American was always against a man who went wrong in the islands in those days. And quite right too. For the sake of American prestige it might have been better, perhaps, to have sent all defaulting Americans back to the United States to serve their sentences in Federal prisons, but the idea was to prove to the Filipino that no line was ever to be drawn that would make any difference between him and the American under the law. Never mind that a sentence to Bilibid Prison was a severer penalty to an American than it could possibly be to a Filipino; a crime committed in the Philippines by an American—and especially a crime against the Government—was graver than the same crime could possibly be, committed by a Filipino. The Americans went to Bilibid.

Bilibid Prison is the largest penitentiary in the world; not because there is more crime in the Philippines than anywhere else, but because it is the only penitentiary

(Continued on Page 62)

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

THIS well-known farm-table delicacy is made from the choice parts of six-months-old pigs, which have been fed on milk and corn, raised on near-by farms.

It is seasoned with the best of spices and made after a family recipe ninety years old.

Jones Dairy Farm Products are sold by representative merchants from Maine to California. Behind every pound is the Jones name, which has stood for high quality and fair dealing for thirty-five years.

Watch dealers' windows for announcement of the first shipment of Jones Dairy Farm Products.

SPECIAL NOTE TO RETAIL MERCHANTS

The Quality of Jones Products, coupled with our trade aid to retailers, has resulted in hundreds of firm supporters all over the country. Our system of "dealers' helps" makes it easy for the retailer to quickly sell each consignment. What we have done for others we can do for you. Write to us for information concerning our special "Resale-plan."

JONES DAIRY FARM

Dept. A

FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

The fresh from the factory

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer.

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

American Tobacco Co.

has changed its entire plan of distribution on TUXEDO.

It is the biggest improvement in tobacco service since the beginning of the tobacco industry.

Every modern device for speed—fast trains, motor delivery, and telegrams—has been taken advantage of.

Nothing is overlooked that will clip minutes from the schedule on which TUXEDO is now delivered from our factory to your pipe. All this is done because freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality.

It takes time—and lots of it—to cure smoking tobacco properly. Nothing can hurry it—but once it is properly aged, blended, cut and packed for smoking, the sooner you smoke it the better it is.

Today TUXEDO is sold to every dealer in one dozen lots. This makes it necessary for the retail dealer to order TUXEDO continuously, a little more trouble to be sure, but it insures TUXEDO reaching you in fresh condition.

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you. This means that every pipeful is good and every pipeful alike. You need never smoke stale tobacco again.

Tuxedo TOBACCO

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

The Future of Transportation

WHEN Robert Fulton first introduced the steamboat, in 1807, our grandfathers shook doubtful heads.

When George Stephenson's first locomotive, the Rocket, made twenty-nine miles an hour on its initial trip, a German professor stated that railroads were impracticable, for such a speed would surely induce brain fever.

Within our own generation we can recall the doubt with which the first automobiles were introduced as toys for the idle rich. Twenty-five years ago there were in the United States only four automobiles. Today there are eight million.

Within twelve years the airplane has risen from an experiment to an active factor in Commerce. No other invention has ever shown such rapid growth, and yet the airplane is still in its infancy.

From the very beginning of the aeronautical industry The Glenn L. Martin Company has maintained an enviable position as one of the foremost builders of superior aircraft. The Martin Company believes in the airplane as a vehicle of Commerce, and in the future of Aerial Transportation.

Men of Vision and Capital to whom Aerial Transportation is making its appeal are invited to write to us.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN CO.
CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 59)

to serve the needs of a population of approximately 10,000,000. However, large as it is, it would have to have an annex immediately, or another prison would have to be built, if the courts in the islands to-day worked with the precision, dispatch and judicial-mindedness that characterized them in the early days of their establishment. It cannot be said that they do so operate. In them are pending as I write 23,242 cases, most of which should have been off the calendars at least a year ago. Of these, 5646 are criminal cases, and the criminals—or the accused, I believe is the proper word—are for the most part out on bail; crime being more prevalent, incidentally, than it has ever been since order was restored in the beginning of American occupation.

There are 10,814 hopeless plaintiffs, and presumably a corresponding 10,814 unworried defendants in civil suits; while the parties to 6782 land-registration cases might just as well take them out walking. But that is a digression.

While Mr. Taft was filling government offices to a large extent with demobilized soldiers and officers, many other soldiers and officers were asking to be discharged in the islands in order that they might take advantage of various visible opportunities for establishing themselves in business. And to-day a great many of the older heads in the American business community are these same veterans of the Spanish-American War and the Filipino insurrection. Not all of them, but many of them. Some civilian traders entered the field at once and some of the firms they founded have survived and prospered; a good many others have been induced for one reason or another to come out in later years, and a large junior element has been added to from time to time.

It is a curious fact that the men who went into government service began at once to look down on their fellow countrymen who elected to remain in the islands for the simple prosaic purpose of making a living, if such a thing proved to be possible. And yet probably not so curious either. It is only the occasional man in public service who does not believe that he got the office he holds because he happened to be the only man alive who was fitted to fill it. A government circle is invariably charmed—with itself. And besides, a government personnel exists for nothing but to put into effect the policies of government. The policy of the American Government in the islands was to preserve the Philippines for the Filipinos, and any man—any American, that is—who sought for mere vulgar purposes of personal gain to interfere in any way with the preserving process became at once, in the language of the elect, an adventurer. The prevailing thought seemed to be, and has continued to be, that the way to preserve the Philippines was to can the American business man.

Daniel in the Lions' Den

But when Mr. Harrison, with such unconventional disregard of the established usages and proprieties of polite canning processes, dispensed en masse with the services of the Americans in the Government, a great many of them joined the local business community and are now among its most valued and active members. Many of them had to do this because they had been in the islands so long that they had lost all touch with everything that might ever have looked like an opportunity for them in their own country, and because they knew more about the Philippines and the Philippine way of doing things than about anything else in the world.

In refutation of the statement that American business has had a hard struggle for its existence, my attention might be called to the fact that as a consequence of American participation in Philippine development and commerce the trade between the United States and the islands has grown steadily from a total of $5,338,341 in 1899 to $197,567,139 in 1920.

And I would answer: "Yes; in spite of handicaps, all kinds of embarrassments, and a complete lack of encouragement and protection, American business has succeeded to a certain extent. What it might have amounted to, unshackled and unafraid, it is difficult to imagine."

And who has benefited by all the progress that has been made? A few American business men in the Philippines? I should say principally the Filipinos themselves, and incidentally large numbers of Americans in the United States. And I am going to make the startling little statement that unless certain events eventuate as it is desired that they should, and certain measures of relief are forthcoming in pretty short order, the Filipinos and these Americans are going to be deprived of the services of a good many seasoned American business men in the Philippines. You could count on the fingers of one hand the firms that are not clinging desperately to the ragged edge. The great thing to remember is that they are clinging.

But that is another story; there are any number of other stories; I shall have to tell them in another article. They are important. They illuminate the situation as no other stories do, and they prove conclusively that the Filipino idea of a Philippines for the Filipinos is a Philippines as free as possible from what is referred to as outside investment. And everybody knows what is meant by outside investment. Even a casual glance at certain items of recent legislation and a comparison between these and a few important court decisions and administrative interpretations—all Filipino—are sufficient to convince one that a definite system has been instituted which has for its object the elimination of the American. At the same time the wholly Filipino Philippine Government provides a continuing appropriation of 1,000,000 pesos a year to be used in the United States for the dissemination of independence propaganda and to encourage American capital to take a chance in Philippine investment. There are two bureaus operating in the United States, one of them economic and the other political. It is a queer kind of business, and one is not decided whether to regard it as being merely stupid or exceedingly clever.

In the meantime the American business man already established has the same variety of protection that Daniel had in the lions' den. He went in on faith and he stays in on faith—plus worry and work.

Americans Handicapped

By merely glancing at the fact that the British investment in the islands exceeds the American investment by nearly 500,000,000 pesos you might jump to the conclusion that British capital is less timid than American capital, but the truth is that, among other advantages, British capital enjoys the protection of the British Government through consular representation; this being true also as regards capital invested by citizens of Japan, China, France, Italy, the Netherlands and other countries; and since in their foreign relationships the Philippines are actually American territory, foreign representatives are able to deal directly with the responsible power in all questions connected with their interests. The Americans in the Philippines—under the American flag, which represents everything there is of stability in the islands, either economic or political—envy the foreigners who have consular representation. I have heard many an American say with a characteristic laugh that it would not hurt his feelings any if the Filipinos should suddenly get the independence they spend their lives clamoring for, because in a Philippine republic there would at least be an American consul, whereas now there is nobody to represent him in matters which he wishes to refer to his own Government. And anyone who knows anything about foreign trade knows that such matters get to be at times exceedingly numerous.

Then there is the great question of applying to the Philippines the American Coastwise Shipping Law. This law provides that passengers and freight shall be carried from one American port to another by American ships only, and the same kind of law is in operation in nearly every country on earth. But the Filipinos were violently opposed to the extension of the American law to cover the islands; and with excellent reason, though their real and only excellent reason they did not in the beginning make the most of. In fact, they carefully avoided all direct reference to it and confined themselves to such argument as could be got out of the horrible possibility that their own merchant marine—of which there isn't any!—would become merely a part of the American merchant marine, and that they would be strangled to death by a colossal and cruel monopoly.

Considering the facts that they are the only people on earth who enjoy the privilege of absolute free trade with the United States and that the easiest way to strangle them to death would be to withdraw from them that privilege, their arguments failed to impress certain American interests that saw in the application of the law to the Philippines an opportunity to snitch out of the hands of British, Japanese and other foreign traders something they thought might justly be regarded as peculiarly American.

The Chamber of Commerce

The very excellent reason the Filipinos had for objecting to the inclusion of the archipelago within the law was that such inclusion would definitely establish said archipelago as American territory. I have nothing to say really for one side or the other. My sympathies are largely on the Filipino side—that is, supposing I myself were a Filipino and a convinced and honest-to-goodness *independista*—but my intelligence works in harmony with the American view.

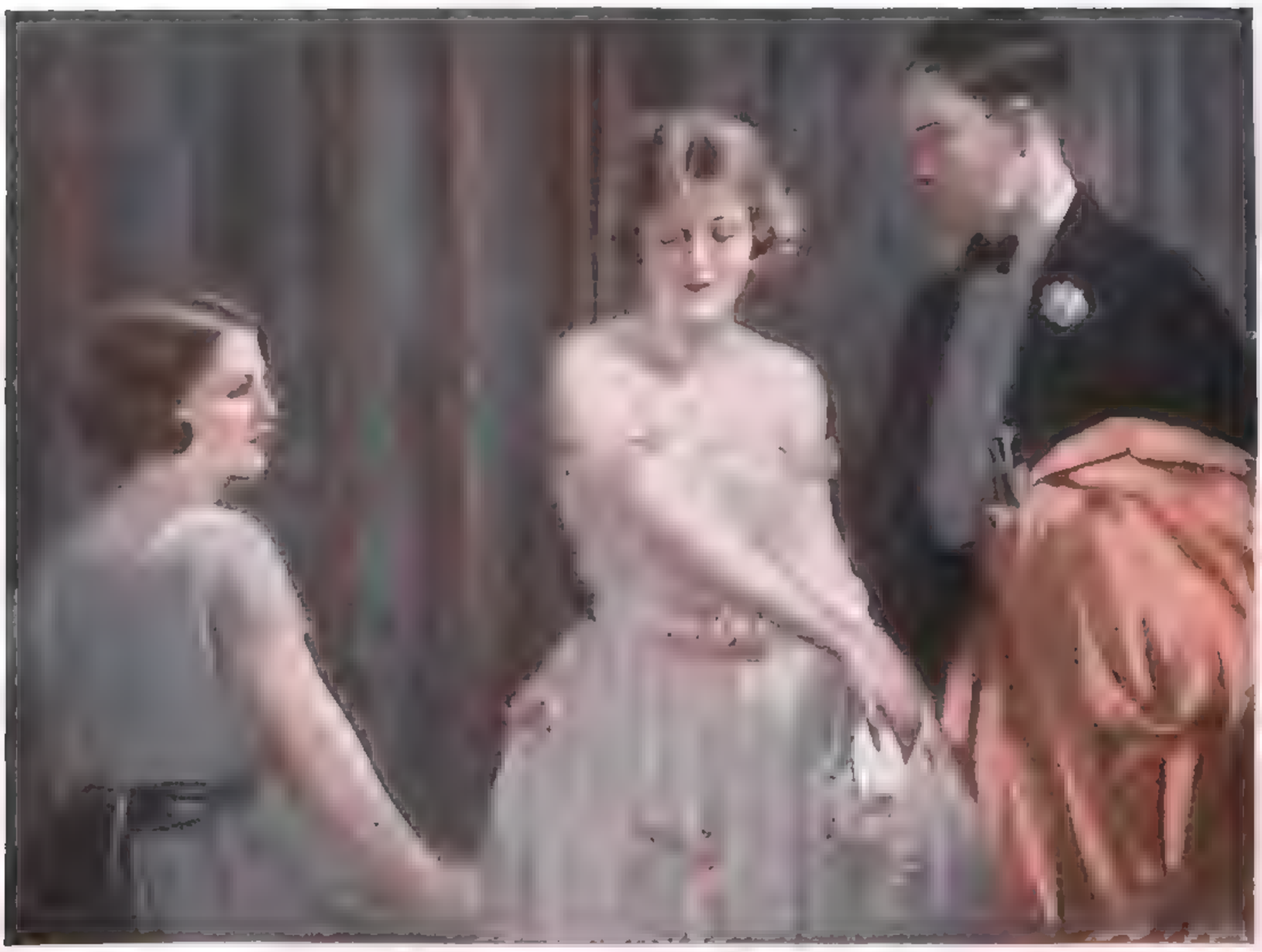
At any rate, there was a tremendous argument about it and the leaders of the predominant political party—the *nacionalistas*—finally got violent and—as Captain Heath, formerly referred to, says—"grew ruthless in the use of authority and through power of government acting against individuals of the community attempted to force compliance on the part of Americans and American-controlled organizations to the mandate of the political oligarchy opposing the act." In other words the Filipino leaders threatened several varieties of commerce-annihilating reprisal in case the act was not rescinded.

This annoyed the American community exceedingly. It drove the American business men together in self-defense, not so much against opposition to this particular decision of the United States Congress as against such methods of government. And it was suddenly brought home to them in a startling way that they were without representation; that they had no medium through which to reach their Government with their views on this or any other matter. In the establishment of the Philippine relationship to the United States the American citizen in the Philippine Islands, without a vote in his own country or a voice in the Philippine Government, had been absolutely ignored.

The result was the organization of the American Chamber of Commerce of the Philippine Islands—"just twenty-two years, two months and two days after Admiral Dewey broke down Spanish power, and the work of putting the Filipino people on the map of the world had commenced!" This quotation expresses the kind of wrath with which the Americans were inspired, and in a continuing militant mood they declare that the chamber "represents every phase of American business and interest in the Philippines and is taking the place of a legation to the citizens of the United States residing in the Philippine territory, irrespective of whether they are members of the organization or not. It proposes to be heard on every subject affecting the business or political life of the community. It proposes in all matters: first, to suggest a remedy; second, to ask for its application; third, to demand its application; and fourth, to fight for its application if other processes are not successful."

It was to these men, also members of the Rotary Club, that General Wood was speaking when he said that the new Administration intends to defend and support overseas Americans with a definite foreign-commerce policy.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.



The Girl Women Envy and Men Admire

Some girls seem to have all the good times while others look on and wonder how they do it. Yet these popular girls are often not especially endowed with beauty. Why do they inspire so much masculine admiration?

The principal attraction is often the alluring fresh smoothness of skin which all men admire. Did you ever see a girl with a poor complexion receive much attention?

Be the envied girl yourself

There is no reason you should be content with anything less than a perfect skin. You can make your complexion smooth and fresh—you can free it from blemishes. You can keep it fine in texture and develop a charming natural color.

How necessary it is to wash your face is proved by the statements of leading skin specialists. You risk serious skin disorders when you fail to protect your skin by daily cleansing. Your one big problem is the choice of soap.

Select the mildest

If you feel afraid of soap it is because you have been using the wrong kind. You will have no further anxiety after you try Palmolive. The formula has been perfected to give the women the mildest, balmiest facial soap it is possible to produce.

Blended from the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers, its smooth, bland, creamy lather cleanses without the slightest hint of harshness.

What Palmolive does

Softly massaged into your skin with your two hands, the fragrant lather enters every tiny pore and skin cell, dissolving the accumulations of dirt, oil secretions and perspiration which otherwise clog and enlarge them. (When this dirt carries infection, blemishes result.)

This thorough cleansing keeps your skin clear and fine in texture. Healthful stimulation of circulation gives you that inimitable and becoming natural color.

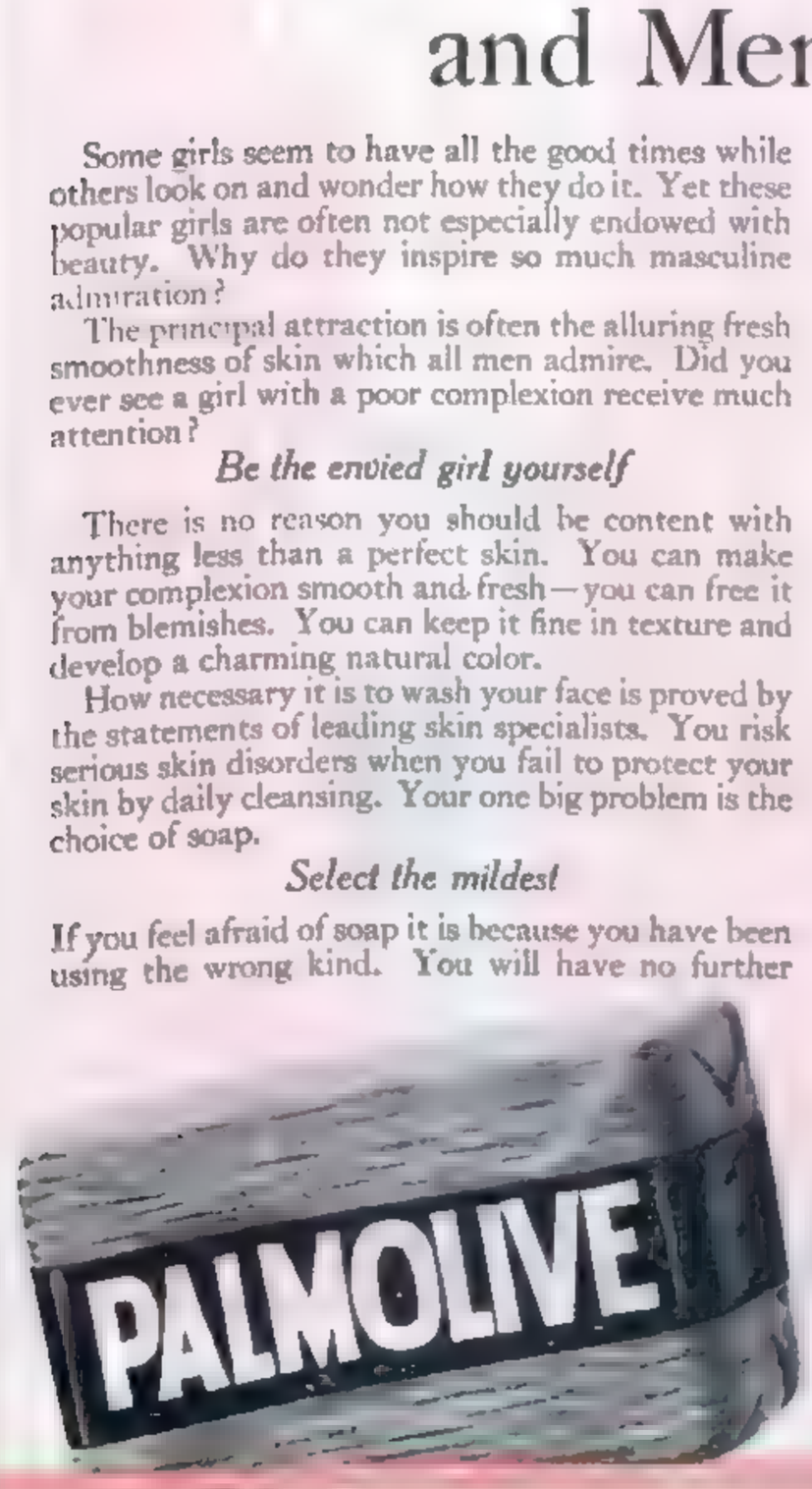
After thorough rinsing apply a touch of cold cream. If your skin is unusually dry, rub in cold cream before washing.

10 cents—and the reason

While palm and olive oils are the most expensive soap ingredients, the enormous demand for Palmolive allows us to import them in such enormous quantity that it reduces cost.

This same demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This is another price-reducing factor which gives you this luxurious cleanser at the price of ordinary soap.

Mail the coupon for free trial cake and let the creamy Palmolive lather tell its own story.



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Manufacturers of a Complete Line of Toilet Articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c

Copyright 1931—The Palmolive Co. 1340

A queen's cosmetics

Palm and olive oils were reserved for royalty and riches in ancient Egypt. Cleopatra used them both as cleanser and cosmetics. And whatever elaborate aids to beauty she employed, her toilet began with ceremonial bathing. To this the ruins of her elaborate marble baths are silent testimony. Now we employ her favorite beautifiers in a toilet luxury all can enjoy at a price all can afford.

TRIAL CAKE FREE

Fill out and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. No. 463, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Inter-woven

TOE AND HEEL

Socks

The most extensively sold make of MEN'S HALF HOSE *in existence*

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

(Continued from Page 13)

meanwhile staring at Elmer as though he would never see enough. "All right," he said at last with a gesture of despair. "Get away as early as you like to-morrow, and of course I wish you luck. Huh!"

"He looked as though he were proud of me," thought Elmer as he went back to his perch among the girls in the outer office, and for the first time he caught a glimpse of the fact that this dark cloud which his wife had blown over him might possibly have a silver lining, a lining that might even conceivably be pulled down from the sky and make him a shining figure among men.

"Accidents do happen sometimes," he thought, "especially in politics, and Franklyn Merrill's made a lot of enemies one way and another. Myself, I doubt if I've an enemy in the world—I've always said so. So—well, of course, I know I haven't much chance, but all the same——"

On the train going home early the next afternoon he rode in the smoker, perhaps with some faint idea of being a good mixer, and as the train neared Pellview and the country club came into sight a gay crowd could be seen on the veranda, some sitting at the tables and others dancing under the shade of the awnings.

"Looks good," said one of the men in the seat in front of Elmer.

"You're right," said his neighbor. "Maybe we could get up a foursome if Franklyn Merrill and Doc Allen's there."

"Yeh. Say, that reminds me: What do you think of the nerve of Elmer Peterson thinking he's got a chance for the nomination for mayor?"

The People's Choice hastily hid himself behind his evening paper, but bent forward a little the better to catch the following conversation:

"Crazy little nut."

"Crazy! You've said something!"

"Got as much chance as a snowball in hell."

"Crazy, I guess. Some of 'em say it's his wife's idea."

"Wouldn't be surprised. She certainly wears the pants in that house."

"Well, somebody has to wear 'em."

"Onethingsure—Elmerdoesn't. Doesn't even wear the suspenders. Not a bad little egg either."

"Not so bad—no. Sort of soft-shelled—that's all. I've always kind of liked him in a way."

"Yes, so have I—in a way."

Back of them Elmer quietly arose without being noticed by the two who liked him—in a way—and made his way toward the back of the train.

"So that's the way they talk about me," his first thought had been, feeling sick at heart and crushed like a stepped-on worm. His next reaction had been one of resentment, of turning, and he had nearly dropped his shielding newspaper and said, "How do you do, gentlemen? I may be a soft-shelled egg, but I'll bet you both a dollar to a doughnut that neither of you can crack me!" But that, too, had passed. If you had been blessed with eyes that can see invisible things you would have seen two old shadowy friends of Elmer's whispering in his ears.

The first was Old Man Caution, who murmured, "Be careful, Elmer. Don't start something that you can't finish." And the second was Old Mrs. Pacific, who breathed in his other ear, "The quiet way is always the best way, Elmer. Pretend you haven't heard them."

It was then that he quietly arose and made his way toward the back of the train—quietly, but with bitterness and fight not far below his surface. He was crossing the platform between two of the cars when the train gave a lurch, half slinging him down the steps that led to the flying roadbed, and the next moment he was hanging on for life and straining every muscle to regain his balance and keep from being ground beneath the wheels below.

Perhaps the struggle did him good, arousing an old fighting instinct which had been too long dormant. In any event, after he had twisted himself back into safety he sat down on the top step to catch his breath, and on his face was an expression which had once belonged there when he was first married, when the world was to be his oyster and he was a promising man

"A soft-shelled egg!" he thought to himself, and he glared at the passing houses of Pellview as though they were enemies in a disguise which he had only just penetrated. "I'd like to show you people the sort of a soft-shelled egg I am—if I ever get a chance!" said he.

WHEN Elmer reached home his wife had news for him.

"We've got 'em scared," she said in her grimmest manner.

"Got who scared?" he asked.

If Mrs. Peterson had not been so full of her subject she might have noticed a new note in her husband's voice. If speech had arms, for instance, it might be said that Elmer's voice had a chip on its shoulder. If tones could be described in terms of poultry, Elmer's tone was a rooster that was bound to crow or fight.

"Those Merrills!" said Mrs. Peterson, unheedful of the signs. "This is the first year the women's club has taken part in politics, and we've decided to canvass the town. Of course we haven't got very far yet—it will take a week or more—but you would be surprised at the number of people who are interested in the open beach and the high-school site. They'd vote for you in a minute if they were only sure that you could give them what they want. In fact, as Mrs. Barman said this afternoon, that is our chief problem now—to make the people have confidence in your ability to do what you promise."

"In other words, they haven't got that confidence now," said Elmer in his newborn voice.

"Some of them haven't anyway."

"They think I'm a weak character," said Elmer, bristling his mustache, "a sort of a soft-shelled egg."

"They'd better not say so when I'm around."

Probably for the first time in his married life Elmer essayed a sardonic smile—and achieved it.

"Well, that's one thing," said Mrs. Peterson, beginning to stare at her husband. "And now to show you that they are really scared, who do you think called here this afternoon?"

"I'm not good at guessing," said Elmer, advancing his chest a little.

Mrs. Peterson broke the thread of her story to ask a puzzled question or two.

"Are you all right? Do you feel well?" she asked.

"Of course I'm all right. Who was it that called this afternoon?"

"Judge Brean."

At that Elmer could have whistled, and would have done it if he hadn't made up his mind so thoroughly to be a man. Judge Brean was the local leader of Mr. Merrill's party, a suave, resourceful old war horse who had learned how to crunch his corn without making a noise, and knew where the clover grew.

"Of course, the minute I saw him," continued Mrs. Peterson, "I knew he was up to something. He said he was glad to hear that you were taking such an interest in the welfare of the town; that he was always looking out for such men, the harvest being large and the laborers few, and he left a letter asking you, as a public-spirited citizen, to accept a position as deputy something-or-other to help stop the liquor traffic in Pellview."

Again Elmer nearly whistled.

"One thing sure," was his first thought. "Judge Brean doesn't seem to think I'm a soft-shelled egg!"

"Of course," continued Mrs. Peterson, "it was a clever trick. He knew that I have always been one of the leaders in the prohibition movement, and that I couldn't very well refuse. If I did refuse he would probably show a copy of his letter to everybody and say that you had straddled the liquor question, and what would you do with the open-beach and the high-school questions? And if I didn't refuse, and you accepted the appointment, he would probably do something to make you unpopular and lose you a lot of votes. Everybody knows how unpopular those deputies are. Of course they're necessary, and they have to do their duty, and all that; but I could see just as plain as anything that the whole thing was a trick, just to make a lot of trouble, no matter which way I decided it."

Throughout this narrative Elmer had been conscious of a steadily rising feeling of mulishness.

"I have always been prominent," his wife had said, with the accent on the pronoun. "If I refused—if I didn't refuse—I could see—no matter which way I decided." Hang it, why didn't she come right out and say "I'm the boss here—I'm the one who counts—I run the family I wear the pants"?

The more he listened the more it grated, and somewhere from deep down within him began to arise that spirit of mutiny which sometimes leads the most exemplary private to tell the corporal to tell the captain to go to the devil, and sometimes causes old maids who have just been reading the latest divorce scandal to say to themselves with a half-wistful sigh, "Well, anyhow, she has lived."

Even before Mrs. Peterson's speech had come to an end Elmer's subconscious self had decided to disagree with whatever conclusion she had reached. If she had declined Judge Brean's offer he would accept it. If she had accepted it he would decline it. If he was ever to harden his shell he might just as well start in right now to peck up grit. If he was ever to wear the trousers he might just as well step into them now and pull 'em up and tighten the belt and stride around with a fine free action of the knees. But with all this, he had to get his steam up. Something told him not to try to turn his engine over until he had the proper pressure, because if he failed the first time he might not have another chance.

"M-m-m," said he. "I wonder why it is that Judge Brean came to you instead of coming to me."

"Why, what difference does it make?" sharply asked Mrs. Peterson.

"It makes a lot of difference! When you are asked to join anything people come to you about it. They don't come to me. What did you tell Judge Brean?"

"I told him that you were too busy to accept."

Elmer hesitated a moment as though consulting his gauge, and then he let her have it. As when a volcano starts in action, it isn't the mountain itself but the accumulation of deferred troubles which causes the lava and ashes, the pillar of fire by night and the cloud of smoke by day; so, too, with Elmer. His disappointment at the office, his daughter's tears, his discovery of the world's opinion of the softness of his shell, his wife's constant heckling—all these had contributed to one total. And although that total, when expressed in the sentiments about to be quoted, may not seem comparable to Etna's dread rumble or Popocatepetl's fire, it was quite as remarkable in its way.

"Well, you shouldn't have told him so—see?" he began.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Peterson, fixing him with her eye. "Who do you think you're talking to? One of the girls at the office?"

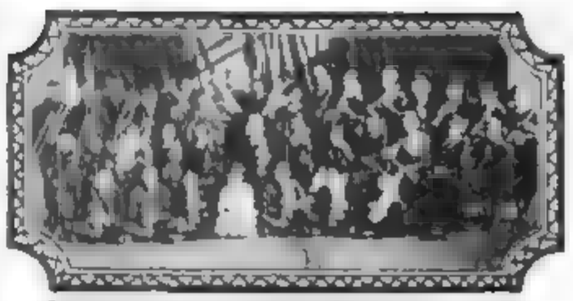
Every married man will know how natural that seems.

"No, I'm talking to you, ain't I?" demanded Elmer in turn. "I don't see anybody else around here."

For a moment he pretended to look around as though to verify the fact, and this time his wife saw it—that look on his face which hadn't been there for years; a look which vaguely reminded her of the far-off times when they had been young together and were going to have a bungalow in California and a trip to Europe every summer and rings on their fingers and bells on their toes.

"And as for what I mean," he continued, "after this, when people want to know what I'm going to do they can come to me and find out. I don't need to straddle the liquor question, or any other question. I'm a man, I am, and I can speak for myself. I wear pants, I do. I don't wear skirts and I don't walk hobbled. So while you're getting dinner I'm going around to see Judge Brean and tell him that I accept his offer, and if he tries any tricks on me I'll know how to handle him!"

Before Mrs. Peterson had caught her breath he was going down the veranda steps, his throttle wide open, a model for all meek husbands and every inch a man. But after action comes reaction, and habit dieth hard in all of us. Presently Elmer's feet began to lag a little, no longer spurning the sidewalk, but reaching out thoughtfully one in front of the other. His crest

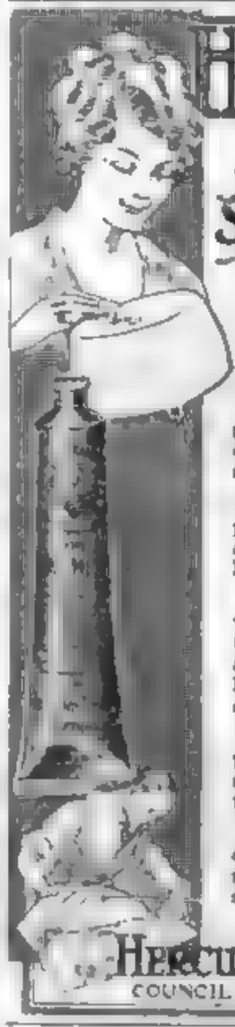


PARENTS, let your children join their school band or orchestra. Loads of fun and big opportunities for profit. To cultivate that musical "bump" get a Conn, the *easiest blowing instrument made.* The Waubeek, Ia., school band pictured above is equipped with Conns. The world's great concert bands and symphony orchestras use and endorse them.

Send for FREE BOOK, "Success in Music and How to Win It," by John Philip Sousa and other stars. *Free Trial,* easy payments, on any instrument. Send coupon today for details.

C. G. CONN Ltd.
936 Conn Bldg. Elkhart Ind.
Agencies in all large cities
New York Conn Co. 233-5-7 W. 47th St.

C. G. CONN, Ltd., 936 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana



HERCULES
COLD SODER
THE METAL MENDER
Spells Mend

WHY throw away your favorite cuffee pot or cooking dish when it springs a leak, or cracks?

Hercules Cold Soder will mend it—whether granite, aluminum or any other metal—and make it as good as ever

It's easy to use—just press it in the hole or crack and let it stand. No fuss. No heat, acid or tools required.

Hercules Cold Soder will also save many a trip to the repair shop when your automobile radiator starts leaking, for with it you can do the mending yourself

At hardware, drug, department and automobile accessory stores for 25 cents the tube.

If your dealer does not carry Hercules, send us his name and 25 cents for full-sized tube. Postage prepaid.

35c in Canada

HERCULES PRODUCTS CO.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, U.S.A.

World-Famous Palmer Method Penmanship now Taught by Correspondence. No Failures. Success Guaranteed. Earn More Money. Prepare for a Better Position. Learn During Spare Time.
A series of lessons in plain, unshaded, rapid business writing. Booklet showing specimens sent on request.
THE A. N. PALMER CO., 30 Irving Place, New York, N. Y.

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

Enormous Demand for the New Briggs

Taxi Bodies for the Ford Chassis

In spite of the fact that we announced the new Briggs Taxi Bodies but a short time ago, the demand for these high grade jobs is enormous. Already we have had to increase our original production plans.

Dealers and experienced taxi men tell us that the new Briggs Taxi Bodies are by far the finest design of their kind ever placed on the market.

No matter how large or how small your city or town, scores of men are going into the taxi business and making big money.

Daily we are making shipments to all parts of the country.

How about you? Have you looked into the possibilities of the new Ford Taxi job?

Stop fooling around with makeshift taxi bodies. They are the most expensive jobs in the world to operate. They quickly become loose, shake, rattle, squeak, and in many instances are in the repair shop more often than they are on the road.

These Briggs Bodies are built to stand up day in and day out and give profitable service.

Besides that, the body parts are interchangeable with all the present Ford models. This is a very practical and economical advantage to you.

The new Briggs Taxi Bodies are the lowest priced Ford taxi bodies in the world.

For sale by Ford dealers.

Big Opportunity for Dealers

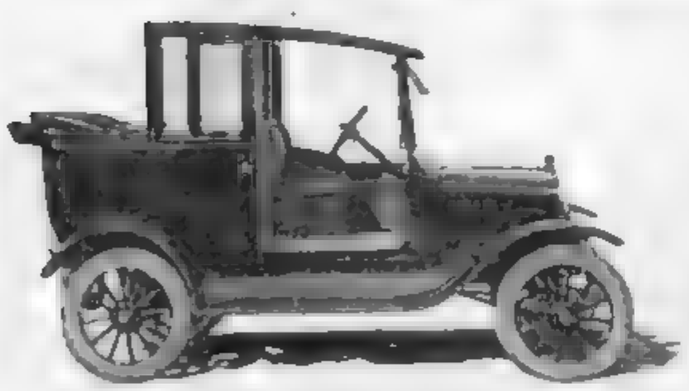
We have a very profitable and attractive proposition to make to dealers. Some good territory is still open, but we suggest quick action for territory is going rapidly.

Complete information and literature on request.

Briggs Manufacturing Company

Sales Office: 33 West 42nd St., New York City

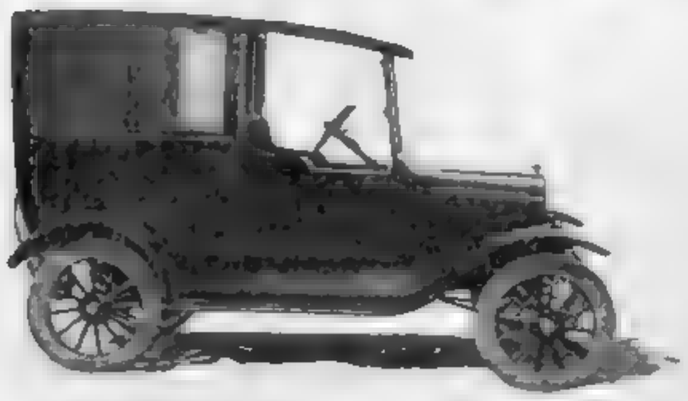
Factories at Detroit and Cleveland



$350

without folding front door

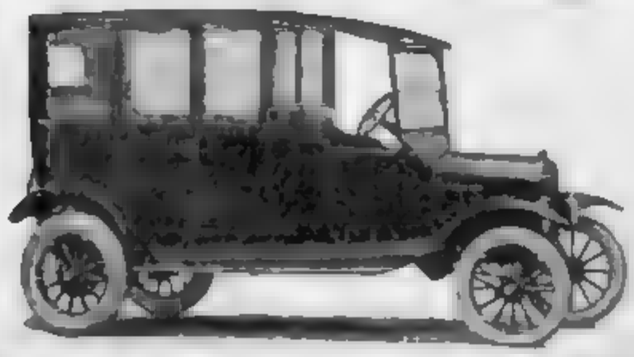
For Standard Ford Chassis



$365

with folding front door and auxiliary seat

For Standard Ford Chassis



$675

Eight Passenger Limousine with front folding door

For Ford Truck Chassis

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

drooped, his tail went down. Old Man Caution came and walked with him again. Old Mrs. Pacific appeared and took him by the arm.

"Take a walk and go home," Old Man Caution whispered to him. "Least done, soonest mended."

"If you once start fighting you'll be at it all the time," sighed Old Mrs. Pacific in his other ear. "Life won't be worth the living."

Elmer wasn't far from teetering when around the corner came the two men who had criticized him in the smoker. Each was carrying a golf bag, and it was evident that they were on their way to the club. They carelessly nodded at Elmer, and after they had passed him one of them chanced to laugh at something which the other had said.

A minute later, his face the color of a crimson rambler, Elmer climbed the steps of a house in the next street and gave the bell such a ring that the maid came on the hop.

"I'd like to see Judge Brean," said he.

Slightly paraphrasing Mr. Beerbohm's famous conclusion, no man knows how big a fool he can be until another fool laughs at him.

VIII

THE next week Elmer's chance for the nomination seemed to decline. Bright once, according to the women's club reports, it was now apparently growing dimmer day by day, languishing like some poor thing that was stricken at birth and can no farther go.

"It's that deputy business that's doing it," Mrs. Peterson told him one evening, coming home early from an executive-committee meeting of the women's club. "The open-beach idea is still holding some of the voters, and so is the high-school site; but this is the sort of thing that's pushing us back now."

From an envelope she drew a number of handbills, violently printed on green, yellow and primrose sheets.

"Mrs. Barman gave me these to-night," she said, not without a certain accusative satisfaction. "Somebody's mailing them all over town, and I guess it doesn't need a detective to tell who's doing it either."

The first circular was mildly interrogative.

"Do you want a pussyfoot in your cellar?" it politely began. "What do you think of a dry agent, anyhow—especially one who does it for love? 'Dry' rimes with 'spy,' also with 'sly.' Do you want a pussyfoot in the mayor's office, or do you want a regular man?"

Elmer's cheeks began to burn as he read that.

"That's your Merrills for you!" said Mrs. Peterson with a world of scorn.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Elmer. "What I mean is, I don't think Mr. Merrill knows anything about a thing like this. Some local politician's doing it—Judge Brean as likely as not. What's the yellow one?"

It didn't take him long to find out.

"Some men do," it began. "Some men take a job as dry agent and then lay down on it. Some men would take a job as mayor and lay down on it just the same. Do you want a mayor who lays down on his job, or one who stands up for Pellview? Franklyn Merrill has always stood up for Pellview. He has never gone to sleep on his job."

"Now what do you say about your Merrills?" demanded Mrs. Peterson. "Didn't I always tell you so? Didn't I always tell you that Judge Brean was out to play a trick on you? But, oh no! You knew best! You knew ——"

The People's Choice never learned what else he knew, because just at that moment the doorbell rang.

"Now who's that?" frowned Mrs. Peterson, hurriedly straightening a room already in order. "There seems to be a lot of them from the noise they make."

She disappeared and came back a minute later like a female herald at the head of a delegation from the Kingdom of Dis.

"A committee to see you," she announced and, turning to those behind her, she said, "I'll get a few more chairs."

"No, no! We shall only be a minute," said the one who had evidently been chosen as spokesman. "We can stand up just as well as not, thank you, Mrs. Peterson."

The others ranged themselves behind him in that interesting variety which marks nearly all committees and stamps them unmistakably as such. There were seven in all, but in that modest number they seemed to present many of the idiosyncrasies of the human race. The stout man who breathes hard, the tall man with the beard who holds his head up high, the man who looks like Mister Punch, the man with the chronic cough, the earnest man whose head trembles a little, the bashful man, the man with the sarcastic smile, the man who stands with his knees bent, the fly catcher, the man whose coat collar needs brushing, the gallant man, the man with the manners, the man with the stooped shoulders who seizes himself by the wrist and looks like the learned blacksmith who started to study Greek in his seventy-fifth year, the misanthrope, the optimist, the strong silent man, the man who should have been the chairman, the man who needs a shave, the man who can never forget that it was a woman who caused the downfall of the human race and broods upon it continually—they were all there among the seven; and when the spokesman cleared his throat to speak the other six shuffled their feet a little as though they were the dancers in some exquisite bit of foolery and were going to do the buck and wing while the leader piped his lay.

"Mr. Peterson," began the spokesman, "we are a committee appointed by the Constitutional Club of the City of Pellview. The Constitutional Club was recently formed, sir, by a number of public-spirited citizens to see that the Constitution of the United States is properly enforced, especially with regard to its most noble amendment."

Mrs. Peterson, standing by the door, suddenly shot her husband a look that said, "There now! You'll see! Didn't I tell you?"

"We are informed," continued the spokesman, "that you are a duly appointed deputy, chosen and sworn to uphold the Constitution and the laws of this state, both of which are being daily and hourly broken in the fair city of Pellview. And we have called, sir, to protest against this, and to insist that you take immediate steps to—er—to—er ——"

"To clean up the town," said the tall man who held his head up high.

"To clean up the town, sir—exactly!" said the spokesman; and half turning to his prompter he said, "I thank you, Mr. ——"

"Pavey is my name," said the tall man.

"I thank you, Mr. Pavey, for the word."

"You are welcome, sir," said the tall man.

At this the rest of the chorus nodded to each other and smiled in their several moods, as committees have always nodded and smiled, and probably always will, as though proud that one of their number had broken his bonds and spoken.

Taking advantage of this interlude, Elmer began to get his bearings and look around him. First he looked at his wife, but getting too much of an eyeful there he quickly looked away. Next he glanced over the committee and saw then for the first time that they were accompanied by a stout, pale and wise-looking young man named Peter Kelley, who sometimes acted as office clerk and sometimes as reporter for the Pellview Daily News. On the evening in question he was evidently acting as reporter—watching the proceedings with an air of quiet amusement—and it didn't take Elmer long to guess that the committee had brought him for purposes of its own.

"Bringing a reporter so it'll be in the paper to-morrow," he thought, beginning to feel something warm rise within him—that mysterious something which our forbears called the dander.

To have a trick like that played on him, and all through his own pigheadedness a few nights before—he who was going to wear the pants; he who dared Judge Brean to try any tricks on him—all this, of course, was bad enough. But on top of that, like a statue of Durga on a Hindu pedestal, he became increasingly aware of the figure of his wife, she who had once vowed to honor and obey him, watching him now with disdainful glances that seemed to say, "You see what you get for not doing as I tell you! After this you'll be ruled by me or you'll never hear the end of this night's work!"

"The meanness of them!" thought Elmer. "Trying to put me in the wrong like this! Making me look as though I was either a slacker or a sneak! If there was only some way of turning the tables—of putting them in the wrong instead of me!"

(Continued on Page 68)

©1921

Women who would like to make their kitchens as efficient as a modern office will be interested in the Kitchen Plan Book. This book contains fifty plans of model kitchens, submitted in competition by 343 leading Architectural Draughtsmen. Sent anywhere on receipt of 25 cents—much less than the cost of preparation.

When Step-Saving Counts Most

Woman's heaviest work commences just as man ends his business day. That is the time when every unnecessary step imposes a double burden, and loss of time is most annoying.

Women who own the HOOSIER save miles of steps each day. Their work—even in the trying hours before and after the evening meal—is simplified by the many superior conveniences of HOOSIER construction and arrangement.

It is a pleasure to get even a big meal with the HOOSIER. Everything is so simple and easy. You can sit down at your work. There is no unnecessary walking about. Each needed article and ingredient comes to your hand as naturally as if it had been handed to you. When the meal is over and the dishes cleared away, you are fresh and full of life, capable of enjoying a pleasant evening.

You will understand why this is so if you will ask your dealer for a HOOSIER demonstration. Once you investigate the HOOSIER, you will realize why two million women accept it as America's foremost Kitchen Convenience.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
821 Maple Street, Newcastle, Indiana
BRANCHES: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Saves Steps

HOOSIER

Use PLATE Glass

For Clear Vision and Safe Driving

Plate glass windshields contribute to safety because they serve the eye with certainty. Through plate glass every object is seen with precision and decision. Nothing is distorted, no object is repeated as it is through roughly made common glass.

Plate glass hasn't any hills and vales. It shows no rainbow swirls. It is free from curlicues and free from troubles. It tells the truth—unerringly. It is the one kind of glass to use in replacing any auto-glass that mishap or carelessness breaks.

In the big hotels and office-buildings the revolving entrance doors are fitted with plate glass so the attendant may see through them clearly and avoid accident. The auto-window and windshield are parallel cases. Use plate glass on your motor car.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

Nothing Else is Like it

Genuine PLATE GLASS MADE IN U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 66)

Then all at once the first glint of it came to him, as the dawn is said to rise in Mandalay.

"Just a moment!" he exclaimed. "You say the liquor law is being violated here in Pellview?"

"It certainly is, sir."

"You know it for a fact?"

"As an undeniable fact, sir."

"All right; I'll take your word for it. I'm away in the city all day myself, and have never had occasion to find out about these things. Now! I wish you would name me a few of the places where you know the law is being broken."

At that the chairman balked. He had come there to get Elmer in Dutch, not to travel to Holland himself.

"Come on now!" demanded Elmer, sensing that he had discovered the weak spot in his opponent's armor. "If you're bluffing say so, and say it loud enough for the reporter to hear it, please. But if you are really in earnest, and know what you are talking about, you will give me the names of your lawbreakers, and make complaint that these people need attention."

Mr. Peter Kelley began to cock his ears and, catching Elmer's eye, he gave him a grin that said, "Howdy, Brother Walloper? I didn't know you at first," and then as cheerfully beamed upon the committee with a glance that said, "Well, gents?"

"All right; if you want a name I'll give you one," said the spokesman at last, badgered into it and not seeing how he could longer refuse. "Mike Marino's place on the Old Shore Road."

"You'll please make a note of that, Mr. Kelley," said Elmer; "also of the fact that Marino's place has been specifically complained of by this committee. You have the committee's names?"

"Yep," said Peter, his cheerfulness growing, "I have everything."

"I think that's all then, gentlemen, thank you. I won't detain you any longer."

He detained Peter Kelley though.

"Do you want some more news?" he asked after the committee had gone.

"Sure I do," said Peter. "News is my middle name."

Elmer thought hard for a few moments, frowning to himself behind his ferocious mustache. So far he had turned the tables on the committee. Why not go further now and turn the rest of the furniture as well? If he closed up Mike Marino's it would work to his advantage in two ways. Those who believed in closing up such places would give him credit for acting; and those who didn't believe in such actions would give the committee the blame for squealing. Suddenly he turned to Kelley.

"Did you ever see a place—arrested?" he asked.

"Pinched, you mean?" grinned the other. "Sure I have! Many a time."

"You know how it's done then—the procedure, the technic, or whatever it's called?"

"I guess I could prime you at that," said Kelley more thoughtfully, "as long as you didn't spill the beans that it was me who put you wise."

Elmer drew a deep breath and used it a moment later as though in an attempt to blow his mustache off.

"All right," he said. "Just a moment and I'll get the car."

Now as every married man will know, and especially every married man who wedded a Mrs. Peterson, no husband can hold a conversation like that in his own house without being overheard from the next room. So when Elmer went upstairs to get his coat Mrs. Peterson hurried up after him and got her own.

"Where are you going?" asked Elmer.

"I'm going with you," said she. "I know that place of Marino's—everybody does. You think I'd let you go to a place like that alone? I'd like to see myself!"

"But look here, Constance," he pleaded. "You can't go! You mustn't think of going! You'd spoil everything! Don't you see you would?"

"No," said she, buttoning her coat with decision, "I do not! You mark my words, this whole thing is nothing but another trap for you to fall into, only you haven't the sense to see it! If you go alone the first thing you'll know you'll find yourself arrested with some abandoned creature's arms around your neck, but not when your wife is with you, Elmer, not when your wife is with you!"

Poor Elmer! For the second time that week his crest flattened and his tail drooped.

"But even if she does go," he thought to himself, "nobody need see her. She can stay in the car. It'll only take a minute." And hastily closing the subject in his mind he said aloud, "All right," to which he added a half-despairing, half-grumbling plaint familiar to all husbands and probably handed down from Adam in the garden long ago, "Have it your own way then. You always do!"

IX

MARINO'S place was on the shore, a gloomy-looking house in the daytime, surrounded by pines whose austerity was broken by the signs which had been nailed to them—Chicken Dinners. Lobster Dinners. Welcome. Drive in.

At night, however, when darkness hid the details, and especially on a gala night when strings of colored lights were hung among the trees and the moon shone on the water, Marino's was not without attractiveness to those who liked their romance in the lurid shades.

It was then that the chickens and the lobsters appeared, served at little tables set out on the double-storied veranda. The main floor had been arranged for dancing, to the tune of a mechanical piano, while in the basement the stags lined up against an old-fashioned bar and called for sarsaparilla and mineral waters. If you had been watching you might have noticed that the price of these drinks was invariably half a dollar, and that after the first few applications some of the herbalists called it shash-priller and the mineral-water drinkers smelled of gin.

Fortunately for Elmer's plans, it was not a gala night when he turned his little car in under the pines, or he might have been recognized by someone on the verandas who had heard of his recent appointment. He got out, followed by his wife and Kelley; and with his heart keeping time to the jazz of the mechanical piano, the three of them uncertainly approached the house

"Now you stay here with Mr. Kelley," whispered Elmer to his wife, pausing a few yards away from the basement entrance. "I'm going in the bar."

"I'm coming with you!" said the indomitable Mrs. Peterson.

"No, don't do that!" whispered Kelley. "That'd spoil everything. They wouldn't serve him then. No women ever go in there—see? There's a window on the side of the back. We'll go up and look in from there."

Like many others of the commanding type, Mrs. Peterson would sometimes listen to other men when she was deaf to her own husband. Besides, Mr. Kelley's words had reassurance in them. "No women ever go in there." So there would be no abandoned creature to throw her arms around The People's Choice and shriek that she had been robbed. Even to think of it alarmed her.

"You're sure it's safe for him to go in alone?" she asked. "Mightn't something happen to him?"

"Not a thing! It only means a fine at the worst. They're used to it. All in the day's work for them."

Without waiting to hear more, Elmer slipped away in the darkness, his heart jazzing more violently than ever, and a moment later he had entered the bar. It was a comfortable place, as bars once had the pernicious habit of being—light, warm, cheerful—and in addition to this it had a certain mysterious air of intrigue which might have reminded you of conspirators meeting in a forbidden place and enjoying it all the more because they knew they shouldn't be there. The far end of the counter was deserted, and Elmer made his way there without attracting too much attention. Fortunately no one recognized him. Quiet men have that advantage over the picturesque. They are seldom known when they leave their usual haunts.

"Sars'parilla," said he, winking at the bartender, as the knowledgeable Mr. Kelley had coached him.

One sip was enough to tell him that he had the evidence. The bartender went back to the other end of the counter, and after another somewhat longer sip—just to make sure—Elmer poured the remaining contents of his glass into an open-mouthed pickle bottle which he had brought in his inside pocket for the purpose. He corked it firmly. So much for the evidence. The only thing that was left was to make the arrest. Elmer stroked his ferocious mustache, putting off the moment as long as he could.

(Continued on Page 71)

Velvet Joe is right when he says–

"Playin' golf is a lot like smokin' Velvet, either you know nothing about it or else you're a plain nut on the subject"

—and this is why: Velvet is made from fine, silky Kentucky Burley tobacco—cured in Nature's sunshine and put away to mellow and ripen for two years in wooden hogsheads.

IN the Wahl shops, where skilled workmen fashion the Wahl Fountain Pen, it is required that every gold tip be carefully tempered. This is a pen-making process that improves penmanship. It produces the tempered Wahl pen point—a point of steel-like hardness and flexibility that resists corrosive ink acids and remains springy throughout long, hard service. Fed with a ready ink flow, because of the famous Wahl comb feed, the tempered point writes dexterously and uniformly. Make sure you get a *Wahl* Fountain Pen—the name is on the pen. Thin or thick, long or short, plain or mounted barrels, with 62 varieties of pen points to suit any handwriting. Prices, from $2.50 upward. Offered by dealers who display Eversharp Pencils.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

WAHL FOUNTAIN PEN

Companion of Eversharp

Both are Wahl Products

(Continued from Page 68)

"Is Mr. Marino in?" he finally asked the bartender.

"Guess so."

"Could I see him, please?"

The bartender pressed a button which evidently connected with the upper floor, for a minute later an excitable little man with gray hair and eyes of incredible blueness came running down the stairs.

"Gentleman wants to see you," said the bartender.

"Yes," said Elmer, uneasily aware that the others were listening now. "I—I——"

With an effort he pulled himself together. Hang it! Why should he stand there stammering as though he were the guilty party, while Mr. Marino watched him with a frown of superiority? Didn't he represent the majesty of the law—the sovereign will of the people? Besides, an unaccustomed warmth seemed to be radiating through him, starting somewhere just behind his third waistcoat button, spreading through him like the rays of the sun through space and tingling him up for action.

"I've had a complaint about this place," he said. "You're under arrest. I want you to get your hat and coat and come with me."

"Onder arrest?" cried the indignant Mr. Marino, stepping back and drumming his chest with his knuckles as though he knew that he had a flair for melodrama and meant to give the people something to think about. "Me onder arrest? My And why you pick on me, eh? Me, Michael Angelo Marino? My —— I tell you why you pick on me! It is because I am poor man. The reech man with his cellar full, you let him alone; but you come down here and peench me queeck, eh? My —— Me onder arrest? Ha! I—guess—not! Me, I only sell the soda water and the soft dreenk. What you mean, I am onder arrest?"

"That's all right," said Elmer. "I have the evidence in my pocket. Come on now. Get your hat and coat."

"Let me see! Let me see!"

The others began crowding around him, and in the doorway suddenly appeared Mrs. Peterson, followed by Mr. Kelley.

"You let that man alone," she cried, "or I'll have you all arrested!"

It seemed to Elmer at the time that this was the crowning humiliation of his life, to have to be championed thus by his wife before a company of men in a barroom.

"Great grief!" he groaned to himself, and felt almost as a boy feels when his mother suddenly appears at the swimming hole and calls him out of the water in front of the gang. It didn't take the men in Marino's long to grasp the humor in Mrs. Peterson's appearance.

"Oh, Percy!" cried one in lisping falsetto. "Come to mommer!"

Just how the mêlée started Elmer never knew; but all at once the room was in a tumult, and then a voice said, "Look out! The lady's down!"

That was the spark which Elmer needed. The next moment a goodly number of the repressed desires of the last twenty years of his life burst into power. Springing to one side he seized the back of a chair which stood against a table, and swinging it over his shoulder he brought it down with a crash on the heads of the men who were nearest his wife. The men went down, taking another with them, and Elmer swung his weapon again. The legs of the chair had split on the first impact and their jagged ends, sharp as sword points, had now become formidable weapons, to be dodged with agility and avoided like the plague. As though by magic the room was emptied both of botanists and mineralogists, and Elmer looked around him, for the first time as though he belonged to that ferocious mustache of his, the monarch of all he surveyed.

"Anybody else here looking for trouble?" cried he.

x

THERE are times in every career—often after a long period of peaceful playing—when the tempo suddenly increases and every instrument in the band of life gives forth its loudest, shrillest, fullest, deepest notes.

Under the influence of this exciting music persons of hitherto unsuspected character do the queerest things. Old horses grow skittish, old rectors damn the automobiles, callow youths stand in front of drug-store windows and wink at the lady demonstrator, boys make up their minds to run away with the next circus, high-school girls smoke cigarettes in their bedrooms and arrange each other's shirtwaists in alarming décolletés, roosters crow in the dark of night and the barn cat jumps on the bull pup's back and rides him out of the stable.

Such a time had now arrived in Elmer Peterson's career. Dropping the chair with which he had cleared the room he turned to his wife.

"Do you know who it was that pushed you?" he demanded.

"No," she replied, vaguely hysterical. "Nobody pushed me. I I slipped. There was a cork on the floor."

Again she saw that look on his face which had once belonged there when they were young together and the world was to be their oyster; that look which had gradually disappeared when she herself had assumed the rôle of oyster opener.

"You go out and sit in the car," he commanded. "This is no place for you."

For the fraction of a second she rebelled, giving him a look which started to say, "Who do you think you're talking to? One of the girls in the office?" Perhaps his new manner answered—or the broken chair by his side. In any event, she slowly turned and went.

Elmer followed a few minutes later with Mr. Marino, and together they started for the police station, Mrs. Peterson and the gratified Mr. Kelley in the back seat. As they neared the town the country club came into view, discreetly set back from the road and nearly hidden among the trees.

"My!" exclaimed Mr. Marino with deep feeling. "Look a' that! There they dreenk more in a night than my costumer dreenk in a week! But are they peench? Bah! It is jus' like I always say. In America there is one law for the poor man and another law for the reech. America! Bah! She make me seeck!"

"You shut up!" cried Elmer, and it would have done you good if you could have seen the glance he gave him—King Eagle looking at a blue jay, a rooster looking at a worm.

xi

NEXT morning Elmer was working at the office when Joe appeared before him.

"Boss wants to see you," said he.

Old Major Murchison was thoughtfully rubbing his silvery goatee when Elmer entered, and by the side of his desk sat Mr. Franklyn Merrill, as immaculately dressed as ever, but looking undeniably worried.

"I think you know Mr. Merrill," said the major, looking at his office manager as though he were some rare piece of pottery that had just come to light—some statue of Hercules, say, which had just been dug up near Padua.

"In a way," nodded Elmer, "yes."

"Huh! I believe he wants to ask you something," said the major, rising. "I'm going over to the bank for a few minutes. You can sit here and see what he wants."

Mr. Merrill wasn't long in coming to the point.

"I understand that you arrested the steward at the country club last night," he began.

"The steward and two waiters," said Elmer. "I received a complaint against Marino's place—from your committee, I believe—and I decided to act against the club, too, so that people couldn't say that there was one law for the poor in Pellview and another for the rich."

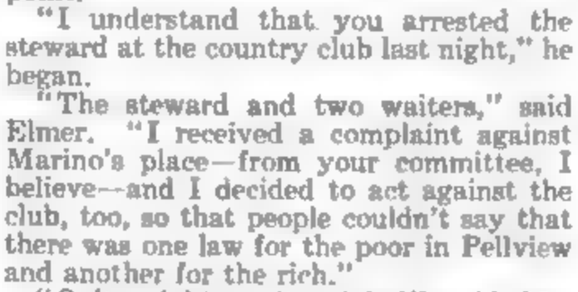
"Quite right, quite right!" said Mr. Merrill hurriedly. "I wasn't at the club myself—I stayed in town last night—and have only just heard about it. But I believe you took the names of some of the members of the club as witnesses ——"

"You've got it right," said Elmer promptly. "I took the names of those who evidently had been served too often."

"Including?"

"Ye-es," he reluctantly admitted. "I'm sorry to say the name of Merrill's among them."

Up to this point it might be said that Mr. Merrill had been talking as though he knew that he lived on Pellview Heights, but now in some subtle way which is hard to express he seemed to come down the hill, and when next he spoke he might have been sitting on Elmer's own back-door step on a Sunday morning helping to shell the peas.



For the next five minutes they talked to each other as any two fathers might have spoken, and at the end of that time it was agreed that the stewards should be fined without any witnesses being called, and that henceforth the club would give the excitable Mr. Marino a pattern to follow.

"Personally," said Elmer, "I should think you'd be glad to have the place cleaned out. I know I would if my daughter went there."

"I am glad," said the other. "One thing I don't understand though. You said that my committee complained to you about Marino's place. Why do you call it my committee?"

Elmer told him.

"Never heard a word about it till you mentioned it," said Mr. Merrill. "Probably the work of local talent. All the same, I'm glad it happened. I was getting tired of going to the club, and I know that many others of the older men were. But we simply had to go, you know—some of us—to keep an eye on the youngsters. The very night I didn't go—you see what happened. I tell you, Peterson," he added with a smile that began with a sigh, "a modern father has problems that the Pilgrim Fathers knew nothing about."

This being an epigram, they both stopped a moment to admire it.

"You're right," said Elmer at last.

"You know what I've been thinking these last few minutes?" continued Mr. Merrill after another slight pause.

"No idea."

"I've been thinking you'd make a mighty good mayor for Pellview. Myself, I've had about enough of the job. I hope you'll land it."

They were shaking hands in parting quite as though they were members of the same lodge when old Major Murchison came back and caught them at it.

"You've got a good man here, major," said Mr. Merrill. "If you don't look out some day I'm going to steal him from you."

The major looked first at one and then at the other.

"Huh!" said he.

xii

THE day after the primaries Elmer left the office for home an hour earlier than usual.

"Elmer J. Peterson, secretary," he thought as he made his way toward the terminal. "Yes, and I always knew it would come—in time. Ten thousand a year and two per cent of the profits! What a lucky thing that Willa gets back to-day from her Aunt Madge's! Wait till she hears the news!"

And yet, as before, it wasn't altogether elation that moved him. Back of it was an almost fierce desire to serve, to show his loyalty, to prove himself worthy of the trust which had been placed in him.

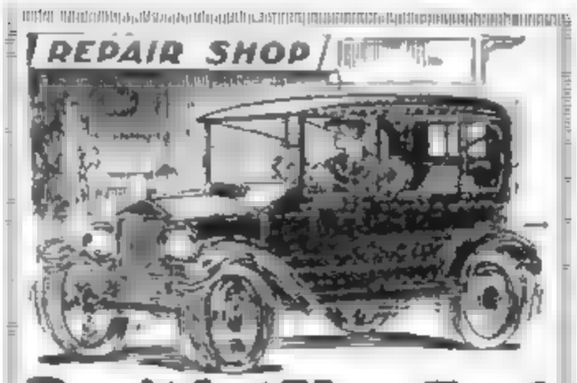
"Now let's see what Constance has to say!" he thought.

But when he reached home Mrs. Peterson had news of her own.

"Who do you suppose has been here?" she breathlessly asked. "Mrs. Merrill herself! Yes! And Benny was driving her! They both came in. Willa hadn't been home long. Oh, I wish you could have seen Mrs. Merrill's dress, Elmer! Like a costume from a masquerade. It was simply beautiful! No wonder everybody's jealous of her clothes. She said she had just come in to congratulate you on winning the nomination yesterday, but she stayed till ahfter four. A lovely woman when you really get to know her. Oh, and they took Willa back with them! Mrs. Merrill herself ahsked if she could go! Now what do you think of that?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Elmer importantly. "But what do you think of this?"

He told her his own news then, and when he was through his wife gave him that look which causes a man to lift his chin and open his arms. And if you had been there then, blessed with the gift of seeing invisible things, you might have seen that as they embraced each other the imaginary general's cap aforesaid slowly but surely lifted itself from Mrs. Peterson's head and settled down on Elmer's crown as though it were there for good.



Don't let Your Ford shake itself into the repair shop

Don't wait for repairs to rear end and transmission. It's more economical

Give your Ford a square deal. It is better made than most cars, and runs smoothly. It makes and rattles because some parts are shaking

Ordinary brake lining gets hard, flinty, slick—hasn't any grip—grabs and slips every time you press the pedal. This shaking loosens nuts and bolts—makes the whole car rattle.

ADVANCE CORK INSERT BRAKE LINING FOR FORDS

Cork Insert stops the shivering and shaking when you work the brake. It acts instantly, smoothly. No shaking or chattering. Never gets hard and slick.

Why shake your Ford to pieces with hard, slick brake lining? Have it relined, put in Cork Insert and keep it new. If it's a used car, Cork Insert will make it work surprisingly smooth—like new. Any local garage can do it.

Be sure you get genuine Advance Cork Insert. Time-tested and proved. Costs little more to do the work. Your garage repairman or accessory man has it or can get it. Every wholesale house carries it in stock.

FREE BOOK

Giving valuable information about the Ford brake and clutch mailed on request.

ADVANCE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES CORP.
Dept. 200 1721 Prairie Ave., Chicago

New Shoes
Old Shoes
Tight Shoes

all feel the same if you shake into them some

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army & Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

USN DECK PAINT
The Universal Paint

You can buy a cheaper paint But you can't buy one that's more economical

The BILLING-CHAPIN Co.
Boston - Cleveland - New York

I WANT TO GO HOME!

Send me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 415 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and I will tell you how the spare-time representatives make spare time pay up to $25.00 EXTRA EVERY WEEK.

PLAYS for Amateurs; Monologs, Minstrel Jokes and Sketches; Ideas for all kinds of entertainments. Send for free catalog. DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO., 543 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

STUTZ

Roadster and Bearcat Models $3250

Four and Six Passenger Models $3350

You know when you hop into your sturdy Stutz that you're coming back. Whether the trip is to be ten miles or across the continent, you have the feeling of confidence and safety that has made the Stutz dear to the hearts of all thoroughbred motorists.

You know that the Stutz really is sturdy. That it relishes the road punishment that tears most cars to pieces. You naturally experience a feeling of pride and satisfaction as you roll along the street in your Stutz. People say, "There goes a Stutz." They turn to see the car as it gracefully portrays its mastery of road or boulevard. They admire it.

There is added comfort in the new Stutz obtained by deeper upholstery and longer springs—added ease of operation with the new clutch and convenient controls—added value even at the lower prices.

The Stutz representative will be pleased to show you the advantages of the new Stutz. If you can't own a Stutz, you will want to know more of this wonderful car, with a history of development on the race course that reads like romance and a record of daily performance that means complete satisfaction.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis

MANSLAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 19)

once for luncheon on her way to Tuxedo from somewhere or other. Then presently the bridge at Poughkeepsie, and then the station at which she had got out when she had spent Sunday with the Emmons', the day Evans had been arrested and had confessed to that man —— There was the very pillar she had waited beside while the chauffeur looked up her bags. Now the river began to narrow, there were marshy islands in it, and huge shaky ice houses along the brink. It all unrolled before her like a picture that she was never going to see again. Then Albany, set on its hills, and the train, turning sharply, rumbled over the bridge into the blackened station. Almost everybody in the car got out here, for the train stopped some time; but she and her guard remained sitting silently side by side. Then presently they were going on again, through the beautiful wide fertile valley of the Mohawk —— They were getting near, very near.

She felt not frightened, but physically sick. She wondered if her hair would be cut short. Of course it would. It seemed to her like an indignity committed by O'Bannon's own hand.

It was dark when they reached the station, so dark that she could not get a definite idea of anything but the high wall of the prison and the clang of the unbarring of the great gate. Later she came to know the doorway with its incongruous beauty—the white door with its fanlight and side windows, the two low stairways curving up to it, and, above, the ironwork porch, supported on square ironwork columns of a leaf pattern, suggestive somehow of an old wistaria vine. But now she knew nothing between the gate and the opening of the front door.

She entered what might have been the wide hall of an old-fashioned and extraordinarily bare country house. A wide stairway rose straight before her, and wide, old-fashioned doors opened formally to left and right. She was taken into the room at the right—the matron's room. While her name and age and crime were being registered she stood staring straight before her where bookshelves ran to the ceiling. She could recognize familiar bindings—the works of Marion Crawford and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Calm brown-eyed women seemed to surround her, but she would not even look at them. Their impersonal kindness seemed to be founded on the insulting knowledge of her utter helplessness. They chatted a little with the guard who had brought her. Was the train late? Well, not as bad as last time.

She wondered how soon they would cut her hair.

After a little while she was taken through a long corridor directly to a spacious bathroom. Her clothes, wrapped in a sheet, were borne away. At this Lydia gave a short laugh. It pleased her as a sign that the routine in her case was palpably ridiculous—to take away her things as if they were infected. She was given a bath, a nightgown of most unfriendly texture was handed to her, and presently she was locked in her cell—still in possession of her hair. She felt like an animal in a trap—could imagine herself running along the floor smelling at the cracks for some hope of escape, with that strange head motion, up and down, up and down, of a newly caged animal.

More even than the locks and bolts, she minded the open grille in the door, like an eye through which she might at any moment of the day or night be spied upon. At every footstep she prepared herself to meet with a defiant stare the eyes of an inspector. The cell was hardly a cell, but a room larger than most hall bedrooms. The bed had a white cover; so had the table; and the window, though barred, was large. But this made no impression on Lydia. She was conscious only of being locked in. Only her pride and her hard common sense kept her from beating at the door with her bare hands and making one of those screaming outbreaks so familiar to prison officials.

She who had never been coerced was now to be coerced in every action, surrounded everywhere by symbols of coercion. She who had been so intense an individualist that she had discarded a French model if she saw other women wearing it was now to wear a striped gingham dress of universal pattern. She whose competent white hands had never done a piece of useful work was sentenced to not less than three or more than seven years of hard labor. What would that be—hard labor? The vision of that giant negro working hopelessly at his loom was before her all night long.

All night long she wandered up and down her cell, now and then laying her hand on the door to assure herself of the incredible fact that it was locked. Only for a few minutes at dawn she fell asleep, forgetting the catastrophe, the malignant fate that had overtaken her, and woke imagining herself at home.

When her cell door was unlocked and she stepped out into the same corridor along which she had passed the night before, she found it a blaze of sunlight. Great patches of sunlight fell in barred patterns on the boards of the floor, scrubbed as white as the deck of a man-of-war. Remembering the gloomy granite loopholes of her imagination, this sun seemed insolently bright.

The law compels every prisoner, unless specially exempted, to spend an hour a day in school. Lydia's examination was satisfactory enough to exempt her, but she was set to work in the schoolroom, giving out books, helping with papers, erasing the blackboards, collecting the chalk and erasers. In this way the whole population of the prison—about seventy-five women—passed before her in the different grades. She might have found interest and opportunity, but she was in no humor to be cooperative.

She sat there despising them all, feeling her own essential difference—from the bright-eyed Italian girl who had known no English eighteen months before and was now so industrious a student, to the large, calm, unbelievably good-tempered teacher. The atmosphere of the room was not that of a prison school but of a kindergarten. That was what annoyed Lydia—that these women seemed to like to learn. They spelled with enthusiasm—these grown women. Up and down pages they went, spelling "passenger" and "transfer" and "station"—it was evidently a lesson without a trolley car. Was she, Lydia Thorne, expected to join joyfully in some such childlike discipline? In mental arithmetic the competition grew keener. Muriel, a soft-voiced colored girl, made eight and seven amount to thirteen. The class laughed gayly. Lydia covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she thought, "he might better have killed me than this!"

It seemed to her that this terrible impersonal routine was turning on her like a great wheel and grinding her into the earth. What incredible perversity it was that no one—no prisoner, no guard, not even the clear-eyed matron—would see the obvious fact that she was not a criminal as these others were.

Had O'Bannon's power reached even into the isolation of prison and dictated that she should be treated like everyone else—she who was so different from these uneducated, emotional, unstable beings about her?

It was her former maid, Evans, who destroyed this illusion. The different wards of the prison ate separately; and as Evans was not in her ward they did not meet during the day. They met in the hour after tea, before the prisoners were locked in their cells for the night; an hour when in the large hall they were allowed to read and talk and sew and tat—tatting was very popular just then.

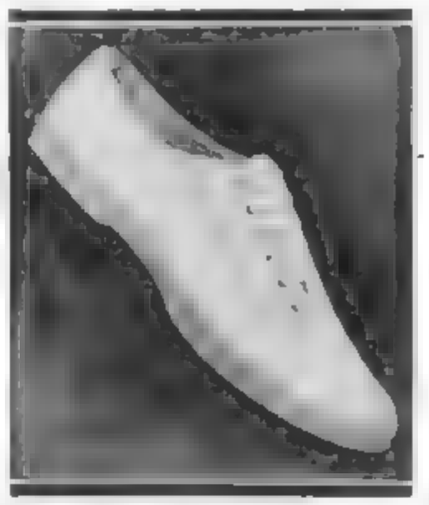
Lydia had sunk into a rocking-chair. She could not fix her mind on a book, and she did not know how to sew or tat, and talk for talk's sake had never been one of her amusements. She was thinking "One day has gone by out of perhaps seven years. In seven years I shall be thirty-three," when she felt someone approaching her, and looking up she saw it was Evans.

Evans, in a striped cotton, did not look so different from the lady's maid of the old days, except, as Lydia noticed with vague surprise, she had put on weight. She came with the hurried walk that made her skirts flip out at her heels—the same walk with which she used to come when she was late to dress Lydia for dinner. Lydia almost expected to hear the familiar "What will you wear, miss?" A dozen memories flashed into her mind—Evans polishing her

One of our eight famous "Leather-trim" models—brown leather ankle patches and reinforcements. Smooth, corrugated or suction grip soles.

Let them take vacation comfort to school

Practical, canvas, rubber-soled shoes for everyday wear—especially designed for boys and girls



One of the largest selling shoes in the world—all grades and sizes for men, women and children. Smooth or corrugated rubber soles.

GETTING-back-to-school is a real physical and mental effort for the average boy or girl.

Thoughtful mothers are seeing to it that their children carry over into the school term as much as possible of vacation freedom and comfort. Among other things they are avoiding hot, heavy shoes—shoes with all the dull feel of hard work. They are buying their children cool, comfortable Keds which are built for everyday wear.

The "Leather-trim" models of Keds, one of which is shown above, have been especially designed for school wear. As light and natural as "barefoot," nevertheless they are built to give the child's foot perfect freedom. They hold their shape—stand the roughest wear.

There's a Keds type for every summer need for men, women and children

Keds are a complete line of canvas, rubber-soled shoes. From the well-known "tennis shoe" to the neat dress oxford, from thick-soled outdoor shoes for men to dainty little pumps for infants—the many styles of Keds cover the whole range of summer footwear needs.

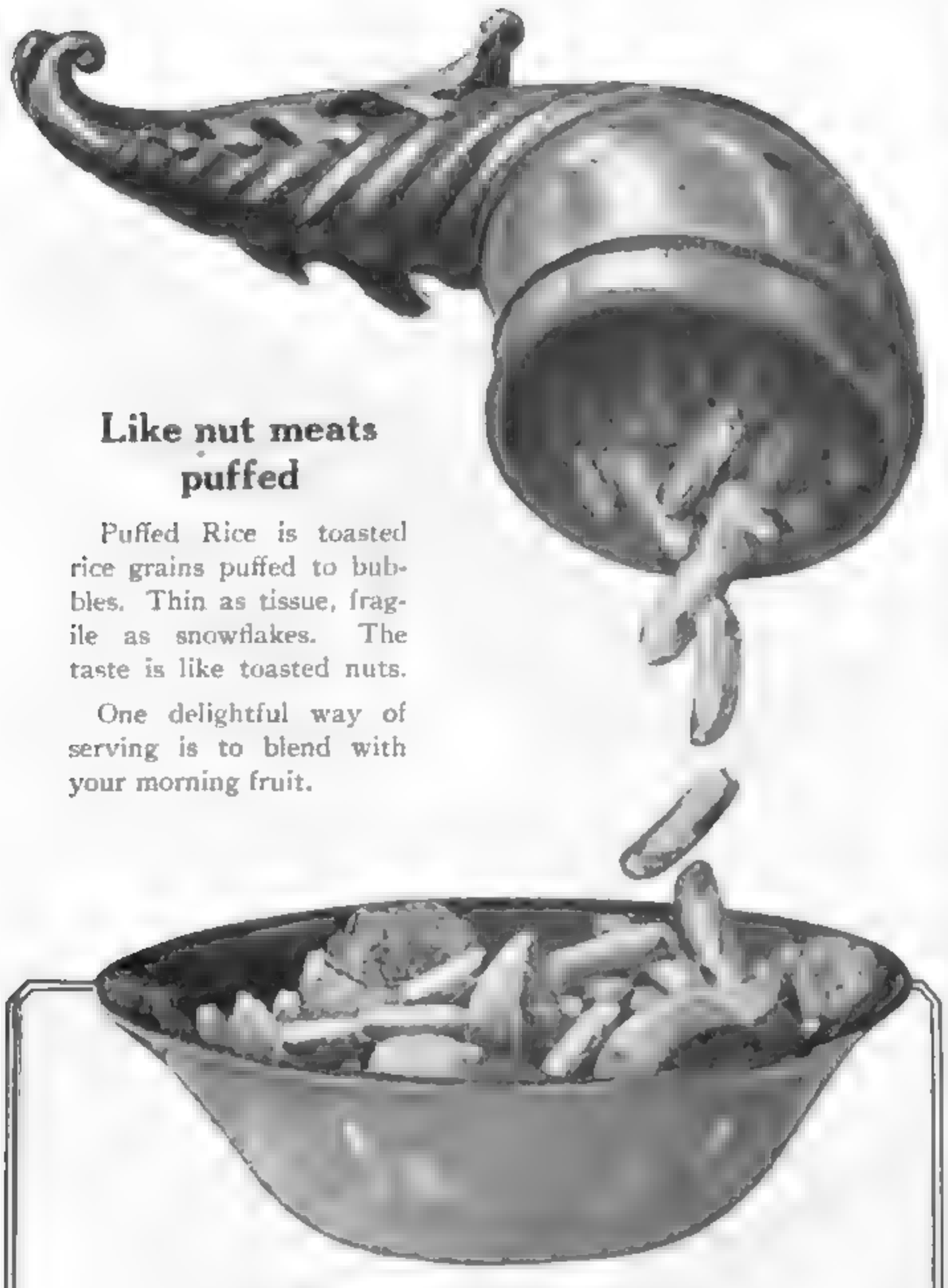
Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company, the oldest rubber organization in the world.

You can find Keds at every good store where shoes are sold. Try on the various models—notice how light and cool they all are. If your dealer does not have the type for your particular need, he can get it for you in a day or so. Be sure to look for the name Keds on the shoe—the guarantee of quality and service.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Not all canvas, rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoe.



Like nut meats puffed

Puffed Rice is toasted rice grains puffed to bubbles. Thin as tissue, fragile as snowflakes. The taste is like toasted nuts.

One delightful way of serving is to blend with your morning fruit.

They Want

Their cereals puffed, you know

Children want Puffed Grains—no mother can doubt that. These are the food confections.

The texture is enticing—thin, flaky, flimsy, crisp. And no other process develops such flavor.

Then why not serve abundantly, morning, noon and night? There is nothing better for children than whole-grain foods thus fitted to digest.

Prof. Anderson's creations

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion—over 100 million per kernel.

Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

That's the object of the process. These bubble grains are fascinating tidbits. They make whole-grain foods tempting. But, above all else, they are also the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Try melted butter on Puffed Rice some morning, instead of cream and sugar.

The milk dish as millions enjoy it

At supper or bedtime serve Puffed Wheat in milk. Nothing else makes the milk dish so inviting. Whole wheat in milk forms a practically complete food. And whole wheat in this form is wholly digestible.

Puffed Wheat

Grain puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice

Steam-exploded grains

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

jewels in the sunlight, Evans locked in the disordered bedroom refusing her confidence to everyone, and then collapsing and confessing to "that man."

She looked away from the approaching figure, hoping the girl would take the hint; but no, Evans was drawing up a chair with something of the manner of a hostess to a new arrival.

"Oh, Evans!" was Lydia's greeting, very much in her old manner.

"You'd better call me Louisa here—I mean, it's first names we use," said Evans.

The fact had already been called to her former employer's attention by Muriel, who had done nothing but call her Lydia in a futile effort to be friendly. She steeled herself to hear it from Evans, who, however, managed to avoid it. She gossiped of the prison news, and tried to cheer and help this newcomer with whatever wisdom she had acquired. Lydia neither moved nor answered nor again looked up.

"As the matron says," Evans ran on, "the worst is over when you get here. It's the trial and the sentence and the journey that's worst. After a week or so you'll begin to get used to it."

Lydia's nostrils trembled.

"I shall never get used to it," she said. "I don't belong here. What I did was no crime."

There was a short pause. Lydia waited for Evans' cordial agreement to what seemed a self-evident assertion. None came. Instead she said gently, as she might have explained to a child, "Oh, miss, they all think that!"

"Think what?"

"That what they did was no real harm—that they were unjustly condemned. There isn't one here who won't tell you that. The worse they are the more they think it."

Lydia had looked up from her contemplation of the gray rag rug. No sermon could have stopped her as short as that—the idea that she was exactly like all the other inmates. She protested, more to herself than to Evans.

"But it is different! What I did was an accident, not a deliberate crime."

Evans smiled her old, rare, gentle smile.

"But the law says it was a crime."

Horrible! Horrible but true! Lydia was to find that every woman there felt exactly as she did; that she was a special case; that she had done nothing wrong; that her conviction had been brought about by an incompetent lawyer, a vindictive district attorney, a bribed jury, a perjured witness.

The first thing each of them wanted to explain was that she—like Lydia—was a special case.

The innocent-looking little girl who had committed bigamy. "Isn't it to laugh?" said she. "Gee, when you think what men do to us! And I get five years for not knowing he was dead! And what harm did I do him anyway?"

And the gaunt elderly stenographer who had run an illicit mail-order business for her employers. One of them had evidently occupied her whole horizon, taking the place of all law, moral and judicial.

"He said it was positively legal," she kept repeating, believing evidently that the judge and jury had been pitifully misinformed.

And there was the stout middle-aged woman with sandy hair and a bland, competent manner—she was competent. She had made a specialty of real-estate frauds.

"I was entirely within the law," she said as one hardly interested to argue the matter.

And there were gay young mulatto girls and bright-eyed Italians, who all said the same thing—"everyone does it; only the other girl squealed on me"; and there were the egotists, who were never going to get into this mess again. Some girls had to steal for a living; they had brains enough to go straight. Even the woman who had attempted to kill her husband felt she had been absolutely within her rights, and after hearing her story Lydia was inclined to agree with her.

Only Evans seemed to feel that her sentence had been just.

"No, it wasn't right what I did," she said, and she stood out like a star, superior to her surroundings. She only was learning and growing in the terrible routine. It soon began to seem to Lydia that this little fool of a maid of hers was a great person. Why?

Locked in her cell from dark to daylight, Lydia spent much of the time in thinking. Like a great many people in this world, she had never thought before. She had particularly arranged her life so she should not think. Most people who think they think really dream. Lydia was no dreamer. She lacked the romantic imagination that makes dreams magical. Clear-sighted and pessimistic when she looked at life, the reality had seemed hideous, and she looked away as quickly as possible, looked back to the material beauty with which she had surrounded herself and the pleasant activities always within reach. Now, cut off from pleasure and beauty, it seemed to her for the first time as if there were a real adventure in having the courage to examine the whole scheme of life. Its pattern could hardly be more hideous than that of every day.

What was she? What reason had she for living? What use could life be put to? What was the truth?

A verse she could not place kept running through her head:

Quand j'ai connu la Verité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie;
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie,
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle
Ici-bas ont tout ignoré.

She had been deliberately ignorant of much of life—of everything.

She went through a period of despair all the worse because, like a face in a nightmare, it was featureless. It was despair not over the fact that she was in prison but over the whole scheme of the universe, the futile hordes of human beings living and hoping and failing and passing away.

Despair paralyzed her bodily activities. Her mind, even her giant will, failed her. She could neither sleep nor eat, and after a week of it was taken to the hospital. The rumor ran through the prison that she was going mad—that was the way it always began. She lay in the hospital two days, hardly moving. Her face seemed to have shrunk and her eyes to have grown large and fiery. The doctor came and talked to her. She would not answer him; she would not meet his gaze; she would do nothing but draw long, unnatural breaths like sighs.

In the room next to her there was a mother with a six-month-old baby. Lydia at the best of times had never been much interested in babies, though all young animals made a certain appeal to her. Her friends' babies, swaddled and guarded by nurses, lacked the spontaneous charm of a kitten or a puppy. This baby, however—Joseph his name was, and he was always so referred to—was different. He spent a great deal of time alone, sitting erect in his white iron crib. In spite of the conditions of his birth, he was calm, pink-cheeked and healthy. The first day that Lydia was up she glanced at him as she passed the door. He gave her somehow the impression of leading a life apart. At first she only used to stare at him from the doorway; then she ventured in, leaned on the crib, offered him a finger, to which he clung, invented a game of clapping of hands, and was rewarded by a toothless smile and a long, complicated gurgle of delight.

The sound was too much for Lydia—the idea that the baby was glad to be starting out on the tortured adventure of living. She went back to her own room in tears, weeping not for her own griefs but because all human beings were so infinitely pathetic.

The next day Anna, the mother, came in while she was bending over the crib. Lydia knew her story, the common one—the story of a respectable, sheltered girl falling suddenly, wildly in love with a handsome boy, and finding, when after a few months he wearied of her, that she had never been his wife—that he was already married.

Lydia looked at the neat, blond, spectacled woman beside her. It was hard to imagine her murdering anyone. She seemed gentle, vague, perhaps a little defective. Later in their acquaintance she told Lydia how she had done it. She had not minded his perfidy so much until he told her that she had known all along they weren't married—that she'd done it with her eyes open—that she had been "out for a good time." He was a paperhanger among other things, and a great pair of shears had been lying on the table. The first thing she knew they were buried in his side.

Lydia could not resist asking her whether she regretted what she had done.

(Continued on Page 77)

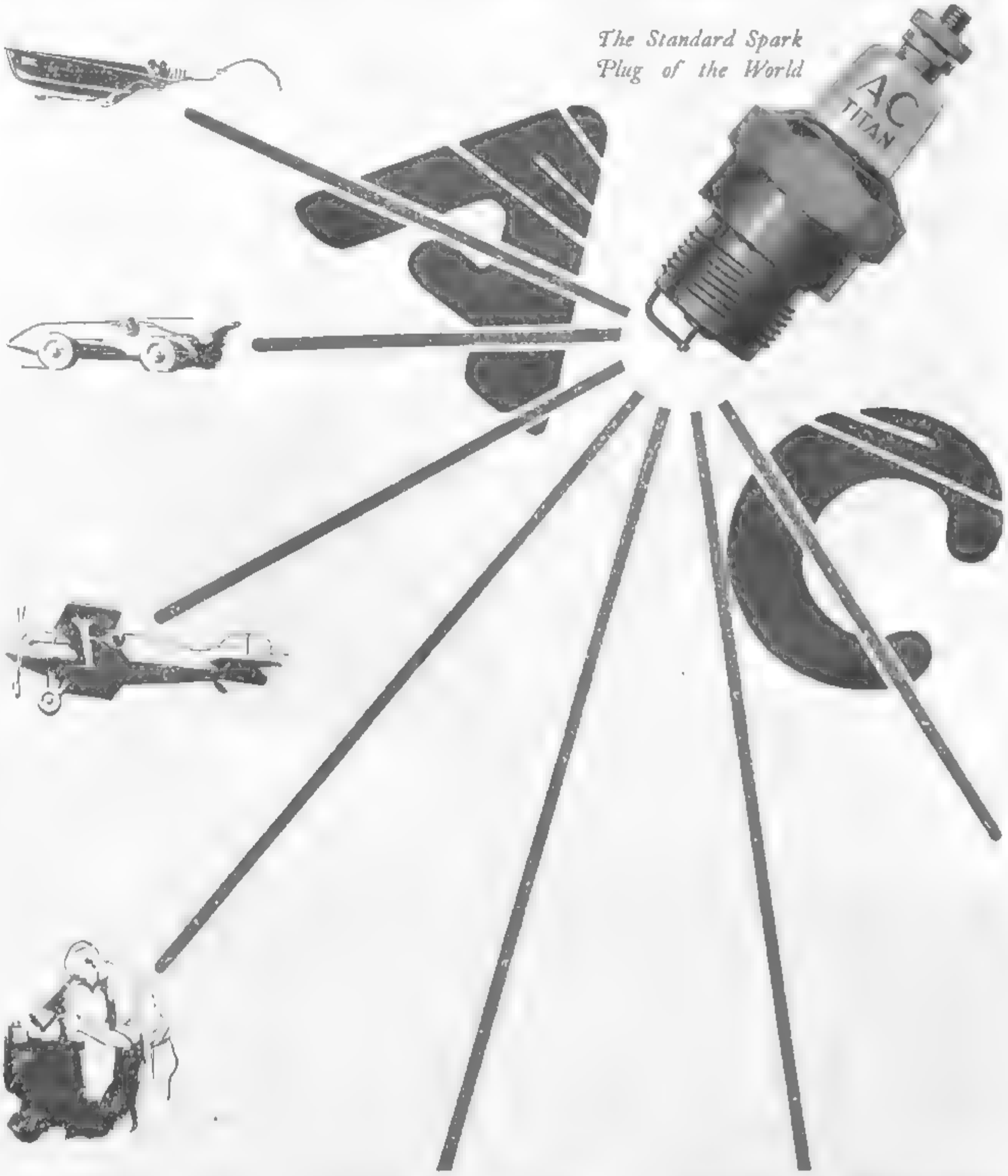
These Manufacturers Factory Equip Their Products With AC Spark Plugs

PASSENGER

Ace
Alsace
Ambassador
Anderson
Apperson
Bell
Bellanger Frères (France)
Birch
Bour-Davis
Buick
Cadillac
Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cleveland
Cole
Comet
Commonwealth
Daniels
Davis
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Du Pont
Essex
Fergus
Gray Dort (Canada)
Hanover
Hanson Six
Hatfield
Haynes
Hudson
Hupmobile
Jackson
Kenworthy
Kissel Kar
LaFayette
Leach Power-Plus Six
Liberty
Locomobile
London Six (Canada)
Lorraine
Malbohm
Marmon
Maxwell
McFarlan
McLaughlin (Canada)
Meteor
Mitchell
Moller
Monroe
Nash
National
Nelson
Noma
Oakland
Ogren
Oldsmobile
Overland
Packard
Paige
Pan
Pan-American
Paterson
Pilot
Porter
Premier
Ranger
Reo
Re Vere
Roamer
Rock Falls
R & V Knight
Saxon
Scripps-Booth
Seneca
Sheridan
Standard Fight
Stearns Knight
Stewart
Tarkington
Texan
Vogue
Washington
Westcott
Wills Sainte Claire
Willys-Knight
Yellow Cab

COMMERCIAL

Ace
Acme
Ahrens Fox Fire Trucks
Ajax
Apex
Atco
Available
Avery
Bell
Betz
Bollstrom
Bridgeport
Brinton
Brockway
Buffalo
Chevrolet
Chicago
Clark Tractor
Collier
Comet
Corbitt
Dart
Dearborn
Defiance
Denby
Dependable
Diamond T
Diehl
Dodge Brothers
Duty
Fargo
Federal
Fulton
F W D
Gary
Grant
Golden West
G & J (Canada)
G. M. C.
Hahn
Hall
Harvey
Hendrickson
Hewitt-Ludlow
Highway-Knight
Hurlburt
Huron
H. R. L.
Independent
Indiana
Kalamazoo
Karavan
Kearns
Keystone
Kissel
Kleiber
Klemm
Kochler
Low-Bed
L. M. C.
Mercer
Master
Maxim
Menominee
Moreland
Napoleon
Nash
Nelson-LeMoon
Netco
Noble
Ogden
Old Reliable
Oldsmobile
Oshkosh
O. K.
Packard



The Speed Boat Pilot *demands* AC's. He knows that AC's will always deliver the same perfect service they gave Gar Wood in winning the world's power boat championship and in setting the world's water record of 77 M.P.H. with Miss America. You, too, can get AC Plugs for your motor.

The Racing Driver *insists* upon AC's, knowing that AC Plugs stand up under grueling punishment. Tommy Milton used AC's in his Duesenberg when he set the world's record at 156 M.P.H. There are specially designed AC Plugs for your engine, too.

The Aviator *selects* AC Plugs because he must have unfailing ignition under all conditions. When Capt. Mosley established the American air record of 186 M. P. H. he used AC's in his Verville-Packard plane. You can insure the efficiency of your motor by demanding AC's of your dealer or garage man.

The Automotive Engineer *specifies* AC's for original equipment because he knows AC's are correctly designed to give complete satisfaction. The true worth of AC's—proved by test and scientific research—has made them standard equipment on most fine passenger cars, trucks and tractors. There are specially designed AC's for all engines.

Champion Ignition Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

Paige
Parker
Patriot
Pierce-Arrow
Pioneer
Pittsburgher
Ranger
Reo
Republic
Riker
Robinson Fire Apparatus
Rock Falls
Rowe
St. Cloud
Samson
Sandow
Sanford
Seneca
Shaw
Signal
Sterling
Stewart
Stoughton
Sullivan
Super
Texan
Tiffin
Titan
Tower
Triumph
Twin City
United
Ursus
Vim
Wichusett
Walter
Ward-La France
Watson
White
White Hickory
Wichita
Wilson
Witt-Will

MOTORCYCLES

Briggs-Stratton Motor Wheel
Excelsior
Henderson
Johnson Motor Wheel

TRACTORS

Advance-Rumely
Aro
A & T
Bates Steel Mule
Beaver (Canada)
Boring
Buffalo
Bullock Creeping-Grip
Case
Comet
Dart
Dependable
Do-It-All
Eagle
Flour City
Franklin
Hart-Parr
Holt
Howell
Knox
La Crosse
Lauson
Linn Road
Lombard
Minneapolis
New Britain
Oldsmar Garden
Pioneer
Royer
Samson
Sawyer-Massey (Canada)
Shawnee
SpryWheel
Stockton
Tioga
Topp-Stewart
Townsend
Triumph
Turner-Simplicity
Ursus
Wetmore

ENGINES

Adco
Associated
Bessemer Gasoline
Buda
Capitol
Continental
Curtiss
Doman
Domestic Gasoline Pumping
Duesenberg
Eclipse
Fairfield
Fairmont Railway
Falls
Frisbie
Galloway
Gray
G B S.
Hall-Scott
Herschell-Spillman
Joy Motor
J. V. B. Marine
Knox
Lathrop Marine
Lawrence-Aero
Milwaukee Gasolene Locomotives
Minneapolis
Pittsburgh Model
Red Wing Thoroughbred
Roberts
Scripps
Speedway
Strauhel
Union Marine
Van Blerck
H. J. Walker
Waterman Marine
Weber
Weidely Bulldog
Wisconsin
Woolery
W. S. M.

LIGHTING

C. Y. C.
Daytonlite
Delco-Light
Dynelectric
Electrion
Fairbanks
Genco Light
Globe Light & Power
Lalley Light
Lucolite
Matthews
Meyerlite
Nim-Ki-Vel
Northlite
Owens Light & Power
Perfection
Powerlite
Roco
Swartz
United
Wesco

MISCELLANEOUS

Austin Mfg. Co
Barber-Greene Conveyors
Burton Locomotives
Domestic Engine & Pump Co.
Ingersoll-Rand Air Compressors
Koehring Road Pavers
Maytag Washing Machines
Mudge Railway Cars
P & H Excavators
Sullivan Portable Air Compressors
Vaughan Drag Saws
Wade Drag Saws

U. S. Patent No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Patent No. 1,216,159, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

Famous "Z" Engines Help Sell These Products

AN ENGINE-driven machine is only as successful as the engine that drives it. The quality of its work, the amount done, the efficiency of the whole unit depends upon the proven worthiness of the engine.

The "Z" is daily helping scores of *manufacturers* to sell more of their equipment because of its performance and reputation as a dependable, economical engine. It is helping hundreds of *contractors* to get their work done on time. It drives concrete mixers, conveyors, crushers, hoists, pumps, sawrigs, spraying outfits, tiering machines, woodworkers and others—it has become standard power on many of them.

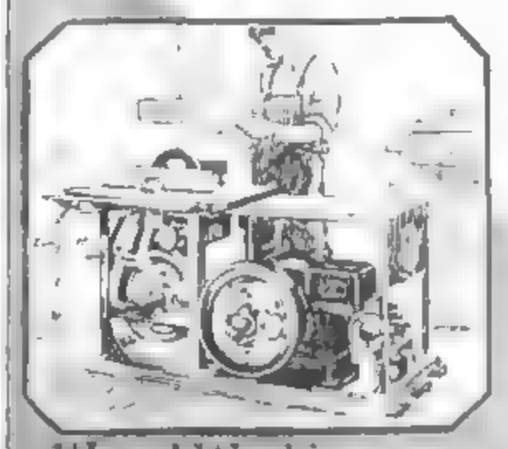
Extreme simplicity — interchangeable parts — Bosch high tension ignition—throttling governor, combined with operation on kerosene as well as gasoline, make the "Z" the engine for this work.

Thousands of "Z" dealers everywhere co-operate with our 28 branch houses to render ready service on these engines. We invite your inquiries for specifications or comparative tests.

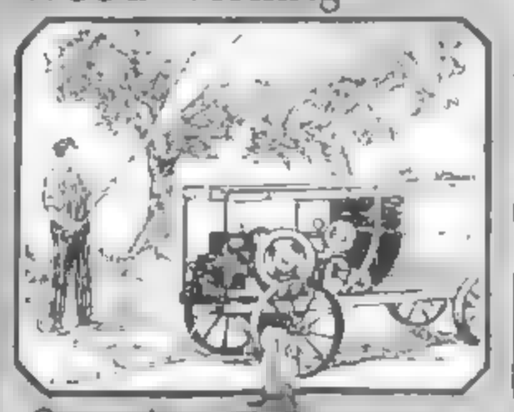
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS - - CHICAGO

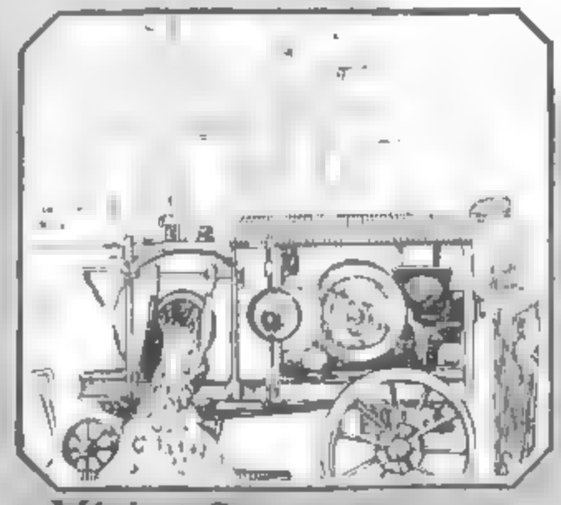
World wide distribution through our own branches and representatives



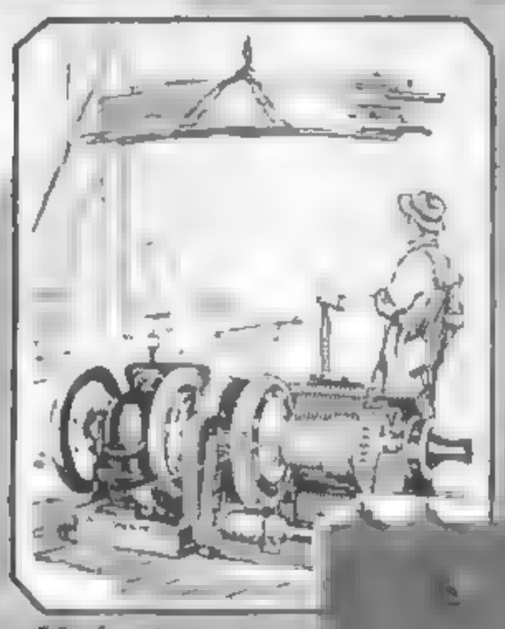
Wood Working



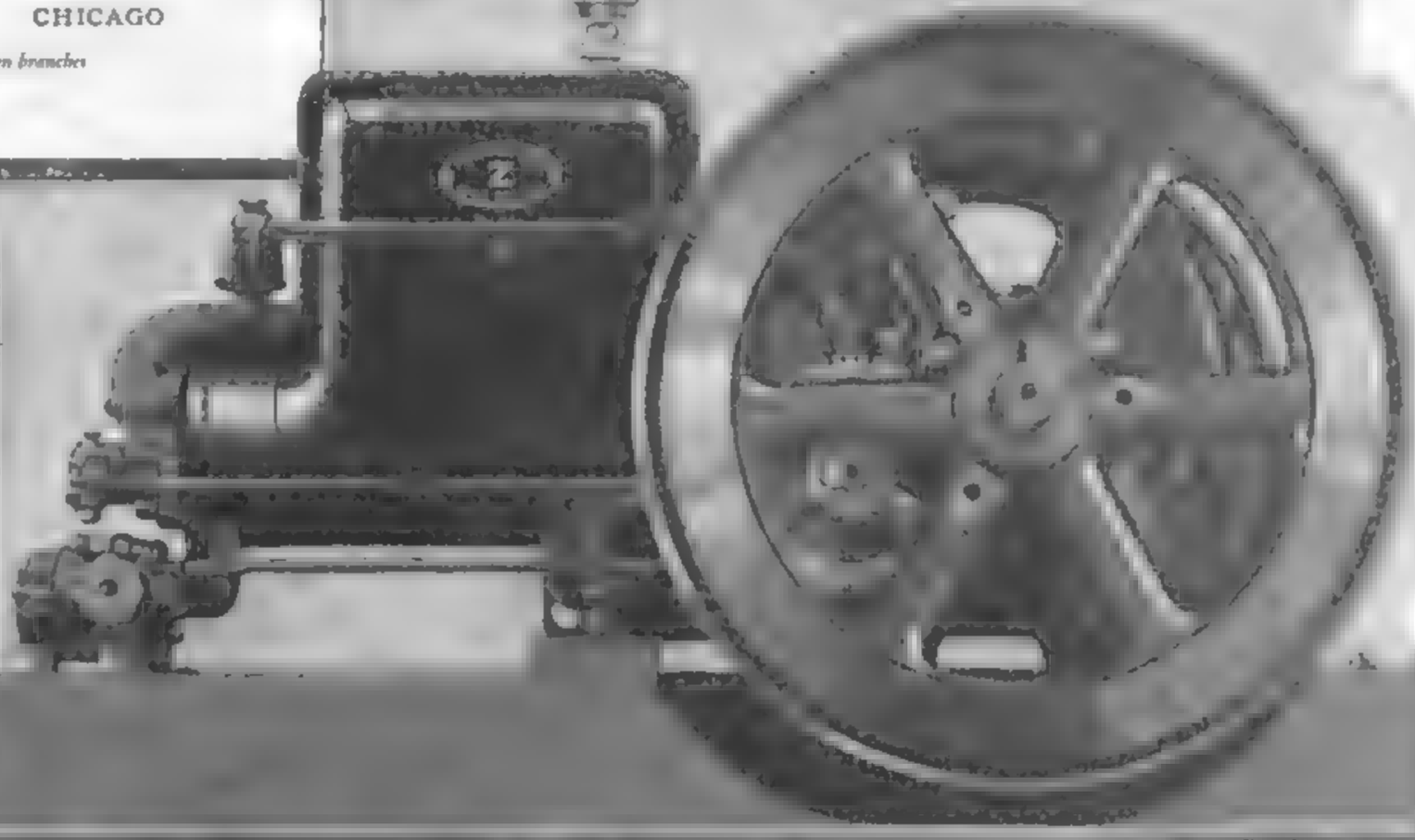
Spraying



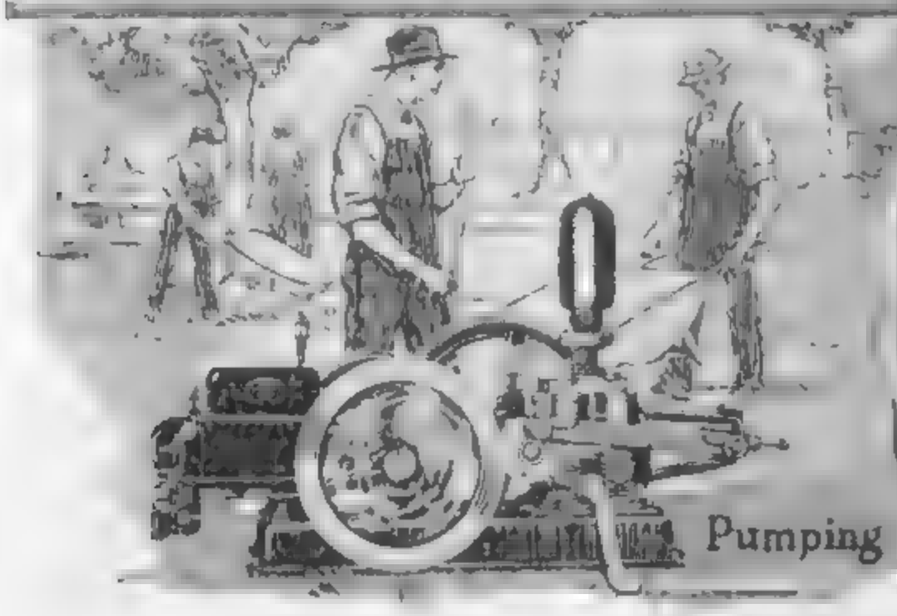
Mixing Concrete



Hoisting



FAIRBANKS-MORSE



Pumping

(Continued from Page 74

The girl considered. "I think it was right for him to die," she said, but she was sorry about Joseph. In a little while the baby would be taken from her and put into a state institution. She was maternal primitively maternal—and her real punishment was not imprisonment but separation from her child. Lydia saw this without entirely understanding it.

The girl had said to her: "I suppose you can't imagine killing anyone?"

Lydia assured her that she could—oh, very easily. She went back to her room thinking that she was more a murderess at heart than this girl, who was now nothing but a mother.

When she came out of the hospital she was not put back at the schoolroom work but was sent to the kitchen. This was an immense tiled room which gave the impression to those who first entered it of being entirely empty. Then the eye fell on a row of copper containers, three of them as tall as she—one for tea, one for coffee, one for hot water—and three smaller pots, round like witches' caldrons, for the cooking of cereals and meats and potatoes. The baking was done in an adjacent alcove. There Lydia was put to work. Gradually the process began to interest her—the mixing of the dough and the baking of dozens of loaves at a time on a great oven with rotating shelves in it. The oven, like all ovens, had its caprices, dependent upon the amount of heat being used by the rest of the institution. Lydia set herself to master the subject. A certain strain of practical competence in her had never before had its expression.

XIV

AS LYDIA began to emerge from her depression she clung to Evans, who had first made her see that she could not think anything human alien to herself. The disciplined little Englishwoman, sincere and without self-pity, seemed the purveyor of wisdom. She saw her own mistakes clearly. William William was the pale young footman, about whom they talked a good deal had urged her for a long time to pick up a ten-dollar bill now and then or a forgotten bit of jewelry. She had never felt any temptation to do so until Lydia had been so indifferent about the loss of the bracelet. What was the use of caring so much about the safety of the jewels if the owner cared so little?

"Oh, that bracelet!" murmured Lydia, remembering how she had last seen it in O'Bannon's hand in court. For a moment she did not follow what Evans was saying, and came back in the midst of a sentence.

"——and made me see that because you were wrong that did not make me right. Then I got ready to confess. He made me see that the real harm was done and over when I took a thing that wasn't mine, and that the only way to get back was to obey the law and go to prison and get through with it as quick as I could. I owe a lot to him, Lydia—not that he preached at me, but his eyes looked right into me."

"Of whom are you speaking?" Lydia asked sharply.

"Of Mr. O'Bannon," answered Evans, and a reverent tone came into her voice.

This was too much for Lydia. She broke out, assuring Evans that she had been quite right to take the jewels. She, Lydia, now knew what a thoughtless, inconsiderate employer she had always been. But as for "that man," Evans must see that he had only tricked her into confessing in order to save himself trouble. It was a feather in his cap—to get a confession. He had not thought about saving her soul. Lydia stamped her foot in the old way, but without creating any impression on the bewitched girl, who insisted on being grateful to the man who had imprisoned her.

"Is that what he is looking for from me?" thought Lydia.

Long, long winter nights in prison are excellent periods for thinking out a revenge. She saw it would not be easy to revenge herself on O'Bannon. If it were Albee it would be simple enough—she would make him publicly ridiculous. To wound that sensitive egotism would be to slay the inner man. If it were Bobby—poor dear Bobby—she would destroy his self-confidence and starve him to death through his own belief that he was worthless. But what could she do to O'Bannon but kill him—or make him love her? Perhaps threaten to kill him. She tried to think of him on his knees, pleading for his life. But no, she couldn't give the vision reality. He wouldn't go down on his knees; he wouldn't plead; he'd stand up to her in defiance and she would be forced to shoot to prove that she had meant what she said

She had been in prison about three months when one morning word came to the kitchen that she was wanted in the reception room. This meant a visitor. It was not Miss Bennett's day. It must be a specially privileged visitor. Her guess was Albee

Prisoners whose conduct was good enough to keep them in the first grade were allowed to see visitors once a week. Miss Bennett came regularly, and Eleanor had come more than once. Lydia was very eager to see these two, but was not eager to see anyone else. There was always a terrible moment of shyness with newcomers an awkward ugly moment. She did not wish to see anyone who did not love her in a simple human way that swept away restraint.

She did not want to see Albee, and she was equally sure he did not want to see her, but had been driven by the politician's fear of leaving behind him in his course onward and upward any smoldering fires of hatred which a little easy kindness might quench. As a matter of fact, she did not hate Albee—nor like him. She simply recognized him as a useful person whom all her life she would go on using. This coming interview must serve to attach him to her, so that if in the future she needed a powerful politician to help her destroy O'Bannon she would have one ready to her hand. She knew exactly and instinctively how to manage Albee—not by being appealing and friendly. If she were nice to him he would go away feeling that that chapter in his life was satisfactorily closed. But if she were hostile, if she made him uncomfortable, he would work to win back her friendship. Prisoner as she was, she would be his master She arranged herself, expression and spirit alike, to meet him sternly.

She did not stop to consider the impression she might make on her visitor—in her striped dress and her prison shoes. It was never Lydia's habit to think first of the impression she was making.

She was brought to the matron's room, and then crossing the hall she entered the bare reception room, with its chill, white mantelpiece, the fireplace blocked by a sheet of metal, its empty center table and stiff straight-backed chairs. She entered without any anticipation of what was in store for her, and saw a tall figure just turning from the window. It was O'Bannon. She had just a blurred vision of his gray eyes and the hollows in his cheeks. Then her wrists and knees seemed to melt, her heart turned over within her; everything grew yellow, green and black, and she fainted—falling gently full length at the feet of the district attorney.

When she came to she was in her own cell. She turned her head slowly to right and left.

"Where is that man?" she said. She was told he had gone.

Of course he had gone—gone without waiting for her recovery, without speaking to anyone else. There was the proof that he was vindictive; that he had come to humiliate her, to feast his eyes on her distress. He had hardly dared hope that she would faint at his feet. There was real cruelty for you, she thought—to ruin a woman's life and then to come and enjoy the spectacle. What a story for him to go home with, to remember and smile over, to tell, perhaps, to his mother or Eleanor!

"The poor girl!" he might say with tones of false pity in his voice. "At the mere sight of me she fainted dead away and lay at my feet in her prison dress, her hands coarsened by hard work ——"

This last proof of her utter defenselessness infuriated her. She was justified in her revenge, whatever it might be. The thought of it ran through all her dreams like a secret romance.

It began to take shape in her mind as political ruin. She knew from Eleanor that he had ambitions. He had taken the district attorneyship with the intention of making it lead to higher political office. She had fancies of defeating him in a campaign, using all the tragedy of her own experience to rouse the emotions of audiences. Easier to destroy him within his own party by Albee's help—easier, but not so spectacular. He might not know who had done it unless she went to him and explained. Over that interview her mind often lingered.

As her ideas of retribution took shape she became happier in her daily life, as if

NEXT to a shower bath, a Topkis Athletic Union Suit is the best cure in the world for dog-day peplessness. Fits so roomily, so easily, you'll wonder, sometimes, if you have underwear on.

Same in action as in rest. Comfort *all* the time. No pinch, no pull, anywhere—crotch, drawer legs, chest, shoulders.

Topkis lets your skin breathe naturally. That means a lot to your health and comfort.

Nainsook and other high grade fabrics. Every yard preshrunk; full size guaranteed.

And one dollar buys it! Topkis is the union suit that brought the dollar back to life. It goes the limit in underwear value.

Men's Athletic Union Suits	$1.00
Men's Shirts, 75c; Drawers	75c
Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union and Children's Waist Union Suits	75c

Ask your dealer for TOPKIS. Look for the name. Write us for illustrated booklet.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY

Wilmington, Delaware

General Sales Offices 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

This cigar box is famous all over the United States

Thousands of smokers know "the good old Cinco box". It holds 100 Cinco cigars but never holds them long.

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INC.
PHILADELPHIA Established 1850

Stick to Cinco it's safe

the thought of O'Bannon sucked up all the poison in her nature and left her other relations sweeter.

If Lydia had but known it, her revenge was complete when she fell at his feet. The months she had spent in prison had been paradise compared with the months he had spent at large. The verdict in the case had hardly been rendered before he had begun to be tortured by doubts as to his own motives. It was no help to him that his reason offered him a perfect defense. The girl was a criminal—reckless, irresponsible and untruthful, more deserving of punishment than most of the defendants who came into court. If there were any personal animus in his prosecution there was an excuse for it in the fact that Albee had certainly come to him with the intention of exerting dishonorable pressure in her behalf. Everyone he saw—his mother, Eleanor, Foster, Judge Homans—all believed that he had followed the path of duty in spite of many shining temptations to be weakly pitiful. But he himself knew—and gradually came to admit—that he had done what he passionately desired to do. Even he could not look deeply enough into his own heart to understand his motives, but he began to be aware of a secret growing remorse poisoning his inner life.

The thought of her in prison was never out of his mind, and it was a nightmare prison he thought of. In the first warm September days he imagined the leaden, airless heat of cells. When October turned suddenly cold and windy he remembered how she was accustomed to playing golf on the windy links and how he had once seen her driving from a tee near the roadside with her skirts wrapped about her by her vigorous swing. He gave up playing bridge—the memories were too poignant. And after Eleanor had once mentioned that Lydia was fond of dancing he could not listen to a strain of dance music. Christmas was a particularly trying time to him, with all its assumption of rejoicing—a prison Christmas!

During the holidays he was in New York for a few days. His theory was that lack of exercise was the reason for his not sleeping better. He used to take long walks in the afternoon and evening so as to go to bed tired.

One afternoon at twilight he was walking round the reservoir in the Park when he recognized something familiar in a trim little figure approaching him—something that changed the beat of his heart. It was Miss Bennett. He stopped her, uncertain of his reception.

"Is that Mr. O'Bannon?" she said, staring up at him in the dim light.

The city beyond the bare trees had begun to turn into a sort of universal lilac mist, punctuated with yellow dots of light. It was too dark for Miss Bennett to see any change in O'Bannon's appearance, anything ravaged and worn, anything suggesting an abnormal strain. Miss Bennett, though kind and gentle, was not imaginative about turbulent, irregular emotions, such as she herself did not experience. She was not on the lookout for danger signals.

She did not feel unfriendly to O'Bannon. On the contrary she admired him. She could, as she said, see his side of it. She prided herself on seeing both sides of every question. She greeted him cordially as soon as she was sure it was he. He turned and walked with her. They had the reservoir to themselves.

Miss Bennett thought it more tactful not to refer to Lydia. She began talking about the beauty of the city. Country people always spoke as if all natural beauty were excluded from towns, but for her part ——

O'Bannon suddenly interrupted her.

"Have you seen Miss Thorne lately?" he said in a queer, quick, low tone.

When Benny felt a thing she could always express it. This was fortunate for her because when she expressed it she relieved the acuteness of her own feeling. She very naturally, therefore, sought the right phrase, even sometimes one of an almost indecent poignancy, because the more poignantly she made the other person feel, the more sure she could be of her own relief. Then, too, she was not sorry that O'Bannon should understand just what it was he had done—his duty perhaps, but he might as well know the consequences.

"Have I seen her?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mr. O'Bannon!" There was a pause as if it were too terrible to go on with, but of course she did go on. "I see her every week. She's like an animal in a trap. Perhaps you never saw one—in a trap, I mean. Lydia had a gray wolfhound once, and in the woods it strayed away and got caught in a mink trap. It was almost dead when we found it, but so patient and hopeless. She's getting to be like that—each week a little more patient than the week before—she who was never patient. Oh, Mr. O'Bannon, I feel sometimes as if I couldn't bear it—the way they've ground it out of her in a few months! She seems like an old woman in a young woman's body. They haven't spoiled that—at least they haven't yet."

She wiped her eyes with a filmy handkerchief, and her step became brisker. She felt better. For a moment she had got rid of the pathos of the situation. O'Bannon, she saw, had taken up her burden. He walked along beside her silent for a few steps, and then he suddenly took off his hat, murmured something about being late for an engagement and left her, disappearing down the steep slope of the reservoir.

He wandered restlessly up and down like a man in physical pain. No reality, he finally decided, could be as terrible as the visions which, with the help of Miss Bennett, his imagination kept calling before him. That night he took the train, and in the middle of the next morning arrived at the prison gates.

There was no difficulty about his seeing the prisoner. His explanation that he was passing by on his way to see the warden about one of the men prisoners was not required. The matron agreed readily to send for Lydia. It seemed to him a long time before she came. He stood staring out of the window, stray sentences leaping up in his mind—"not less than three nor more than seven years" "an animal in a trap"—"an old woman in a young woman's body." He heard steps approaching and his pulses began to beat thickly and heavily. He turned round, and as he did so she fell at his feet.

The matron came in, running at the sound of her fall. O'Bannon picked her up limp as a rag doll in his arms and carried her back to her cell. Under most circumstances he would have noticed that the cell was bright and large, but now he only compared it, with a pang at his heart, with that large, luxurious, deserted bedroom of Lydia's in which he had once interviewed Evans.

The matron drove him away before Lydia recovered consciousness. He waited in the outer room, heard that she was perfectly well, and then took his miserable departure. He got back to New York late that night, and the next day he resigned his position as district attorney.

Eleanor read of his resignation first in the local paper, and came to his mother for an explanation; but Mrs. O'Bannon was as much surprised as anyone. Without acknowledging it, both women were frightened at the prospect of O'Bannon's attempting, without backing, to build up a law practice in New York. Both dreaded the effect upon him of failure. Both would have advised against his resigning his position. Perhaps for this very reason neither had been consulted.

The two women who loved him parted with specious expressions of confidence. Doubtless Dan would make a great success of it, they said. He was brilliant, and worked so hard.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Ten Late Discoveries

which are saving millions of teeth

Dental research has in late years discovered ten most important facts.

They have changed the old ideas on teeth cleaning. They have led to new effects. And to millions those effects are bringing a new dental era.

A new-type dentifrice has been evolved to comply with these new findings. People of nearly every race, under dental advice, are adopting it.

This is to offer you a ten-day test, so you may clearly see and feel the benefits it brings.

How to fight film

One great result is to fight the film, the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. If not removed—and daily—it may cause ceaseless damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. Many seriou troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

A daily remover

Dental science has now found two effective ways to fight film. It advises their daily use. Both are combined in this new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Modern authorities endorse it, after many careful tests. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. And millions of users, nearly all the world over, now daily enjoy its effects.

Modern diet is faulty

Science also finds that modern diet leads to tooth destruction. It is rich in starch, deficient in fruit acids. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing until very few escape them.

Now it is found that the tooth paste can bring about some of the same effects as proper diet towards tooth protection, and bring them twice a day. Modern research advises that this be done.

These Ten

Film is the teeth's chief enemy.

Film can be combated daily in two effective ways.

Starch deposits ferment and form acid on or between the teeth.

That starch can and should be digested by saliva.

Acids cause tooth decay.

The saliva can and should neutralize those acids.

Saliva is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It can easily be multiplied.

A proper diet can multiply salivary flow. A tooth paste can accomplish it also.

Some desired effects

Pepsodent brings other effects with every application.

It stimulates the salivary flow, which is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Proper diet, rich in fruit acids, would bring these same effects. But the object is to bring them frequently, at the proper times, regardless of the diet.

Another effect is to keep teeth highly polished, so coats less easily adhere. Pepsin is also employed.

New whiteness, new cleanliness, new safety

To millions of people Pepsodent is bringing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. It is doing this by natural means.

The benefits are so evident, so delightful, that anyone who knows them will desire them. A ten-day test will reveal them. Let someone in your family make it.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste made to comply with all modern requirements. Endorsed by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

You'll quickly see

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. One week's results will convince you.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 688

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 26, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

_____

_____

_____

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

What this Symbol means to People who wear clean Clothes

Doing the washing for every member of more than a million families is a large responsibility.

This symbol—which is the trade mark of modern laundries—is your assurance that this responsibility will be competently met.

It means complete laundering service that takes all the work of washday out of the home.

It means an end to vain waiting for and bickering with laundresses.

It means relief from the carrying and lifting, and rubbing and scrubbing which home washdays entail.

It means an end to running in and out from a hot, steamy room to a cold outdoors—it means protection of health.

It means freedom from all that is associated with washdays in the home.

It means prompt collection and punctual delivery.

It means washing in rainsoft water and suds of mild, pure soap.

It means immaculate ironing and exact folding.

It means a service of sanitation and sterilization.

It is the symbol of modern laundries and modern laundering service—a pledge of thoroughness, an invitation to new freedom.

Use this service. You will find in your city many modern laundries that give it. Call any of them—have them take all your family washing.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, Cincinnati

"Send it

to the Laundry"

© The A. L. M. Co.

THE $25,000 JAW

(Continued from Page 24)

"You haven't a chance in the piano company, anyhow," demurred the old Croly. "They know you too well; your old reputation is against you. The spineless jellyfish class at twenty-two-fifty per is your limit there."

"Nonsense," declared the new Croly masterfully. "It's the one job you know. Ten to one they need you this minute. You've invested eleven years of training in it. Make that experience count."

"But—but Cowdin may take a wallop at me," protested the old Croly.

"Not while you have a face like Kid McNulty, the Chelsea Bearcat," flashed back the new Croly. The new Croly won.

Ten minutes later Samuel Cowdin swiveled round in his chair to face a young man with a pale, grim face and an oversized jaw.

"Well?" demanded Cowdin.

"Mr. Cowdin," said Croly Addicks, holding his tremors in check by a great effort of will, "I understand you need a man in the purchasing department. I want the job."

Cowdin shot him a puzzled look. The chief purchasing agent's countenance wore the expression of one who says "Where have I seen that face before?"

"We do need a man," Cowdin admitted, staring hard at Croly, "though I don't know how you knew it. Who are you?"

"I'm Addicks," said Croly, thrusting out his new chin.

Cowdin started. His brow wrinkled in perplexity; he stared even more intently at the firm-visaged man, and then shook his head as if giving up a problem.

"That's odd," he muttered, reminiscently stroking his chin. "There was a young fellow by that name here. Croly was his first name. You're not related to him, I suppose?"

Croly, the unrecognized, straightened up in his chair as if he had sat on a hornet. With difficulty he gained control over his breathing, and managed to growl, "No, I'm not related to him."

Cowdin obviously was relieved.

"Didn't think you were," he remarked, almost amiably. "You're not the same type of man at all."

"Do I get that job?" asked Croly. In his own ears his voice sounded hard.

"What experience have you had?" questioned Cowdin briskly.

"Eleven years," replied Croly.

"With what company?"

"With this company," answered Croly evenly.

"With this company?" Cowdin's voice jumped a full octave higher to an incredulous treble.

"Yes," said Croly. "You asked me if I was related to Croly Addicks. I said 'No.' That's true. I'm not related to him—because I am Croly Addicks."

With a gasp of alarm Cowdin jumped to his feet and prepared to defend himself from instant onslaught.

"The devil you are!" he cried.

"Sit down, please," said Croly quietly.

Cowdin in a daze sank back into his chair and sat staring, hypnotized, at the man opposite him as one might stare who found a young pink elephant in his bed.

"I'll forget what happened if you will," said Croly. "Let's talk about the future. Do I get the job?"

"Eh? What's that?" Cowdin began to realize that he was not dreaming.

"Do I get the job?" Croly repeated.

A measure of his accustomed self-possession had returned to the chief purchasing agent and he answered with as much of his old manner as he could muster, "I'll give you another chance if you think you can behave yourself."

"Thanks," said Croly, and inside his new self sniggered at his old self.

The chief purchasing agent was master of himself by now, and he rapped out in the voice that Croly knew only too well, "Get right to work. Same desk. Same salary. And remember, no more monkey business, Mr. Addicks, because if ——"

He stopped short. There was something in the face of Croly Addicks that told him to stop. The big new jaw was pointing straight at him as if it were a pistol.

"You said, just now," said Croly, and his voice was hoarse, "that I wasn't the same type of man as the Croly Addicks who worked here before. I'm not. I'm no longer the sort of man it's safe to ride. Please don't call me Mister unless you mean it."

Cowdin's eyes strayed from the snapping eyes of Croly Addicks to the taut jaw; he shrugged his shoulders.

"Report to Baldwin," was all he said.

As Croly turned away, his back hid from Cowdin the smile that had come to his new face.

The reincarnated Croly had been back at his old job for ten days, or, more accurately, ten days and nights, for it had taken that long to straighten out the snarl in which Baldwin, not quite so sure of himself now, had been immersed to the eyebrows. Baldwin was watching, a species of awe in his eye, while Croly swiftly and expertly checked off a complicated price list. Croly looked up.

"Baldwin," he said, laying down the work, "I'm going to make a suggestion to you. It's for your own good."

"Shoot!" said the assistant purchasing agent warily.

"You're not cut out for this game," said Croly Addicks.

"Wha-a-at?" sputtered Baldwin.

Croly leveled his chin at him. Baldwin listened as the new Addicks continued: "You're not the buying type, Baldwin. You're the selling type. Take my advice and get transferred to the selling end. You'll be happier—and you'll get farther."

"Say," began Baldwin truculently, "you've got a nerve. I've a good notion to ——"

Abruptly he stopped. Croly's chin was set at an ominous angle.

"Better think it over," said Croly Addicks, taking up the price list again.

Baldwin gazed for a full minute or more at the remade jaw of his assistant. Then he conceded, "Maybe I will."

A week later Baldwin announced that he had taken Croly's advice. The old Addicks would have waited, with anxious nerves on edge, for the announcement of Baldwin's successor; the new Addicks went straight to the chief purchasing agent.

"Mr. Cowdin," said Croly, as calmly as a bumping heart would permit, "shall I take over Baldwin's work?"

The chief purchasing agent crinkled his brow petulantly.

"I had Heaton in mind for the job," he said shortly without looking up.

"I want it," said Croly Addicks, and his jaw snapped. His tone made Cowdin look up. "Heaton isn't ripe for the work," said Croly. "I am."

Cowdin could not see that inside Croly was quivering; he could not see that the new Croly was struggling with the old and was exerting every ounce of will power he possessed to wring out the words. All Cowdin could see was the big jaw, bulging and threatening.

He cautiously poked back his office chair so that it rolled on its casters out of range of the man with the dangerous face.

"I told you once before, Addicks," began the chief purchasing agent ——

"You told me once before," interrupted Croly Addicks sternly, "that the job required a man with a jaw. What do you call this?"

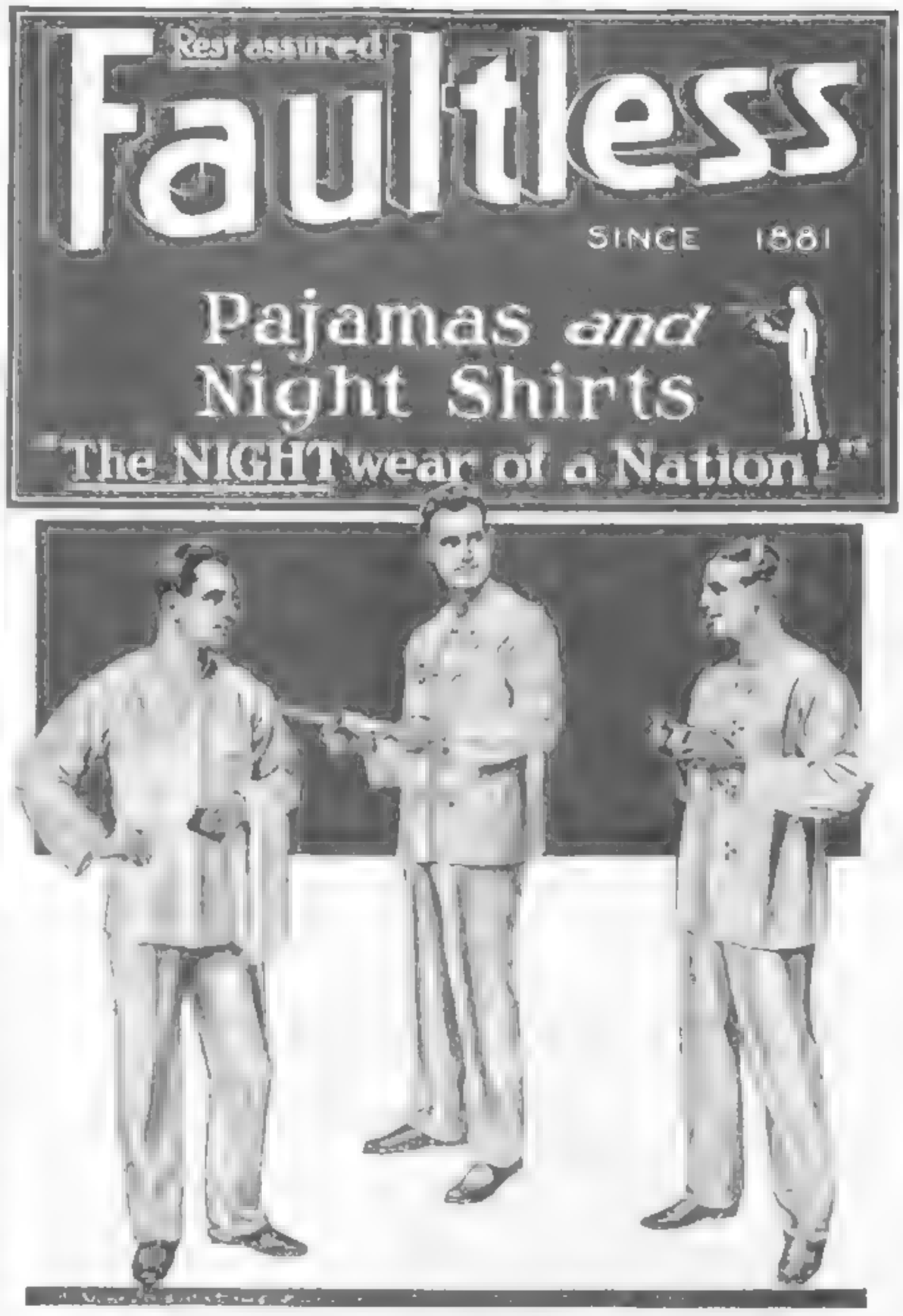
He tapped his own remodeled prow. Cowdin found it impossible not to rest his gaze on the spot indicated by Croly's forefinger. Unconsciously, perhaps, his beads of eyes roved over his desk in search of a convenient paperweight or other weapon. Finding none the chief purchasing agent affected to consider the merits of Croly's demand.

"Well," he said with a judicial air, "I've a notion to give you a month's trial at the job."

"Good," said Croly; and inside he buzzed and tingled warmly.

Cowdin wheeled his office chair back within range again.

A month after Croly Addicks had taken up his duties as assistant purchasing agent he was sitting late one afternoon in serious conference with the chief purchasing agent. The day was an anxious one for all the employes of the great piano company. It was the day when the directors met in solemn and awful conclave, and the ancient and aciduloous chairman of the board, Cephas Langdon, who owned most of the stock, emerged, woodchucklike, from his hole, to conduct his annual much-dreaded inquisition into



Buttonless Pajama

This garment is so made as to make buttons unnecessary. You can readily see the comfort and convenience. Slip on and *off* easily. No buttons to button, no buttons to unbutton. Particularly adapted for travelers, college men, etc.

Regulation Pajama

The ideal sleeping and lounging togs, embodying every comfort of cut, of fabric and finish for which FAULTLESS makers are renowned. In all materials.

One-Piece Sleeping Suit

The One Piece Garment is made on a Faultless idea—the joining of the pajama jacket and pants at waist line, doing away with draw string.

The coat always stays down, the pants are always attached, no adjusting necessary.

"Faultless" Original Creations

THERE'S a lot to be said for Faultless Pajamas when it comes to *Comfort* and Style.

These pajamas are more comfortable because they won't bind and pinch at the armholes or sleeves.

Comfortable too because the buttons "stay put." Sewing them *securely* on special felt disc "grippers" tends to that.

And then the correctness of *size*—means more comfort too because there's no chafing or pulling or sagging or dragging on you anywhere. No need here to buy that larger size for comfort's sake. Faultless Pajamas are cut to fit *you* properly—cut for *your* Comfort and Style.

Even the "look" of a Faultless garment is a comfort to the eye. First quality materials—free from blemish—unusual style—better workmanship—smarter in cut, trim and finish. They look stylish and comfortable because they are stylish and comfortable.

Better still—the laundries can't grind the Comfort out of a Faultless garment. Neither can Hard Wear knock it out. The material is protected against shrinkage and *tested* for *Durability*.

Get a couple of suits of Faultless today—all materials, designs, styles, patterns and colors. *Today*—you'll need 'em *tonight*.

To Men's Furnishings Dealers

Increase your sales by properly displaying Faultless Nightwear. It outsells all other makes—because pajamas and night-shirts labeled FAULTLESS since 1881 guarantee worthy materials, style and manufacture, at a price which justifies their claim as the NIGHTwear of a Nation. Write today for details for a Faultless agency in your locality.

Sold by 12,760 dealers.

Faultless underwear, the equal of Faultless nightwear, retails at $1 and up.

E. ROSENFELD & CO. *Makers*

BALTIMORE NEW YORK CHICAGO

"Memory Joggers" *for* motorists—

AS LONG as the old bus "hits on all six" the average motorist lets her run, paying little, if any, attention to the amount of oil in his crank case.

Forgetting to get oil when needed invariably results in larger garage bills for worn and burnt-out bearings, loose connecting rods, scored cylinders, etc.

Twenty-four hours a day, rain or shine, Wayne Curb Lubricating Oil Pumps and Portable Wheel Tanks serve effectively as "Memory Joggers for Forgetful Motorists."

They continuously signal "Stop for Oil" to every passing motorist from the curbs of the best dealers, garage and filling station owners.

They lure and hold new trade. Motorists come back for Wayne's quicker curb oil service. It saves one-half the time and steps required where oil is served from inside a building. Oil spillage (that you pay for) is eliminated. Every drop is clean, thrice-screened and accurately measured mechanically.

Naturally motorists, dealers, garage and filling station owners prefer Wayne Curb Lubricating Oil Pumps and Portable Wheel Tanks.

Wayne Honest Measure Curb Gasoline Pumps are also preferred for their superior service.

Ask for Bulletins 320-227 and 296. Sent free.

Wayne Oil Tank and Pump Co. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

A national organization with offices in thirty-four American cities. Canadian Tank and Pump Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., Can. Representatives everywhere. Repair stocks and expert service at your command

REG U S Wayne TRADE MARK

OIL CONSERVATION SYSTEMS

Gasoline and Oil Storage Systems	Heavy Metal Storage Tanks	Oil Filtration Systems	Oil Burning Systems	Furnaces for Metal Melting Forging and Heat Treating

the corporation's affairs, and to demand, with many searching queries, why in blue thunder the company was not making more money. On this day dignified and confident executives wriggled and wilted like tardy schoolboys under his grilling, and official heads were lopped off with a few sharp words.

As frightened secretaries slipped in and out of the mahogany-doored board room information seeped out, and breaths were held and tiptoes walked on as the reports flashed about from office to office.

"Old Langdon's on a rampage."

"He's raking the sales manager over the coals."

"He's fired Sherman, the advertising manager."

"He's fired the whole advertising department too."

"He's asking what in blue thunder is the matter with the purchasing department."

When this last ringside bulletin reached Cowdin he scowled, muttered, and reached for his hat.

"If anybody should come looking for me," he said to Croly, "tell 'em I went home sick."

"But," protested Croly, who knew well the habits of the exigent chairman of the board, "Mr. Langdon may send down here any minute for an explanation of the purchasing department's report."

Cowdin smiled sardonically.

"So he may, so he may," he said, clapping his hat firmly on his head. "Perhaps you'd be so good as to tell him what he wants to know."

And still smiling the chief purchasing agent hurried to the freight elevator and made his timely and prudent exit.

"Gawsh," said the blond stenographer, "Grizzly Cowdin's ducked again this year."

"Gee," said the brunet stenographer, "here's where poor Mr. Addicks gets it where Nellie wore the beads."

Croly knew what they were saying; he knew that he had been left to be a scapegoat. He looked around for his own hat. But as he did so he caught the reflection of his new face in the plate-glass top of his desk. The image of his big impressive jaw heartened him. He smiled grimly and waited.

He did not have long to wait. The door was thrust open and President Flagstead's head was thrust in.

"Where's Cowdin?" he demanded nervously. Tiny worried pearls of dew on the presidential brow bore evidence that even he had not escaped the grill.

"Home," said Croly. "Sick."

Mr. Flagstead frowned. The furrows of worry in his face deepened.

"Mr. Langdon is furious at the purchasing department," he said. "He wants some things in the report explained, and he won't wait. Confound Cowdin!"

Croly's eyes rested for a moment on the reflection of his chin in the glass on his desk; then he raised them to the president's.

"Mr. Cowdin left me in charge," he said, hoping that his voice wouldn't break. "I'll see if I can answer Mr. Langdon's questions."

The president fired a swift look at Croly; at first it was dubious; then, as it appraised Croly's set face, it grew relieved.

"Who are you?" asked the president.

"Addicks, assistant purchasing agent," said Croly.

"Oh, the new man. I've noticed you around," said the president. "Meant to introduce myself. How long have you been here?"

"Eleven years," said Croly.

"Eleven years?" The president was unbelieving. "You couldn't have been. I certainly would have noticed your face." He paused a bit awkwardly. Just then they reached the mahogany door of the boardroom.

Croly Addicks, outwardly a picture of determination, inwardly quaking, followed the president. Old Cephas Langdon was squatting in his chair, his face red from his efforts, his eyes, beneath their tufts of brow, irate. When he spoke, his words exploded in bunches like packs of firecrackers.

"Well, well?" he snapped. "Where's Cowdin? Why didn't Cowdin come? I sent for Cowdin, didn't I? I wanted to see the chief purchasing agent. Where's Cowdin anyhow? Who are you?"

"Cowdin's sick. I'm Addicks," said Croly.

His voice trembled, and his hands went up to play with his necktie. They came in contact with the point of his new chin, and fresh courage came back to him. He plunged his hands into his coat pockets, pushed the chin forward.

He felt the eyes under the bushy brows surveying his chin.

"Cowdin sick, eh?" inquired Cephas Langdon acidly. "Seems to me he's always sick when I want to find out what in blue thunder ails his department." He held up a report. "I installed a purchasing system in 1913," he said, slapping the report angrily, "and look here how it has been foozled." He slammed the report down on the table. "What I want to know, young man," he exploded, "is why material in the Syracuse factories cost 29 per cent more for the past three months than for the same period last year. Why? Why? Why?"

He glared at Croly Addicks as if he held him personally responsible. Croly did not drop his eyes before the glare; instead he stuck his chin out another notch. His jaw muscles knotted. His breathing was difficult. The chance he'd been working for, praying for, had come.

"Your purchasing system is all wrong, Mr. Langdon," he said, in a voice so loud that it made them all jump.

For a second it seemed as if Cephas Langdon would uncoil and leap at the presumptuous underling with the big chin. But he didn't. Instead, with a smile in which there was a lot of irony, and some interest, he asked, "Oh, indeed? Perhaps, young man, you'll be so good as to tell me what's wrong with it? You appear to think you know a thing or two."

Croly told him. Eleven years of work and study were behind what he said, and he emphasized each point with a thrust of his jaw that would have carried conviction even had his analysis of the system been less logical and concise than it was. Old Cephas Langdon leaning on the directors' table turned up his ear trumpet so that he wouldn't miss a word.

"Well? Well? And what would you suggest instead of the old way?" he interjected frequently.

Croly had the answer ready every time. Darkness and dinnertime had come before Croly had finished.

"Flagstead," said old Cephas Langdon, turning to the president, "haven't I always told you that what we needed in the purchasing department was a man with a chin on him? Just drop a note to Cowdin tomorrow, will you, and tell him he needn't come back?"

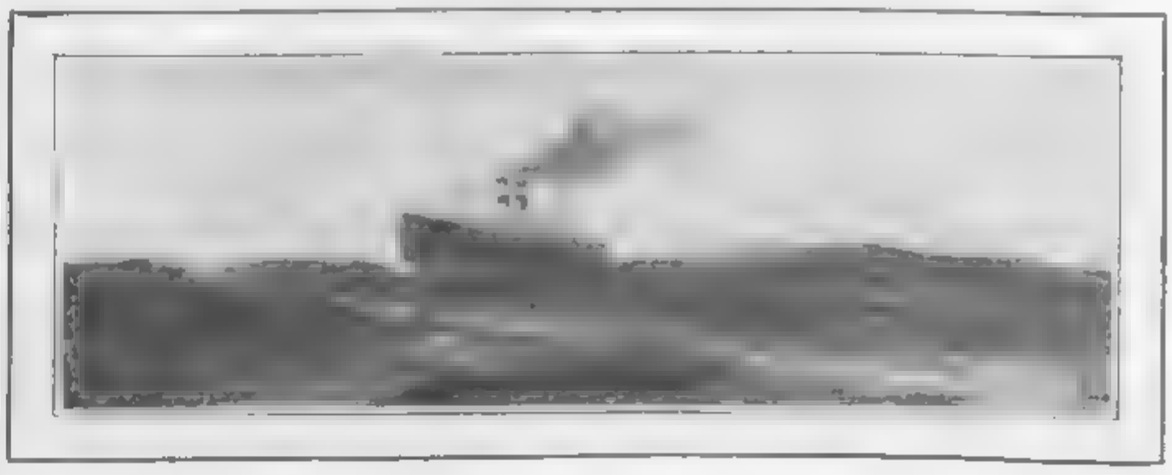
He turned toward Croly and twisted his leathery old face into what passed for a smile.

"Young man," he said, "don't let anything happen to that jaw of yours. One of these bright days it's going to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars a year to you."

That night a young man with a prodigious jaw sat very near a young woman named Emily Mackie, who from time to time looked from his face to the ring finger of her left hand.

"Oh, Croly dear," she said softly, "how did you do it?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Guess I just tried to live up to my jaw."



What the 2A Brownies do

All of the pictures on this page are reproduced *in the exact size* from negatives made with 2A Brownies on Kodak Film.

What You Can Do with a Brownie

The pictures really tell, better than words, just what anybody can do with a Brownie. It is a very simple little camera, yet it is fully equipped for snap-shots out-of-doors, for time exposures indoors or out, for flashlights and home portraiture. It can, with the aid of a seventy-five cent Kodak Portrait Attachment, make delightful "close-ups," as the picture of Mary Louise in the upper left-hand corner amply proves. And it's all very easy.

There are Brownies in several sizes, but this is about the 2A Brownie in particular. It makes pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches, has a meniscus achromatic lens, a rotary self-setting shutter, has three stops (diaphragms) and two finders—one for vertical and one for horizontal exposures. It requires no focusing and loads in daylight with Kodak Film Cartridges of six or twelve exposures. It is covered with a fine imitation grain leather with metal parts finished in nickel and black enamel.

You Can Make Good Pictures with a Brownie

The No. 2A Brownie

Price Including excise war tax $3.50

All Kodak Dealers'

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

In the handy form of a big generous tube

The soft, bountiful lather so easily and quickly brushed up from a little of this swift flowing cream has made more and more men want to get their lather from the big Williams' tube. For they know that it not only gives a clean, cool shave, but always leaves a comfortable face afterwards.

Other men like the shaving powder; others the liquid or the stick; but whichever they favor the great majority will agree that Williams' is the one soap that really makes their beards cringe before the razor.

And the lather is soothing—it leaves your face in the best of condition; the refreshing effect of a Williams' shave lasts long after the shave itself.

Or in the convenient stick with economical re-loads

"The holder that holds." The threaded metal collar holds the soap firmly until the last available bit has been used—no chance to wiggle, get loose, or break off. The holder is of generous size, affording a big comfortable grip, and your fingers do not come into contact with the soap.

To insure your getting it in the pink of condition, the stick itself is wrapped in an air-tight, dust-proof waxed paper, easy to tear down below the soap line as the stick is used.

And it produces the same lather which has been smoothing things out for men in the morning for more than seventy-five years. Thick and creamlike, it has a peculiar knack all its own of softening the beard before the blade and soothing the face in its wake.

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms of Williams' –Cream, Holder-Top Stick, Shaving Liquid and Shaving Powder. Or send 6c in stamps for trial size of any one.
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Shaving Soaps

THE J.B WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

HOW HARD SHOULD WE WORK?

(Continued from Page 21)

and incentive. The bookkeeper or bank clerk, the mother of a large family who is constantly occupied with house work and the care of her children, the man at a machine, the shopgirl doing piecework—all of them must have resources within themselves. All of them must have an occasional change, something else than their work to look forward to, or they are in danger of becoming mere automatons. Their intellectual centers will become atrophied and the lower centers over-developed; after a while they will be utterly unfit for any other kind of work than that which they have so long been doing. Even in that particular work their efficiency will gradually lessen and fatigue will appear from slighter causes.

Another cause of fatigue lies in the emotional sphere. Everyone has noticed how little he can do when he is worried, without becoming tired. We worry when things are going badly, when our purposes are being frustrated or their ends delayed. For instance, you have a certain amount of work which must be done in a given time. In order to accomplish this you must give it your closest attention, the greatest mental concentration. You go to the office, confident that you will get through with it. Then there come interruptions and distractions. Someone comes to see you on business that could easily be postponed, but you do not like to offend him; it would not be politic. A friend from a distance drops in to chat because he happens to be passing through the city. You like him and would be glad to see him if you were not busy. Half a dozen unnecessary telephone calls break into your morning. Still you struggle on, because you are getting further and further behind your schedule. Finally a subordinate comes in timidly to say that he is sorry to interrupt, but—and tells you about something wrong with the business.

You go home that night with nerves on edge, exasperated, utterly worn out. The chances are that you will sleep badly and awaken tired.

Our work may be harassing for other reasons also, reasons that exist within ourselves. If we have not learned just how to do a thing, if we lack skill, we make many false moves and we suffer from lost motion and exasperating delays.

Signs of Overwork

Or we have habituated ourselves to attend to small details that should be delegated to others. The performance of these unnecessary acts not only consumes a certain amount of energy in itself but retards the progress of larger, more important enterprises. Some business men need an efficiency engineer more than they need medical advice.

A friend put his finger on the trouble of a very nervous business man recently when he said: "You waste a lot of time in answering the telephone. Why don't you let other people do that? You've had five calls in the past half hour, and only one was of the slightest importance." Did his remark have any effect? Probably not, because a habit of long growth cannot easily be changed.

A third element in fatigue production has to do with physical conditions about us, in office or shop or store; chiefly bad air and bad light. Of these much has been said in previous articles and it will suffice merely to emphasize that by their effect upon the health they lessen endurance.

No matter how much interest we have in our work or in the ends to be achieved, no matter how many different things we are doing or how much pleasure we get out of doing them, after prolonged application we become fatigued. Attention lags, efficiency is lowered, and a night's rest does not restore them; or at least they do not last throughout the day. Then it is time to take a rest, and the sooner we get it the better. The longer it is postponed the more time will be required to recover the old resiliency of mind and spirit.

If we go on working in spite of growing languor and lassitude sooner or later we shall become stale. The athlete knows what staleness is, and he knows that the only thing to do is to stop all training for an indefinite period. Staleness comes to the brain worker as well as to the athlete, and its manifestations are quite similar.

The symptoms of chronic fatigue are more than a mere tiredness that remains day and night. They are various in character and variously located; chiefly in the head, the muscles, the digestive organs. Nearly always there is loss of appetite, coated tongue, sluggish digestion; the muscles may be sore, there may be pains and uncomfortable sensations in different parts of the body; also frequent or continuous headache and often confusion of mind, inability to think consecutively. It takes considerable time and persistence to become stale. And recovery usually takes at least as long.

The final breaking point can be avoided, however, if heed is given to an early warning, the gradually lessening ability to work. The symptoms develop very insidiously. At first the change is scarcely noticeable, merely a slowing up. There may be occasional spurts of speed, but they do not last, the reaction comes quickly, the tired feeling grows more pronounced and lasts longer. Later it is present almost all the time. And finally, if we ignore the warning, there are other signs; ambition is lost, and mental alertness; no spur, no incentive can bring back the old efficiency.

Then it is certainly time to stop whatever we are doing and rest long enough to restore health and vigor, no matter how long it may take. To one already tired even very slight additional work increases the fatigue out of all proportion. No good can be accomplished by attempting to go on, because by doing so the breaking point will be advanced rather than retarded, and when it comes the wreckage will be more complete.

Matters of Habit

One reason for this is that anything attempted when in a state of chronic fatigue is much more difficult of accomplishment. We struggle against this inability to do what we have formerly done easily, and the constant struggle adds tremendously to our handicap. Adverse emotions are awakened, worry, irritability, anxiety, exasperation; all of which are as harmful as their antitheses, pleasure and interest, are stimulating.

In fact, the emotions have more to do with producing excessive fatigue than all other causes combined. When work is congenial one can stand an almost unlimited amount of it and remain normal. But in times of storm and stress, when new and unexpected difficulties arise, they are apt to cause an unsettled state of mind. This in turn reacts upon the physical condition, the earliest evidences of which are languor, impaired digestion and disturbed sleep or a deep sleep resembling the stupor produced by a narcotic, from which one awakens unrefreshed.

The question of overwork, then, is not so much a matter of how much we are doing as how well we are doing it. It may be that we are attempting something beyond our powers and therefore futilely. Perhaps, because of unsettled nerves, we are taking things too hard, worrying unnecessarily, and getting nowhere. Or there may be an underlying physical cause which should be remedied. And, finally, perhaps we are trying to do the wrong kind of work, for which either we are not suited or in which we have no interest.

As with every other abnormal condition the effects of excessive fatigue are much more easily prevented than cured. Getting rid of them is a slow process, but prevention is rather a simple matter. It requires the application of certain common-sense principles the adoption of which makes for greater happiness and also for greater efficiency. The chief requirement is the substitution of certain good habits for harmful habits.

Harmful habits are not always vicious. They may have been acquired through ignorance or indolence rather than because of willful neglect. But however acquired they are difficult to throw off.

Here is the law of habit formation: "Every time we perform a certain action, either mental or physical, or allow ourselves to be affected in any way, we have more proneness to, and greater facility in, the performance of that action or in experiencing that affection under similar circumstances than we had before."

The ease with which our ordinary habits are formed has been illustrated by the following: A man moves into a new neighborhood. His new home is in the middle of the

This Shingle Never Curls

It is spark-proof.

The beautiful Indian red or sage green crushed slate finish never needs painting or staining.

The heavier felt base means long life, and finally it costs only a trifle more than ordinary composition shingles.

It is a

Carey ASFALT SLATE SHINGLE

sold by good building supply and lumber dealers everywhere.

Write for sample and booklet.

The Philip Carey Company
8 Mills Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

It's Time Now to Order Your Anchor Top

Cold weather is just around the corner. That means that, once again, owners of open cars are beginning to show their decided preference for Anchor Closed Tops.

Everywhere, Anchor Tops set the standard. Their prestige among closed tops is clear-cut, pronounced, and nation-wide.

Careful buyers who want unqualified closed car comfort and style, install Anchor Tops as a matter of course.

An Anchor Top fits your car as if cast in the same mold; it gives it the cozy comfort, the smartness, and dignity of a fine sedan or coupe.

In fact, many apparently closed cars are simply open cars, equipped with Anchor Tops. They look like, and they are in effect, high class closed cars, with every real closed car advantage.

Anchor Tops are vastly better tops, as they should be. They are built of finest materials by expert, highly skilled coach workers—men who have been turning out superior coach-work for more than 30 years.

They embody all essential closed car features. Crystal glass door windows raise and lower noiselessly. Doors fit and operate perfectly. Upholstery is in fine whipcord; illumination from a handsome dome light.

Order your Anchor Top at once. Be prepared for the chill rains and biting winds which cut through cloth side-curtains. Every day, all fall and winter through, will convince you it is an unequalled investment.

Let us send you prices, and photographs, of the top designed for your car. These show it mounted, precisely as our dealer will install it on your car. We will send you his name. Be sure to mention your car's make and model. You cannot afford delay. Write now.

Anchor Taxicab Bodies in standard, landaulet, and limousine types for Ford and Dodge Brothers chassis

The Anchor Top & Body Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Anchor
Coupe & Sedan Tops

Tear Off and Mail

Anchor Winter Tops are made for: ☐ Ford ☐ Dodge Brothers ☐ Buick ☐ Reo ☐ Willys-Knight ☐ Overland ☐ Essex ☐ Maxwell ☐ Chevrolet ☐ and others. In list above, check your car, write year, model, and your name and address in margin of page, and mail to us for particulars.

block. The first morning on the way to the street car on the next parallel street he has the choice of going to the corner of either cross street, the distances being exactly the same. On a sudden impulse, perhaps without having made any conscious choice, he turns to the right instead of the left. The next morning it is easier for him to turn to the right, and thereafter he will always go in that direction unless he determines otherwise and consciously directs his footsteps toward the left.

Children learning to speak or walk and later to play games, or older persons learning a complicated task, find difficulty at first. Later, habit shortens the routes between the brain centers. We do an accustomed thing automatically without wasting so much nervous energy upon it. In other words, habit makes movements exact, or, as the psychologists say, it "sets" them and lessens fatigue.

After we have learned by the shortened or automatic method, in order to perform a complicated act we have only to will to do it and let the mechanism do the rest. Driving an automobile is a good example. While learning we worry and fuss and make many false moves. Greater ease comes with practice and finally we become expert, we can drive just as we walk, without thinking about it. When the car skids we right it. Then perhaps someone asks: "How did you do that?" We cannot tell how we did it. The various complicated things we did to stop the skidding had been learned gradually, had become automatic, and we cannot give them in sequence without much more thought than was required to perform the act. If we had to wait to think how to avoid danger there would be an infinitely greater number of accidents.

The comparatively simple act of walking requires so many muscular movements that if we attempted to tell how we walked down street we should become as confused as the centipede:

The centipede was happy quite
Until the toad in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which
When you begin to run?"
This wrought his mind to such a pitch
He lay distracted in a ditch,
Uncertain how 'twas done.

Habits may be our very best friends or our most treacherous enemies. They govern everything we do. We can determine which we shall have by beginning early to form the right kind. Professor William James says: "Could the young but realize how soon they will become bundles of habits they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson's play excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying 'I won't count this time!' Well, he may not count it and a kind Heaven may not count it, but it is being counted, nevertheless. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing that we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out."

Daily Exercise

He means that the effects cannot be wiped out, not that we can never eradicate a habit. If habits were fixed and unchangeable it would be useless ever to give advice to another or to attempt to change one's own conduct in the slightest degree. A habit, however, can be wiped out only in one way, by the substitution of its opposite habit. We cannot get rid of indolence, for instance, by saying, "Now I am not going to be indolent any longer." We must gradually replace it by cultivating mental alertness and physical activity.

Everything we do which affects injuriously our mental or physical health makes work harder because it lessens efficiency; inefficiency causes worry, and worry conduces to ill health—a vicious circle, out of which there is no way except by a change of habits.

The rules of health are in the main really quite simple and obvious. But obvious truths are so often ignored that they require much repetition, and for this reason a few suggestions concerning mental and physical hygiene may be of use.

If good work is dependent upon good health it is better to keep the body as nearly up to par as possible than to wait until the damage has been done. Many go on as long as possible doing things that they know to be wrong, trusting to luck or to an inherited good constitution, or at most hoping that at some future day they will have time to take care of themselves. Just now they are too busy, but then they will have nothing to do but look after their health. If that day ever comes the chances are that they will have no health to look after. A little present attention to such matters will avoid future trouble.

One of the most persistent of small habits is that of taking too little exercise. A man who has worked in an office all his life is possessed of the idea that the business cannot go on without him for a moment. Granting the truth of this in some cases, it must be conceded that there is time before and after hours that can be used to advantage.

The first hygienic rule, then, is exercise—a little every day, don't lump it all once a week. Walk to the office in the morning, or at least part of the way. There isn't time? Get up half an hour earlier. This implies going to bed that much sooner the night before, because sleep is essential. Of course exercise is recommended to those whose occupations are more or less sedentary. Those who work at manual labor need a complete change of activity, which would better take the form of mental diversion.

Health From Hobbies

If one sits at a desk all day a single dose of exercise every week or so will no more suffice than a single meal followed by a prolonged fast. A brisk walk before taking up the business of the day clears the brain and speeds up thought. Most of us confuse hard thinking with clear thinking, but the former by no means always implies the latter.

Walk part of the way home after office hours. Or if the season permits take to an outdoor game rather than to an easy-chair. Adopt a hobby; which is to say, get a good habit as a substitute for the old one of indolence. A hobby implies something interesting to do, something in which the interest carries over from day to day and grows by cultivation. A man may buy a farm, not because he expects to make a living by farming but because of the outdoor occupation it supplies for his leisure time and the pleasure he derives in watching things grow. In this case a farm is a valuable asset even though most of the bookkeeping be on the wrong side of the ledger.

Comparatively few are financially able to take up farming as a diversion. Those who have a small plot of ground at home are not badly off if they use a part of it for a kitchen garden. If the garden is worked assiduously the crop will be more than peas, beans and radishes.

If you put into the ground sufficient sweat, you will get out of it for your personal use a large amount of health and efficiency. And somewhere in the garden you will lose your brain fag.

There are many healthful forms of exercise, and the choice must depend upon the opportunity of each individual; but the essential thing is to get it regularly and as often as you can. If you live in a big city there are gymnasiums and bowling clubs and swimming pools. The only difficulty about availing oneself of these diversions is in the beginning. It is hard to start, but in a very short time a good habit is formed and there is no trouble keeping it up.

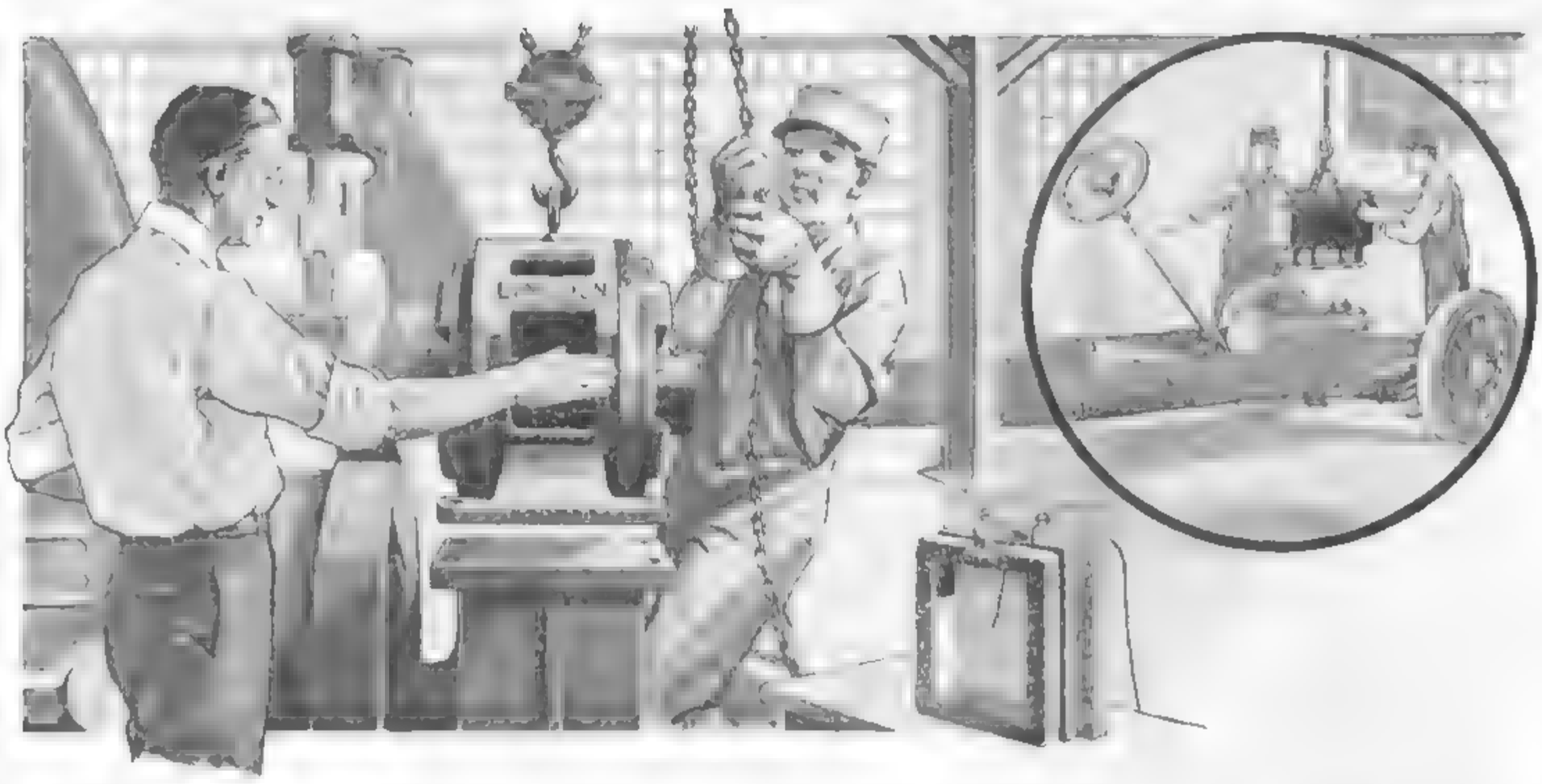
The next rule of health is—don't take business home; leave it at the office. This can be done in spite of many opinions to the contrary. Especially, don't take worries home, because they grow when carefully tended. Very often a difficulty which seems great at close of office hours will shrink if left alone, because the next day it is attacked by a rested mind. Another reason for this rule is that worry lessens the appetite and retards digestion. One way of getting rid of fatigue is by supplying food, properly digested, to take the place of tissue that has been used up in the day's activities.

Worry also interferes with sleep. The exhaustion which we think comes from legitimate work is often due to disturbed sleep, brought about by lack of exercise, indigestion and the habit of making bedfellows of our worries.

Worry and the habit of haste are more potent causes of digestive disturbances

(Continued on Page 89)

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS



"Fit The Power—To The Work"

The light weight and fine construction of the speedster engine cannot give satisfaction in the gruelling hard work which the motor truck must do.

The power must fit the work.

Lincoln Motor Engineers apply this same simple principle to the selection of electric motors for driving the many different classes of machinery.

Here is the dead weight of a loaded elevator for instance. Shall we use the same type of motor to lift it that we use to keep a ventilating fan turning? Over there is a punch press demanding gigantic power one instant and practically no power the next. Shall we drive this with the same kind of a motor we use on a steady cutting screw machine?

Of course, it is possible to use one type of electric motor for all these machines—in fact, such careless motor applications are the rule—but it means great waste of money, buying motors that are too large and paying unnecessary power bills for running them.

Lincoln Engineers have found that for every type of machinery there is a motor which will best fit that particular work

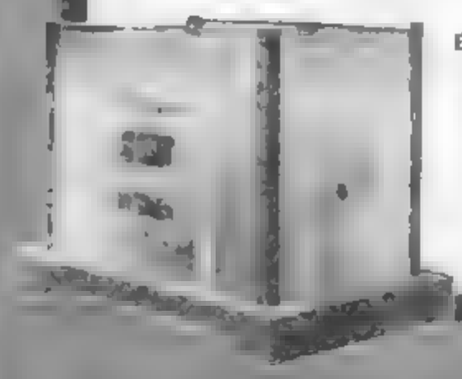
To determine the size and type of that motor they consult with the machinery manufacturer—test many actual installations—and give him an engineering report showing what particular motor is needed for each model of his machine.

When a Lincoln Motor is shipped with any machine or recommended for it, it is a guarantee that the power will fit the work.

Also Sold By The Fairbanks Co.
Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 23 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under their famous Fairbanks "OK."

"Link Up With Lincoln"

Lincoln Motors are 40 degree motors—their capacity for work is approximately 25% greater than the "50 degree" or "continuous rated" motor.



Branch Offices
New York City
Boston
Syracuse
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit
Columbus

The Lincoln Electric Company
General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, Ohio

The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

Branch Offices
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis
Hartford, Conn.

Allen A

The Maker's mark on
BLACK CAT Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children

When the children were mere babies, thousands of American mothers found Black Cat Hosiery

THESE are the women who never seem to worry about stockings for the children, the menfolks, or themselves.

A hint here for *you*—Allen A Black Cat Hosiery; in Silk, Lisle, Wool, Cotton; for Men, Women and Children.

Find the Black Cat merchant and look at this famous hosiery.

Full size, full length, alert in style, always uniform in quality and value.

One of the few lines of merchandise that has maintained its quality intact during all the uncertainties and changes of the past few years.

Each pair of Black Cat Hosiery is marked Allen A—the Maker's *personal pledge* of responsibility to *you*. "Allen"—the name of the Makers. And "A"—the standard mark of first and finest grade.

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen A

The Maker's mark on
COOPER'S-BENNINGTON
Spring Needle Underwear

Copyright, 1921, The Allen A Company

(Continued from Page 86)

than the kind of food we eat. Imperfect mastication is a fault common to a very great majority of people. We rush through breakfast in our hurry to get to the office, we rush through lunch in our haste to get back to work, rush through the afternoon, rush home, and do not know how to slow down when we get there. Cultivate the habit of eating slowly. Gladstone achieved it by fixing the number of chews to each bite, thirty-two. This was purely arbitrary, but it was his method of obtaining the desired result.

All the other rules of health are just as simple, just as obvious, and by most of us just as little observed. They have to do with states of mind as well as with purely physical conditions, because of the intimate relation between the mind and the body.

Take the habit of pessimism, for instance. If the body is out of sorts one becomes pessimistic. Many dyspeptics excuse their crabbedness and irritability on the ground that they are not well. But often the beginning of a physical disorder is a state of mind. One who suffers from melancholia almost invariably has a coated tongue and other signs of digestive disturbance.

Mental habits are even harder to overcome than those which are purely physical. But, as with the latter, the former may be conquered by the law of habit, which is the law of contraries. They can be supplanted by their opposites—pessimism by optimism, irritability by placidity. Happiness is one of the corner stones of good health, and so is contentment. Without them neither physical nor mental efficiency attains its maximum.

Expectation of Life

No matter how congenial our work may be and how efficient we are, somewhere in the minds of all of us lurks the ambition to have nothing to do. Some day, we assure ourselves, this mad rush will be over and we shall "loafe and invite our souls." The desire is not always uppermost, but it is there nevertheless. It provides the incentive to struggle hard in order that it may be gratified. But we must not allow it to dominate us or we run the risk of setting too rapid a pace and of breaking down before we have reached our goal.

In the meantime, however, during the long years of striving, habits of work are formed that we cannot easily tear from us; we become set, no longer plastic; it is difficult to change without breaking. In fact, with some it is impossible.

Of two men of the same age, both healthy, life-insurance experts consider the one who retires from business the worse risk. He has less expectancy of life. Actuaries estimate a man's expectancy at two-thirds the difference between his present age and eighty. At sixty the average man will live thirteen years longer, or until he reaches seventy-three, provided his present health is good. But the expectancy of the average business man who retires at sixty is not so long, although the exact amount by which it is shortened has not been accurately estimated.

Some of the large railway systems retire their men at the age of seventy. The rule applies to officers as well as to the others and has no regard for health or vigor of mind. Not invariably but so commonly as to be expected, very soon after his retirement a man begins to slump. "He is getting the pension look," his friends say. His mental alertness deteriorates, he slouches in gait and posture, even his face shows the change. His only salvation is to find something to do and to do it.

Sudden stopping of physical occupations has the same effect. A good example of this was recently observed by a physician to whom a man and his wife had come for advice. A thorough examination brought out many physical and mental disturbances—among them indigestion, coated tongue, loss of appetite, nervousness, insomnia, irritability of temper. He was at a loss to account for them, especially as the symptoms were so similar in both patients, until close questioning brought out the fact that they had recently changed their mode of living. All their lives they had lived on a farm, each working hard, without other help. Then they had struck oil, acquired sudden wealth and had moved to the city to live the life of ease to which they had so long looked forward. The physician's prescription was—go back to the farm.

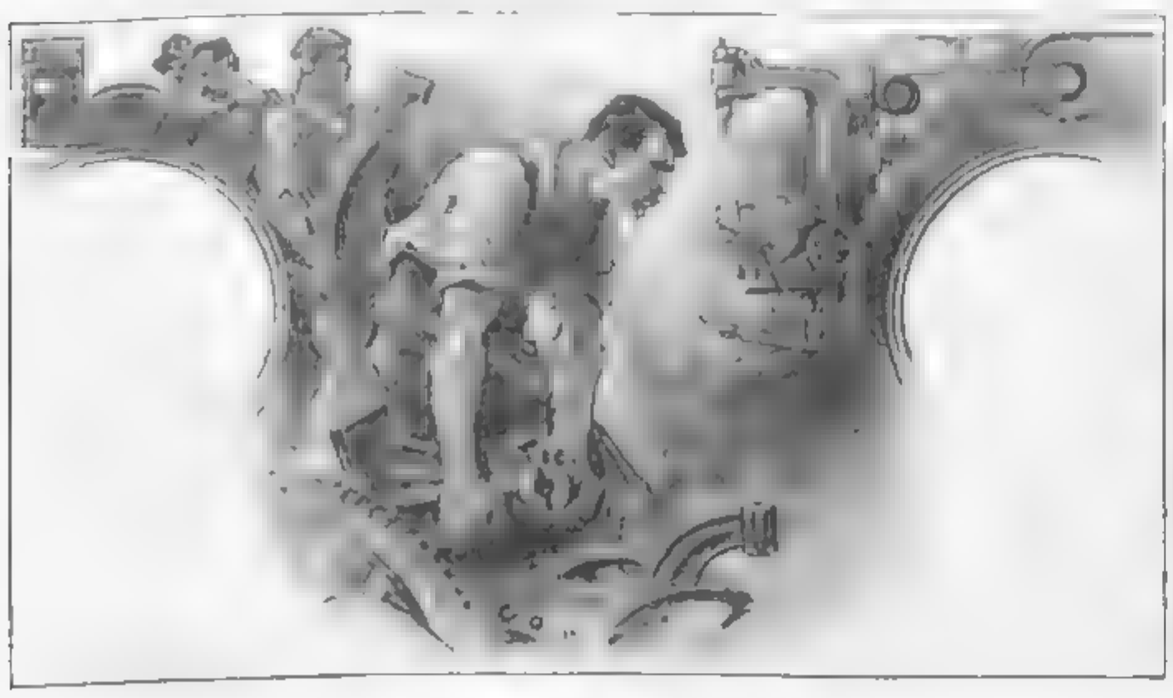
Unused Powers

So far we have been discussing how much work we can do without injury and how best to conserve our energies in order to do it. But there is another viewpoint from which to discuss this question. To some it means, How little can I do and get away with it? Unhappily the number of those who so construe the query seems to be growing rapidly. Someone has said that the trouble with the world nowadays is not the spirit of unrest that is abroad so much as the spirit of rest.

Those who hold this faith make the mistake of thinking of the world in terms of themselves rather than of themselves in terms of the world. But even if one's individual welfare were of paramount importance it cannot be attained by minimum effort. Neither body nor mind can be run on low gear to advantage. Health and vigor of both can be attained only by keeping the speed just within the limits of safety. Less than this means perfunctory work, perfunctory work soon grows monotonous, and monotony is deadly to body and soul.

When we have nothing to do the mind turns inward, we magnify small symptoms until they assume abnormal size and we become anxious, nervous, apprehensive, pessimistic. These emotions have their legitimate reaction upon the body and the result is real, not imaginary illness. When we are busy we have not time to observe ourselves too closely, our minds being occupied with important things. The same truth applies to our attitude toward external things. The busy, healthy man is happy, he does not look at the world with a jaundiced eye. But idleness breeds social unrest, it fosters the creation of imaginary wrongs and class hostility.

How hard should we work? The great majority of us do not work hard enough. Professor James put it very well when he wrote: "Men, as a rule, habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions. The human individual lives far within his limits. . . . His life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject, but with far less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate habit, the habit of inferiority to our full self, and that is bad."



It's rich tobacco
- Gentlemen
Flavor right - Climate tight

YES, that's an EL DALLO Cigar, gentlemen — richer, fresher, full-seasoned flavor. Something too good to let Old Man Climate get his fingers on. That's why EL DALLOS come to you protected from Climate—"each cigar in its own humidor." Not a mere fancy wrapping for looks—but a real climate-tight protective humidor for "keeps." For your full money's worth of flavor and aroma ask for EL DALLO.

TO YOU SMOKERS:—If your dealer doesn't handle EL DALLOS send us $1.00 for a sample box of 12 Invincibles or 90c for 12 Straights—Postpaid. And please send us your dealer's name.

Wertheimer Bros.
Baltimore, Md.

EL DALLO

"EACH CIGAR IN ITS OWN HUMIDOR"

Invincible Size 3 for 25¢

To Cigar Dealers—Keep a box of EL DALLOS open on your counter. If your jobber doesn't handle them write us. We'll tell you where you can get them.

Straights Size 2 for 15¢

Feet like these need help—

LOOK at your shoes for striking evidence of foot trouble. Those run over heels and broken down counters show plainly that something is wrong.

And the cause of shabby shoes, and of painful, aching feet, is usually the same—a distorted heel bone, or lowered arches, or both.

Feet like these need help. The misplaced bones not only mar the appearance of your feet and shoes—they are causing an unnatural pressure, which if neglected may lead to serious disability.

You can correct these conditions promptly, and secure permanent relief with—

Wizard
LIGHTFOOT
ARCH BUILDERS
and HEEL LEVELERS

Made entirely of leather, and containing no metal, Wizard Lightfoot Heel Levelers are as easy on the foot as the shoes in which they are worn.

They are skillfully shaped to provide a firm, continuous support and yet allow a normal flexing of ligaments and muscles.

And soft inserts of proper thickness placed in pockets on the underside of the appliance comfortably correct the position of the misaligned bones.

Wizard Lightfoot Heel Levelers are but one of the Wizard products made to relieve sufferers from foot troubles. They are sold by leading shoe dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write us. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charges.

Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Co.
1759 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
Room 1302, No. 461 8th Ave., New York City
175 Piccadilly, London

Wizard Exclusive Features

All arches are different, all feet are different. Any device to effectively correct foot troubles *must* be adjustable to the conditions affecting the individual foot.

Wizard devices are made with a series of scientifically arranged overlapping pockets. These are so located that soft inserts of any desired thickness placed in them will build a comfortable support to the exact height required and in the exact location needed to restore the bones to normal.

No other devices can employ the Wizard Adjustable overlapping pocket principle

You can get Wizard devices with any series of pockets desired to relieve callouses, fallen arches or run over heels. These may be had separately or in combination.

EARLY AMERICANA

(Continued from Page 10)

I mean." They were returning, and he considered her with one of his penetrating lifted glances. "You are no good for me, because you are so dissatisfied; we'd pull down the house in a week. You're sick with it, that's the trouble. So am I, but I am going to end mine; I'm going to find something."

"What?" She caught his wrist in her hard narrow grip, a figure of passionate questioning.

"Oh, I don't exactly know." Instinctively he retreated. "Setting up fence posts, perhaps; clearing land; something far away and—and new."

She relaxed, with an aspect of disappointment that approached weariness.

"That hasn't a gleam for me; I hate the honest and the rugged. I never want to go to bed nor get up. Let the maid, the butler, the chauffeur do it! I am rather exhausted with you, myself. Are you going to the Allertons' fancy-dress show to-night? How about overalls and a halo?"

"I'd put off thinking of it."

"Probably it will catch you."

They turned in at the circling drive of Banksia, passed the transparently green thicket of bamboo; and the buggy boy, riding behind, his legs over the back, hurried around to hold the mare.

"I don't know what to wear," she proceeded, gathering up the reins with a smartly slanted whip. "My legs are thin enough for a fly, but I haven't enough of them."

Rudd nodded as she drove away.

In his room he flung himself out on the day bed under the windows. It was rather a shame about Ann Waite; there was, as she had suggested, nothing ahead of her. She was better looking than he had realized; not at all bad, in fact; and full of an unexpected warm force. In retrospect she troubled him, persisted in his thoughts. The freshness of her—but he had put it the other way about! He had decided against the Allertons' party, but now indecision seized upon him; the nights here, where he had slept badly, were so long. The music would be good, and he could stay out on the porches, leave when he wanted. Ann Waite was unhappy; she might not know, acknowledge it, but she was. The thing was—could she make any other grade? Probably not. There was her father, who had been a total loss. It was, though, he decided, a degree of superiority, of mind, which here made all the trouble for her. It was like being shut in a part of the zoo with animals different from yourself; not better nor worse, but different. With her it wasn't quite so strong; she was more like these than dissimilar. As for himself, he didn't, in spite of so much, see how he could stay in the pen, refrain from jumping the fence.

▼

DRIVING through the night over a soundless road toward the Allertons', Rudd was still engaged in the troubled examination of his affairs. He didn't, he told himself, want to be a fool, throw away for nothing—or at least for what was without reason—what were universally acknowledged to be the world's greatest advantages, money—not just a competency, but one of the country's fortunes—and place. Maybe, as his father had almost asserted, he, Rudd Selborne, was no good, a drifter; yes, a tramp. Perhaps the truth about him, about his careless person, was that he was naturally slack. Other boys at school had turned out to be worthless, without sand or purpose; he knew men, who belonged principally back in pre-prohibition days, who were no more than charges on the resources and patience of their families. Undoubtedly, being a Selborne, a decent Selborne, in addition to its advantage, required a serious effort and ability. A great many people were silly with money; it was a power, he could be a power. It was, for example, very pleasant driving easily through the soft darkness, the lantern swinging on the bottom of the buggy casting a warm blurred light over the sandy way. The night, as well, was warm, relaxing, restful and a little strange, unnatural, simultaneous with the bitterness of the winter north. What at the moment he wanted, he insisted, was not the thing to consider now; he must intelligently face the future.

He reached the wide lighted drive of the Allertons' without equally arriving at any decision: there were still unresolved, on one hand what, Rudd felt, he should make a determined effort to become, and on the other all that he instinctively was, mysterious and illogical and compelling. A group of older men were sitting outside, their white linen oddly evident in the gloom; but the music and dancing had begun within. Rudd stopped to speak to Richard Allerton, and, past the door, to his wife, a small rotund woman with an infectiously cheerful voice and manner.

He saw Ann Waite at once, sitting on the steps directly across from him. She made a gesture of recognition, and because it was the obvious, the unavoidable thing to do, Rudd moved over and sat beside her.

She was wearing a short vivid-orange skirt with a broad informally tied black sash with long ends—her hair was completely hidden by a black band—and a waist which looked as though it should be cambric.

"I'm the girl at the candy wheel in a fair," she informed him. "No one has guessed it yet. Can you dance—I mean, worth speaking of?"

He rose indifferently, and without further speech they swept out into a series of slow intricate steps.

"You can," she admitted; "your heel stuff is specially praiseworthy. But I don't like dancing with you, I have a feeling that you are dead on your feet. Let's sit again; that's more better. Do you really dislike me as much as you make painfully evident?"

"Why, no," he replied; "I don't dislike you particularly. It's only that all this isn't my lay. I am trying to come around to it though."

"And to me?" she interrupted.

"I suppose one might mean the other. If not you yourself, then someone more or less like you. But I'm not at all sure I can get it done; I may fail on the whole works."

"Don't hurt yourself," she retorted. "It won't really ruin my career if you fail. I am nice to you because you are so contradictory and different from, well—Freddy Lennard."

She paused, and they watched Lennard pass, dancing, a slender youth with black smooth hair and a highly colored handsome face. There, Rudd thought, was the sort of son his father should have had; Freddy Lennard would have nicely decorated the Selborne fortune. All his expressions, his gestures, and especially his clothes, were smoothly correct; a mind, Rudd decided, like cream cheese. The floor was filling, the men had come in from the porch and bridge had started in the rooms at either end of the hall; the costumes were simple and bright. Powderson, in the striped denim of a farmer, was toddling in the enthusiasm of a new discovery.

Ann Waite was prettier than Rudd had thought; no, not prettier, but more—more engaging. Sitting on the step her shoulder touched his, and his pulse was not entirely steady. She was uncomfortably provocative; the charm of perversity. He might, it seemed, and without any tremendous effort, become very much interested in her. This, as his father had indicated, could end the problem of his restlessness. Rudd considered the problem of the girl beside him; he might let himself go, arbitrarily throw himself into the depths, or shallows, of all that she represented. Such a period of total surrender might reconcile him, turn him, contented, into a polo player or a diplomat.

She rose and with the explanation that she needed air preceded him out upon the porch; it was, but for them, empty, closely screened in wistaria vines, and pervaded by an unfamiliar and very sweet scent. They found a Gloucester hammock, into the corner of which Ann sank.

Rudd Selborne became promptly reabsorbed in speculation, the turning over and over of his difficulties.

"I don't mind your not talking—much," she said at last. He never talked much, he replied; at which she pointed out her meaning. Probably Freddy Lennard would gladly gabble to her! She didn't want Lennard, he made her faintly ill. "I've lost a slipper," she informed him, and put out a slim black foot. "Now the other one. Look, the first is off again; they are too big."

"They will have to stay off," he said decidedly.

The glow of a cigarette illuminated the

(Continued on Page 93)

To Gillette Users~

Here is the birthplace of the first *shaving instrument of precision*

The New Improved

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

Patented January 13, 1920

The New Improved

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years—but now your Blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world. Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

Fulcrum Shoulder
Overhanging Cap
Channeled Guard
Micrometric Precision Automatic Adjustment
Diamond Knurled Handle
Diamond Trademark on Guard

Finer Shave—Longer Service
More Shaves From Your Blades

In SILVER *and* GOLD
Shaving Sets and Traveler Outfits

$5 *to* $75

NOTE

The Gillette Company assumes full responsibility for the service of Gillette Blades when used in any GENUINE *Gillette Razor—either old-type or New Improved Gillette. But with* IMITATIONS *of the genuine Gillette, it cannot take responsibility for service of Blades.*

WHEN you pick up your Gillette in the morning, think for a moment of the practical ideals and world-wide resources that make it possible.

Seventeen years ago the Gillette was hardly more than a name.

Today, here is the great home factory in Boston. Go to Montreal, and you find another—and still another in London.

It is not by chance that Gillette is the only *world-wide institution* in the razor business.

Built up solidly stone by stone on the foundation of *service* to the men of 62 civilized nations and races.

Crowding on steam today and every day to keep pace with your demand for New Improved Gillettes and Gillette Blades.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, London, Geneva, Paris, Shanghai, Milan, Amsterdam, Port Elizabeth, Rio de Janeiro, Sydney, Singapore, Calcutta, Constantinople, Buenos Ayres, Tokyo, Madrid, Brussels, Copenhagen

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

$1695

f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana

New Model Auburn 6-51

FOR twenty-one years we have built motor cars which have given their owners notable satisfaction. Few automobiles, in fact, have such a long line of worthy predecessors. This new model 6-51 is the summary of all our experience —it represents the realization, in even fuller measure, of those ideals which have always set Auburn apart in the esteem of its owners.

You will realize the undeniable beauty of this new model 6-51 the moment you see it. And when you take the wheel, you will gain a new regard for the stamina which you truly *feel* in this car's performance.

An eager flow of power answers every touch of the accelerator. You note the ease with which this car "handles." The brake and clutch pedals operate with slight pressure. The gear shift responds to the touch of a finger. The turning radius is unusually short for a car of 121-inch wheelbase. And the brake action is instant and velvety.

As the miles slip by, you are pleasantly conscious that your passengers, as well as yourself, are thoroughly comfortable. Road shocks are smoothed out and abrupt curves taken with a minimum of side sway. There is complete confidence in the car's performance—complete relaxation for *all* occupants of the car. And thus has "Restful riding" become a reality in a motor car.

NEW PRICES, F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana: 5-Passenger Touring, $1695; Roadster, $1670; 7-Passenger Touring, $1760; Coupé, $2475; Sedan, $2495.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Restful riding

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

(Continued from Page 90)

malicious vermilion of her mouth. "Will you go buggy riding to-morrow afternoon?" she asked.

"If your shoes fit and I remember."

She leaned forward swiftly and caught his hand. "I'll make you remember it."

Her teeth sank with a sickening sharpness into his palm, almost, he thought, to the bone. The pain shot up to his elbow and he was conscious of spreading blood. A hot rage at her swept over Rudd, a violent stinging brutality of feeling. He caught her roughly and, instinctively finding her mouth in the dark, kissed her again and again.

He released her as suddenly, with a giddy passionate resentment. In the silence he could hear the unsteady gasps of her breathing. How he hated her and himself—the whole world about him! Waves of sickness passed over him; curiously the pain in his hand and the music within mingled and became one twisted unbearable sensation.

"I am glad you did," Ann half whispered; "I wish it had killed me. It very nearly ——"

"It doesn't matter what you are," he broke in roughly, out of the torment of his being. "You can be as rotten glad as you please. Maybe I'll be, too; after a while, when I don't matter."

The music for the dancing abruptly stopped; there was a pause, a silence, charged with expectation; and then a man's deep stirring voice began singing:

Way up yonder in the frozen North,
In the land of the Eskimos,
I went there in the Sarah Jane,
And I don't care if I never get home again ——

A wave of emotion, of choked longing swept over Rudd Selborne, so profound, so racking that he collapsed on the edge of the hammock. All his inmost being, his innate promptings, his fundamental dissatisfaction, flared into an overwhelming nostalgia for that other land, his land and his life. The voice rang beautifully, pitilessly into the still warm night, the spirit of masculinity and adventure and new places; it recreated the youth of a country, undrained men, virginal spaciousness; in the illusion of its music all was yet to be experienced, to be dared, accomplished; in it was life and sharp death and splendid uncounted folly.

Ann Waite's slender tense arm crept around his neck.

"I was detestable."

He looked toward her blindly. "I can't!" he cried desperately. "Don't let me!"

"Fantastic as it sounds, I understand," she told him. "Perhaps, together, we might have. But I see it's impossible. I suppose I'm gone already, and you're very near slipping."

VI

THE hurt to his hand was rather worse the following day; the pain persisted into the next and the next, and Rudd was conscious that he should have it attended. He neglected this, however, principally because of the awkwardness of accounting for the evident character of his injury. He kept a handkerchief about his palm and avoided a direct reply to any inquiry. This was comparatively easy, since, as far as possible, he avoided contact with the people about him. An early breakfast, his buggy and the wooded drives and flat gray countryside, now irradiated with the tender green, the coral peach blossoms of spring, made this avoidance easy. A period of sullenness, a blank ill humor, had taken the place of his questioning, his effort to be approximately a Selborne. He attempted no planning, gave the future, near or remote, no consideration, but existed with scarcely an upward glance at the world.

The pain continued steadily, fretfully; and slowly he was brought to the realization that something must be done about it. He was walking through an unfamiliar part of the town, far different from the elaborate gardens and colonnaded white houses of the winter colony. The street was wide, it could hardly be identified as a street; there were oaks growing where they willed, sandy tracks by either uncurbed sidewalk, unkept plots of melancholy-looking grass, and minor ways that led with the utmost informality in and out. The houses were small frame dwellings, from which, oftener than not, the paint had bubbled and stripped and gone; about them in contracted areas spread bare gray sand.

One attracted Rudd by reason of a glossy magnolia tree, a dark-green tree and a bush of camellia japonicas with some belated blooms; and then he saw, nailed to one of the unsteady supports of the portico, a sign—Dr. Bolivar Coss. The name was so faded that it was almost undecipherable; the sign had an unsubstantial appearance. But—there was a sharp burning in his hand—it was so far away from all he knew that, following a sudden impulse, he went in and knocked on a door that held no other provision for attracting attention.

After a little there was a sound of footfalls within, an approach deliberate yet not stiff, and the door opened upon a girl who seemed to fill the entire frame. This, he then saw, was not quite true; she gave an impression of being larger than actually she was. This, though, was considerable—a solid young creature, taller, broader than himself, with untroubled brown eyes, a frank mouth, and a simplicity of garb adorned only by a red ribbon, not wholly fresh, in her hair.

"If he's in I'd like to see the doctor," Rudd Selborne explained. At the expression of surprise, the amazement that slowly possessed her countenance, almost becoming a panic, he grew impatient. "The doctor!" he repeated shortly, half advancing—as though, incapable of understanding even the simplest speech, she might respond to signs—his hand.

But in place of answering him she went forward to where she could read the name nailed to the post. When she turned to Rudd her expression, as though she had been darkened by an emotion, was altogether inexplicable.

"We never took it down," she said in a wondering voice. "My father is dead."

This unexpected and difficult development left him staring at her with nothing conceivable to say. He wanted to turn away, leave at once; but that he was unable so abruptly to do.

"I am sorry," he told her with sufficient banality.

"But it was three years ago," she went on. "I can't imagine ——"

She stopped, but her eyes continued to meet his; her natural mouth was slightly open.

"Perhaps it had better come down," he suggested.

She nodded, and with a light pull he had the small board in his hands. Then he didn't know what to do with it; he couldn't quite hand it to her, nor drop it. Rudd set it inside the door.

"There is no doctor near here," she told him; "and you have hurt your hand."

"It's nothing immediate," he assured her; "I have been three days getting around to one."

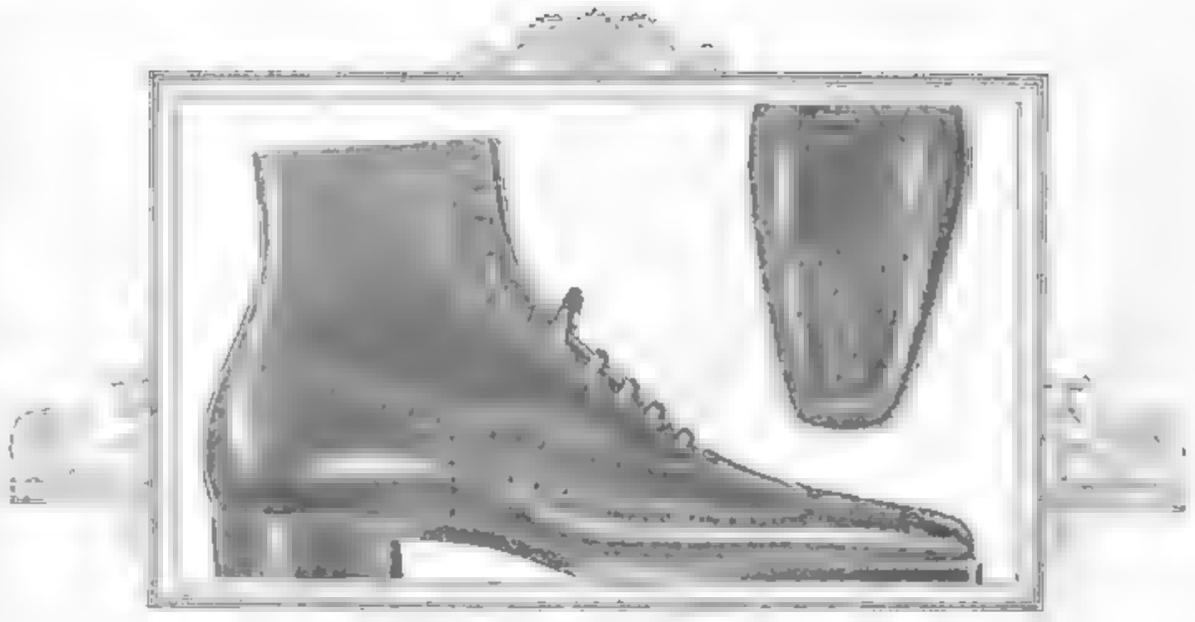
Without thought he produced a cigarette, but then paused, made a movement to retreat. But still her gaze held him. He struck a match.

"Wasn't that awful about the sign?" she added conversationally. "But everything's like that down here."

"Aren't you a South American?" he asked, and then had to explain that that was merely a humorous designation which had started during his military schooling at Camp Hancock.

"I was born here," she replied, "and so was my mother, but father came from the North. He had to on account of his health. But he didn't find much of anything but troubles and children. There are eight of us, all girls," she smiled at him faintly. "Most are working now, and three are away; but it was right hard when we were young." He had suddenly an impulse to linger and hear the placid unimportant details of her family and its life. Her voice was deliberate, restful and pleasant; her very bigness was soothing after—after Ann Waite; and, smoking, he sat on the edge of the portico. "I'm home just now," she informed him; "mother's been miserable and there had to be somebody to do for her. Emmy, she's the youngest, thinks more about the boys than she does the bacon." His companion, without self-consciousness, took a place beside him.

It was past noon and a slumberous veil of yellow sunlight was spread before them. The air was so still that the smoke of his cigarette climbed in a single column. Rudd had no impulse to talk; a mental relaxation had settled over him. He lazily noted features of the girl beside him. Her shoulders, under a cheap figured cotton, were strong, full rather than delicate; her whole body was big, big but not—or, at least, yet—fat. Her size, he discovered, contributed to her aspect of simplicity; that and the firm outline of the uncomplicated



The Rialto—Style M-76

YOU will appreciate the clever styling, the unusual lines and finer details of The Florsheim Shoe. The cost is low for the value you receive.

The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
Photographic Booklet "*Styles of the Times*" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers *Chicago*

For the man Florsheim *who cares*

YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER

The most important part of your car is the little Transformer, which cures the uneven, missing, jerky motor and makes self starters live up to their name
"VAKCO"

Van Kerr Transformers

Decrease gasoline consumption—give greater power—reduce carbon deposits. They can be attached in a few minutes, and from that time on you will have a sweet, smoothly running motor which starts easily even in zero weather.

Does Your Motor Pump Oil? Don't Worry!

Van Kerr Transformers cure the troubles which are due to this condition. Their patented, fireproof construction allows the current of electricity to be broken in the open air without danger of igniting any vapors under the hood. The more combustible spark so produced burns every particle of oil and gas, giving greater power and leaving no carbon. The Van Kerr method of ignition eliminates the necessity for reboring cylinders and installing new piston rings and instantly removes the difficulty caused by motors pumping oil. For pleasure cars, tractors, motorcycles and gas engines.

We Will Send You a Set of Transformers

Attach them yourself. All you need is two m nuts and a pair of pliers

by parcel post. Write us today and tell us your dealer's name and the kind of car you drive. Send no money. Simply pay the postman $2.00 for a four-cylinder set or $2.50 for a six-cylinder set. Use them ten days and if you are not satisfied that they do all we say they will, return them and you will get your money back.

The Van Kerr Co., Dept. 671, 3160 N. Clark St., Chicago

Over 100,000 satisfied customers are using Van Kerr Transformers

A Series of Pencil Portraits. No. 8 THE WRITER

Burges Johnson
Professor of English
Vassar College
says,

"In writing, in editing, and in the every-day tasks of the college professor, a good lead pencil is the best link between brain and paper.

"My pencil is ready; it is easy; it is contented; it asks no questions as to quality of paper. It calls for no blotter.

"It is indeed Eldorado, the treasure!"

DIXON'S
ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
PENCIL DEPT. 8 J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

PARENTS and TEACHERS

You would do well to know just what pencils your children use, not only for the sake of their handwriting, but for their comfort, even progress, in school. We make the pencil your children should be using. Send for booklet FINDING YOUR PENCIL.

When you are buying School Supplies, look for the Sign, "The DIXON School Line." Dixon SCHOOL Pencils are used exclusively in thousands of classrooms.

"Save your feet"

Men, Women—
Avoid Tired and Aching Feet
Get Genuine Foot Comfort for $1

Wear Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces and strengthen your feet. Relieve tired and aching feet, weak ankles, pain in the heel, instep or ball of the foot as well as in the calf and knee. Such troubles are often caused by fallen arches or weakened conditions of the feet. Ask your doctor! Thousands with well feet are wearing them too because

Free Book Tells How

Jung's Arch Braces Assist Nature

They strengthen the interosseous muscles of the feet by holding the small bones of the feet in position instead of building a false support underneath. They correct fallen arches and foot strain. Relieve tired and aching feet instantly. Prevent that "broken down" feeling. Dance or walk for miles stand for hours—you just don't get tired. Relieve the extra strain due to the wearing of high heeled and stylish shoes. Keep your feet feeling fine.

Our Free Book Tells How

Their light weight insures *perfect foot comfort*. No unsightly humps. No burdensome pads. No metal plates. *Exact size* for every foot. Made of specially prepared "superlastic." Recommended by physicians. Price $1 per pair. Jung's "Miracle" Arch Braces (extra wide) $1.50 per pair. Money back if not entirely satisfied. (Canadian prices "Wonders," $1.50, "Miracles," $2.25.)

If your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct. Write for our free booklet.

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE COMPANY
481 Jung Building Cincinnati, Ohio
Dealers—Ask for details of our trial offer.

Look for this Trade-Mark. It protects you against imitations.

JUNG'S
The Original
ARCH BRACES

dress. She, too, fell silent; and Rudd became aware of her deep, slow breathing. There was something cowlike about her, he thought, with no uncomplimentary intent. The truth was that he found exactly that agreeable. Already he had a sense of familiarity, ease, there with her. There was no need to talk, to explain, to defend, to himself and others, his feelings.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

"I'm staying, I don't know for how long."

"Where?"

"Out toward the Camelata Club."

"Oh, I see; working for one of the gentlemen."

His careless garb, he realized, the dust on his shoes—he had been walking had deceived her. This inexplicably pleased him, and Rudd was careful to keep up the illusion.

"Not exactly that; I am just there for a while, at the Selbornes'. I don't like it much, though; I am very different from all that. I don't like it."

"I reckon you would if you had a chance—I mean, to be really in it. They are as rich as rich. Mr. Selborne's a handsome old man, so distinguished-looking. I knew a boy who worked in their garden. Mr. Thompson's the head gardener. He's Scotch and very religious, and goes to our church, Presbyterian. Might you be with him?"

"No; I'm in the house. But I don't think I'd like it even if I were, as you suggested, a part. I don't believe I could be a part."

"Certainly you couldn't," she echoed him, laughing. "There's no good thinking of it. You have to be everything in the world only to have them look at you. Why, the Selbornes carried twelve servants down here, and they have a house outside New York and a house at Newport, all bigger than the place here, Banksia."

"You seem to know a lot about them," he commented.

"How could you miss it?" she asked. "With what's in the papers."

A thin, ragged voice called, "Reba!"

She rose. "There's mother. I forgot all about fetching up her tray."

Standing in the walk, studying her briefly, he said, "I've enjoyed talking to you, and I think my hand is better. I'll come by again if you don't mind; perhaps in the evening."

"That doesn't mean a thing in the world down here," she reminded him; "it lasts near all day. Supper's cleared away at six."

VII

RUDD SELBORNE gazed with a new and personal interest at the back of Mr. Thompson disappearing through a pleached alley at Banksia. Now that he had been informed of the Scotch Presbyterianism, Rudd could trace it in the sanguine nape of the neck and a certain excessive caution in the bearing of the shoulders. It was nearly six. Tea and bridge were in progress on the porch; Reba Coss would now be practically done with the supper dishes. The Coss house was an appreciable distance away, and he debated driving there. This, however, he decided against, for he didn't care to explain Reba's mistake to his buggy boy, who otherwise was practically certain to let everyone in the neighborhood know that he, too, was a Selborne; and he was determined for the present that she should continue in ignorance of his identity. His reason for this was that things were so comfortable, so easy, as they were.

When he reached the Coss house he thought Reba was sitting on the portico, but when he drew nearer he saw that it was a younger but no less imposingly constructed girl. Her welcoming smile faded after a swift comprehensive survey of his unimpressive dress.

"I'm Amanda," she told him indifferently. "Reba's inside; I reckon she'll be out in a minute."

He took a place beside her, careless of her opinion, steeped immediately in the contentment he had felt here before. There was no need for Reba to hurry; it was soothing simply to know that she was placidly, sensibly near.

"I hear you're at the Selborne place," Amanda turned to him. "Tell me about the daughter, the one who married an Englishman. I'll bet she never gets up till all hours. I've seen her and she's not pretty, but that doesn't matter when you have so many clothes. She looks nice in that blue homespun cape she wears. I'd certainly love to see her all set for the evening. Didn't she win a big bet running around the Camelata golf course?"

"I believe she did," he replied, reflecting on what a silly business that had been. "You see, they are awfully hard up for things to do."

Amanda glanced at him with an expression of scorn.

"You must be one of those socialists; nothing suits you. Why, they're busy all day and most of the night. I wish I had nothing to do like that; it's not my idea of a hard life."

Rudd gazed at her more carefully; she was superficially like Reba, but her eyes were sullen; her mouth—painted, he saw, badly—was at once hardened and relaxed. Her clothes had a faintly familiar air; they caught at an accent, a hint of color, a suggestion of line, of what was worn at the club. Even her voice, he recognized now, attempted the accent of Greta's circle. It was too bad, for such models would hurt her seriously; in the end, if she went deeper, destroy her. She hadn't the cool philosophy, the preserving cynicism, the endless money of, for example, Ann Waite. Amanda was Reba's sister, and he was pondering the wisdom of attempted advice, when the older girl appeared. She was calmly glad to see him, and sat on his other side. Amanda leaned over and captured his cigarette.

"Just a drag," she explained.

Reba regarded her with a mild censure.

"I don't see why you bother," she proclaimed. "It's just another nuisance. Then people tell mother about it and worry her."

"You make me sick!" Amanda retorted, rising, flushed and angry. "You all do. Why, there is no get-up or style to you. For all the difference it is to you a person might work in a cotton mill forever, and never have a scrap of fun. I can learn you this, though, and I don't care who tells it on me—I'm not going to stick around here till kingdom come. Not by a—a hell of a sight."

Unmoved, Reba told her not to be cursing and swearing. Amanda deserted the porch abruptly with a sharp swing of her meager skirt. The golden light faded from the melancholy width of the street; a mocking bird, close beside them, tried over and over a run of piercing sweetness; the shadows merged and accentuated the pervading grayness.

"I'm glad I met you," Rudd told Reba Coss.

"You're a right nice boy," she assured him.

She moved nearer and their hands fell together. The peace in his spirit increased until it was no longer a passive but an absolute quality; he was conscious of it flooding, quieting every particle of his being.

In precisely the same situation the following dusk, seated close beside her, holding her hand, he leaned over and kissed her. Reba accepted this without disturbance; she showed little emotion—except, perhaps, contentment—of any kind. The kiss tranquilized him; it, too, flowed assuagingly into his heart. Everything about Reba Coss satisfied him, particularly her bigness, her fine, slow vigor. She reminded him remotely of the earth itself, of the spring in the West.

He had, for his age, and the briefness of his knowledge of her, a surprising thought; she would, he told himself, be the splendid mother of many children; Rudd saw them clinging to her heroic knees, lying against her deep breast. And this vision filled him with a flooding sense of power, of fulfillment. It seemed to him that he was a part of the vision. Rudd kissed her again.

"The first time," he explained, "it just happened. Now it's different—I mean it."

But before he was further committed he forced himself to leave, to return to Banksia. He had been at the point of asking Reba to marry him, and there was very little doubt but that he would return to the Coss dwelling for that purpose.

Still, it needed careful thought, but not on account of his father. The elder could, he would have to, get over such a marriage. Reba had good blood in her, that was evident; for though her dress, her speech were often careless, they were kept from the impossible by a noticeable, instinctive if unencouraged taste. With money a great deal could always be done for a girl. He already heard, in prospect, his sister Greta explaining Reba in New York, in Newport.

"The daughter of a Northern physician who was in Magnolia for the climate; yes—lungs. She hasn't inherited that, at

(Continued on Page 97)

—goes a long way to make friends

TIRE DEALERS

Be 30x3½ Cord Tire Headquarters!

The General 30 x 3½ Cord is the fastest-selling item ever produced in this line. The way owners of Fords, Chevrolets, Dorts, Maxwells and Overland Fours are taking to The General 30 x 3½ Cord reveals that these people have the money to purchase and are looking for real tire economy.

Give your customers the advantages of the 20% less gasoline consumption, the longer mileage, the greater comfort and the saving in car repair bills which these big, shock-absorbing cord tires assure. If you haven't read about the tests of General Cords conducted by leading Ford agents over the country, write for full information.

Be 30 x 3½ cord tire headquarters by putting yourself in position to get the lion's share of the 30 x 3½ business with the successful clincher cord—The General. The 30 x 3½ business represents fully half the cars in use.

20% Ahead of 1920 Production

If you are one of the dealers who feel that "gyp" activities have hurt the sale of quality tires, how do you account for the way General stands today and has stood all this year, with the largest production in its history? General's success simply reflects the business handled by General's agents.

It pays to sell the kind of tire that brings customers back for the next set and the next. It pays to handle a line that is complete and alive. You know General's reputation for bringing out winners:

First to produce a fabric over-size tire for Fords, the famous Jumbo—the only tire of its kind on the market.

First to develop the molded cord tire, cured under continuous air pressure.

Acknowledged as a leader in the truck cord field.

The only truck cord tube shaped and cured in a mold. Patented base construction with the flap built in.

And the latest! The successful 30 x 3½ clincher cord.

It is such features as these pace-setting improvements—the ability to furnish dealers with salable merchandise—which account for The General's rapid rise, in less than six years' time, to front rank in the industry.

Come to Akron and size up the situation for yourself.

The agency for The General goes exclusively to one dealer in a town. If your point is not closed and you are equipped to give General the right representation, write or wire for class "A" proposition.

The General 30 x 3½ Cord Tire was put on the market April 1, 1920. Tested for one solid year prior to that date. 27,032 of these 30 x 3½ cords have been put on users' wheels since April 1, 1920, and out of that quantity only fifteen were defective—one-eighteenth of one per cent. Not one tire out of the 27 [illegible] was defective at the bead.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

THE GENERAL

CORD TIRE

This good-looking Educator will make a long-wearing school shoe for your boy.

EDUCATOR SHOE®

Unless stamped like this it is not an Educator.

Good-bye to twisted toes!

KICK off those pointed, bone-bending shoes that twist your toes into the painful knots that cause corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, bunions, and fallen arches.

Kick them off—and *keep* them off. And start wearing Educator Shoes right now.

Educators "let the feet grow as they should," because they are scientifically built in the shape of a natural foot. Plenty of the *right kind* of room—but no ugly looseness.

That's why they not merely prevent the start of foot tortures, but help nature correct old troubles.

And they will keep your *children* from the same needless foot agony you've suffered. For Educators come for the whole family. Get them all into Educators to-day.

But look for the name EDUCATOR branded on the sole. Without that mark they are *not* Educators.

Write for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

It's a free book that puts foot facts up to you in a way that can't help making you *stop and think.*

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC., 14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR MEN, WOMEN, *and* CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 94)

any rate; really a superb big creature. We are all devoted to her."

To what might in Reba's connection happen to her family Rudd was totally indifferent; he had no inclination to assume responsibility for Amanda, the fretful voice of the unseen mother; the other sisters he had seen but vaguely. He knew instinctively that if Reba loved him she would go with him and leave the past; and how eagerly under the circumstances the past would surrender her for the material benefit bound to reach them all.

Another complication lay in his marked disinclination to tell Reba who he was; there was no reason he could grasp for this unwillingness; she naturally would welcome the knowledge, at once forgive his deception. He had even borrowed the name of one of the footmen! Well, he'd have to get around to it.

But the next time he saw her he put it off. She had on a fresh light-blue dress, and without Lewis they went driving in his buggy. It was Sunday, late in the day; the six-o'clock dishes had been cleared away, and the wood drive, Rudd knew, would be empty of his connections. At that hour they would be playing bridge on the secluded porches.

He did something else, however; unavoidably in the flowery and scented dusk he asked Reba if she'd marry him. She didn't answer for a while, but sat gazing into the far side of the woods.

"You'll be perfectly safe with me," he assured her; "I can take care of you, you see."

She turned to him quietly. "I could take care of myself."

"Will you marry me?" he repeated with a conscious formality, aware, as she couldn't be, of the surface importance of his proposal.

Now he ought to tell her everything, but he didn't; his reluctance restrained him unreasonably. Her answer was suddenly conveyed in a surrendering droop against him, a firm and not light sweetness. His arms around her, he had the sensation of actually embracing the earth and its fruitfulness; he was, it seemed, drawn into the very flowering trees, the vast green plains of wheat, the depths of profound lakes and high serenity of mountains.

VIII

BEFORE him there was the double complication of explaining the Selbornes to Reba and Reba to the Selbornes. He didn't specially shrink from the latter, either; his father, he felt sure, would welcome a Coss in place of the old indeterminate wandering. But the opportunities for his revelations were delayed by trivial and stubborn circumstances. Rudd wasn't, taking everything into consideration, as happy as he told himself he should be; his love for Reba was so inevitable that he neither wondered nor questioned it. Reba had merged into his being so completely that he had no consciousness of a time before she was there. Yet—and this began to trouble him deeply—his restlessness remained; the magic of the West had not been slain. It was less rooted in dissatisfaction, the contending elements in him seemed to have been calmed; but the steady compelling magnetism of new lands remained. It must, however, he assured himself, diminish before the overwhelming fact of his love, his responsibility to Reba. His love more and more rapidly would supplant every other interest.

Although no formal announcement of their intentions had been made to the Coss household he was accepted as Reba's acknowledged suitor. The other sisters emerged into his recognition; Mrs. Coss occupied the portico with them through part of an evening. She was, strangely enough in view of her daughters, small, with dark cuplike depressions at the temples. Always she wore a knitted wool jacket of gray with a pink shell edge and pink ribbons. Over this her faded hair strayed in unmanageable wisps, while her feet seemed equally at the point of leaving the black felt slippers into which they were thrust. She didn't in the least disturb Rudd Selborne; the truth was that even before him, so notably connected with the girl he planned to marry, she prompted scarcely a thought. Her clothes, her appearance, were what might be expected; naturally she wouldn't be dressed by Greta's people in Paris.

There was an informality in the whole Coss attitude toward him and life that pleased Rudd—an undisturbed simplification of existence. Even Amanda could put into a phrase or two her entire philosophy and desire. There was no such necessity in Reba; she lived rather than thought. She was, he told himself again and again, perfection. He talked about generalities still, and she listened with a calm inexhaustible patience and interest. Yes, she was the earth binding him, holding him steady, making possible the reach toward the sky. They were one in purpose and dignity and promised fulfillment. This simplicity, however, he reminded himself, couldn't continue; it was made difficult by the fact that there was no reason for his suppression; the longer he put off his pleasant acknowledgment the more pointless his conduct appeared.

And on the afternoon of a sun-flooded Sunday—the end of June in earliest April—he prepared to end her ignorance. They were driving again over the road which,

Cathedral Rocks, Snow-Clad, Yosemite National Park

Prices on
STETSON HATS
for FALL
average
25% lower
than last year

Confirming your feeling that prices have come down.

In short, this famous make of fine hat, with its traditional high quality, gives you, as always, somewhat the better of the transaction.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

STETSON HATS

Let Us Establish You in A Well-Paying Business

You Furnish: A few hours of your spare time each week.

We Furnish: A complete outfit for immediate profitable work, *cost free.*

—All the supplies and equipment you need, *without cost to you.*

—Full directions and instructions and tested money-bringing plans for carrying on your business, *without charge.*

No investment, no experience needed. Cash profits from the first day. Permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you can have an opportunity to make up to

$50.00 A Week Extra

CLIP HERE FOR DETAILS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 314 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, please send details about that spare-time business offer.

Name _____ R F D _____

Town _____ State _____

PEABERTHY

WASHING MACHINE DRAINERS

Price $3.50

No more dirty, back-breaking work filling and draining the washing machine. This does it quickly by water pressure. Attaches to any faucet. Price $3.50 50c extra for adapter for smooth faucets.

Peaberthy Injecter Co.
Detroit

Standard Underwoods

5-Year Guarantee

$3.00

Yes, this genuine Standard Visible Writing Underwood nearly re- at much less than la- for this year's $ Co- wn and the- ay- ments.

10 Days FREE Trial

Try it for 10 days at our risk. No red tape or delay. Shipped from Factory to You.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM C 275 Shipman Building
Montrose and Ravenswood Avenues Chicago, Illinois

She's Had Extra Money All the Time Since 1888

Mrs. Mary Miller of Illinois

Drawing by Edwin Marcus

In 1888 Mrs. Mary Miller of Illinois forwarded to us her first subscription order. Since that time hundreds of people in her neighborhood have become readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* as a result of her efforts. *And her work has paid her well.*

18 Years of Profitable Work

For eighteen years A. B. Arment of Ohio has been a successful representative of the Curtis publications. During that time he has found his subscription profits ample for the support of his family. His healthful, pleasant work has enabled him to build up a permanent business that brings him growing profits year after year.

More Than $800.00 in One Month

Mr. W. E. Brackett of Ohio in his fourteen years of service has developed an exceptionally good business. During that time his earnings have enabled him to make a good living for his household and to buy an attractive modern home. In a single month his profits from magazine subscriptions alone have amounted to more than $800.00.

20 Years of Pleasant Profit

Twenty years ago a friend of Mrs. S. B. Craighead of Ohio said that she planned to send in a subscription for *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "Let me send it for you," suggested Mrs. Craighead. That was the modest beginning of a lasting business that has paid her many hundreds of dollars.

Now He Earns $5000.00 a Year

When Alexander Heath forwarded his first subscription order nineteen years ago, he little imagined that it would be the foundation of a permanent business that would buy him a farm, a town bungalow, a car, a motorboat, besides supporting his family and educating his children. His profits now amount to over $5000.00 a year. He is a hard worker and a salesman of more than ordinary ability.

Why have these workers been with us so long? There's only one answer: They like their work and it pays! Let us make *you* an offer.

For full details about our money-making plan whereby you, like the representatives whose stories are outlined above, may have an opportunity to make every spare hour bring extra profit and to build up a permanent business that will bring you profit year in and year out, send your name and address on this coupon to The Curtis Publishing Company, 316 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna. *It will pay you to act promptly.*

NAME

STREET or R. F. D.

TOWN STATE

passing through the Northern colony, by the Camelata Club, led to the woods beyond. And Reba had spoken of his extravagance.

"The buggy really didn't cost me anything," he explained; "they let me have it at Banksia."

Here, he decided, was the moment for his beginning, but they were upon the golf course, following, for its length, the fairway to the third green, and the brilliant presence and clear insistent voices of a small group at the tee made him again delay.

The women, masked in veils, he was unable to identify; in their gay attire, their jackets of thick silks, they were, he thought, like tropical parrots; and the men were almost equally without identifying features. A tall, graceful woman hidden in black prepared to drive. Beyond them Reba fell suddenly silent, she gazed ahead with her under lip lightly held in her teeth.

"It would have been nice," she said, "if you'd been rich."

He turned to her with an unaccountable disturbance.

"Why?"

"Those people back there—the clothes and the good time and all that."

"Probably they don't have half the time you do," he replied sharply. "If you had a lot of money, like them, what would you do with it and with yourself?"

"I'd see that my face didn't get burned as brown as a biscuit, that's sure."

His uneasiness was now justified to such an extent that he drew a long, painful breath. He had thought, apparently, of everything but the effect of the Selborne fortune on Reba. Money had no great interest, power, for him; but others, even Reba, were different. Why, the brown of her face was one of the things he particularly admired. Rudd loved her, wanted her as she was. But that, he saw now with an unspared clarity, would be impossible.

At this realization his uneasiness, his rebellion against all that was settled, fixed, tyrannical with custom, returned more bitter than ever before. It appeared to him that he was penned in a garden by tall hedges of iron fashioned like green leaves, among caged birds and pruned plants. But, principally, what a blind fool he had been about Reba; why, the entire world he was about to take her into would fight, scheme against all in her that he had sought, that he needed, that he overwhelmingly admired and loved. This he had already—in calculating the final satisfaction of his family—stupidly reviewed. If that happened he—yes, and Reba—would lose everything. He recalled Amanda. He was so agitated that he brought the whip sharply across his mare's flank, and they bolted with a rocking speed into the soft, deeply rutted drive bearing to the right through the woods.

Reba sighed softly, and then, evidently putting her conception of the impossible from her mind, she settled contentedly against his shoulder. The anticipated happiness in the afternoon, in the surprise he had had for her, deserted Rudd. He was, he felt, faced with an immense difficulty, danger; the climax of his life was already, so early, before him.

No situation in the future could be so laden with irrevocable consequences. It was, he thought, a climax, but it was one without a perceptible issue. He was squarely caught. The mere fact of his desire, of being himself, was making impossible what, above everything, he needed.

A vision of the West, the rippling green, the wide frozen purity of Northern winters possessed him; he breathed in imagination the spacious air, the air so different from this; he was thrilled by the thought of turned virgin soil, the vitality of new towns, towns on limitless plains or by rushing narrow rivers, under the canopy of a primitive forest. The spirit of colonies and colonizing men; of big, tranquil, strong women, maternal women, filled him.

"Reba," he exclaimed suddenly in an eager resonant voice. "What about our wedding? You don't want the bother and expense of any formality, do you? I can guess how your mother feels about it, with money so scarce and all those girls around the house. And you know me—how I hate anything like that. Well, let's get married to-morrow morning—you can tell them afterwards if you like—and go away. There's nothing here for us; no money or place to be got. I've been to a part of Minnesota where they want men and women like us; it's rough, or it will be at first; and you may find it lonely, unless I'm a lot to you, but there's an opportunity. I—I have enough money to get us there and a little, a very little over; but we won't need money, and I can soon make enough to keep you safe. Do you really love me, Reba? Will you go away from all you are familiar with, to a hard life with me?"

She sighed again, and her hand went across her eyes. Then she smiled at him placidly.

"That will be best, with things as they are," she told him. "It doesn't do to want for too much. But I reckon we'd better turn back so's I can get my dress mended a little, and pressed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

August 27, 1921

Cover Design by Katharine R. Wireman

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Early Americana—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	8
The People's Choice *George Weston*	11
Shoal Waters—*Samuel Hopkins Adams*	14
The $25,000 Jaw—*Richard Connell*	22

ARTICLES

Eliminating the American—*Eleanor Franklin Egan*	6
Beware of the Dog!—*Arthur Train*	16
How Hard Should We Work?—*Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.*	21
Less Speed, More Safety *Floyd W. Parsons*	26

SERIALS

Face to Face (In four parts)—*Edwin Lefèvre*	3
Manslaughter (Fourth part) —*Alice Duer Miller*	17

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial	20

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

The greatest human investment— SCHOOLS

TRAVEL west to California, or east to New Jersey, or north to Alberta, or south to Florida.

North, south, east and west in the United States and Canada are school buildings financed by bonds, a part of which Prudential now owns for you—

Your money invested so that your boy and girl may be properly trained to face the responsibilities of life—the best and greatest of all human investments.

And think of the wide-spread service other municipal bonds finance—which you have purchased with your Prudential savings—not schools alone, but parks and good roads and water systems and electric lights.

In all of this service you have a part; remember it when you see the Rock of Gibraltar.

The Rock is a symbol of hundreds of millions safely held as a protection for you and yours. But the millions are never idle. Invested in the safest securities in the world they are saving and earning every day.

ENROLLED in THE PRUDENTIAL School of Thrift—are more than fifteen million men and women.

An army equal to the population of all New England, with New Jersey and Texas combined. It is the faith of this army of savers—even more than their millions of savings—that gives THE PRUDENTIAL "the strength of Gibraltar."

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

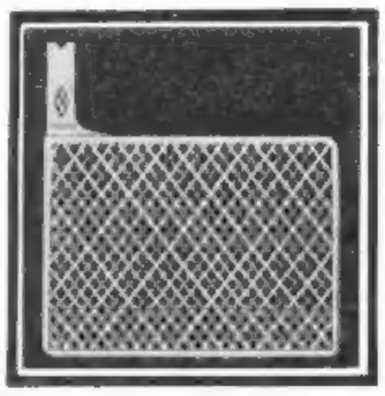
Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, *President* HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

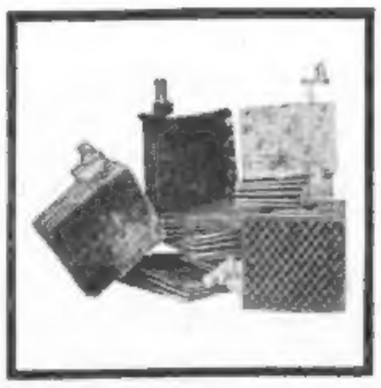
If every woman knew what every widow knows, every husband would insure in THE PRUDENTIAL

We wanted to build the best battery in the world. This is how we went about it:

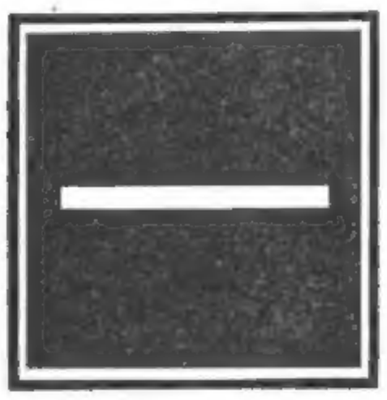
First, we perfected the Diamond Grid, built like a bridge. That practically eliminated buckled, broken and short-circuited plates.



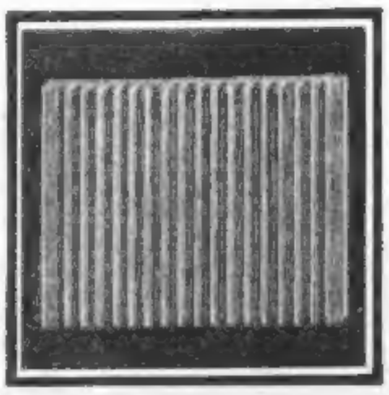
The one remaining obstacle was this: As a battery grows older the active material tends to fall off the plates. How to hold it in place and keep it working for longer time—that was the problem.



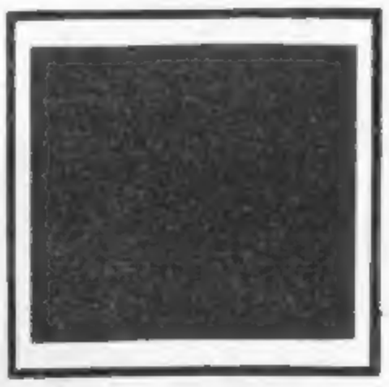
Then we discovered the slot—



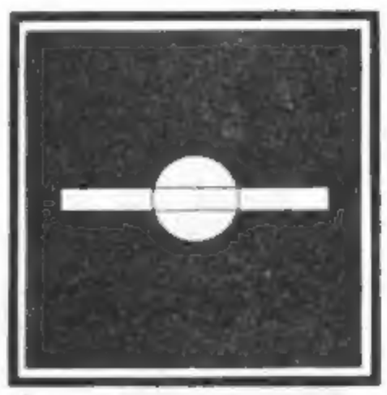
Then we developed and patented the quarter-sawed hardwood separator whose alternate layers of hard and porous wood provided perfect insulation of the plates together with perfect circulation of acid. That enabled us to guarantee the battery for eighteen months and to omit from the guarantee the usual limitation, "except failure of separators."



We tried to develop a retaining wall. For retaining qualities a *solid* wall like this would be ideal. But the acid and current would not pass thru it.

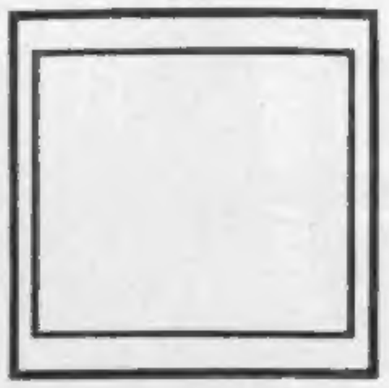


A slot like this lets thru the same amount of acid as a round hole of this size. But a particle of active material that could swim thru the hole with ease couldn't possibly squeeze thru the narrow slot. Besides, you can pack slots closer together than holes. Get more of them out of the same piece of rubber without sapping its strength.

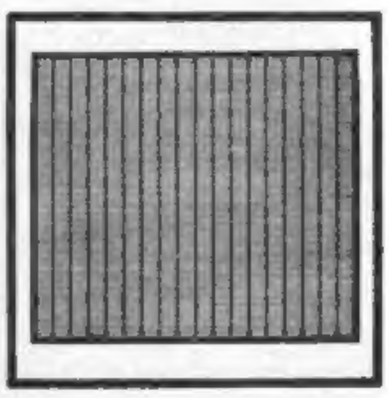


Then we developed the "bayonet-catch" filler cap. On and off with a quarter turn—no tight or broken threads, no pliers, no skinned fingers. This made the periodic filling with water an easy matter, not a disagreeable task.

On the other hand, a perfectly "empty" wall (if you can conceive of such a thing) would allow easiest circulation; but would be worthless as a retainer.

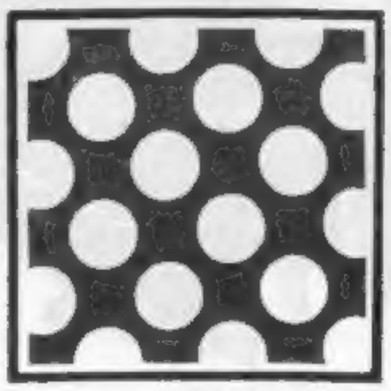


Therefore, we built the Philco *Slotted* Retainer. The slots are so numerous that they offer only the slightest resistance to the flow of acid and current. And yet each slot is so narrow that the Retainer is, in effect, a solid wall thru which particles of active material cannot pass.



The battery then seemed proof against everything but old age. This is an unretouched photograph of a Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery that has worked for four years and two months in a Packard without giving a moment's trouble. To add to the life of veterans like this was no simple task.

We experimented with rubber, pierced with round holes like this. But whenever we got it porous enough to give maximum power, it was worthless as a retainer. Whenever it was solid enough to retain the active material, it cut down power by interfering with circulation.



This makes the battery last so much longer that its two-year guarantee is very conservative, for the majority of Philco Retainer Batteries are lasting as long as the cars themselves.

PHILADELPHIA STORAGE BATTERY CO., Ontario and C Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

Borden's

The Nation's Milk

High Grade Milk Products which fill every requirement for milk or cream.

The Borden Company

Borden Bldg New York

You Can Mix It Yourself

WITH THIS NEW BORDEN PRODUCT YOU CAN MAKE CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK AT HOME. DELICIOUS-TRY IT!

SINCE 1857

WITH THE CREAM LEFT IN

Leaves the Mouth Cool and Fresh

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE
COUNTERACTS 'ACID-MOUTH'

Lehn & Fink
New York
Inc.